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ARTICLE I.

THE CATHOLIC TONE OF SEVERAL RECENT POETICAL WORKS, IN ENGLAND  
AND AMERICA.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE history of literature in all lands proves the power which poets possess to diffuse their own sentiments into those of the public, and to fix the public eye on themselves. "It is," as one has well expressed it,\* "the power of an ardent, bold, creative nature over spirits that cannot follow its march, but still bow to the dominion which attends it—the power of a high-reaching, imaginative intellect over a passive one, yielded to the beautiful illusion which is thrown around it." Dim and distant deeds and virtues, whether real or imagined, of which the common mind possesses but a dull conception or a drowsy remembrance, are thus, by the power of poetry, rendered irresistibly fascinating. And poetry, we readily admit, is allied to religion, and may become the language of high religious feeling, as it is of emotion generally. But it is not, on that account, itself religion. It is also often leagued with superstition. It is the language of imagination, in its wildest, most daring, most unauthorized flights, as well as in its legitimate exercise under the control of an enlightened understanding and a pure heart :

"And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name."

This it does among the dreamy superstitions of heathen Mythology, and of Romanism, as well as amid the imagery which is associated with the grander and higher mysteries of revealed truth.

Of this easy alliance of poetry with superstition, with dreams and fancies, as well as with religion, the writer of the following article does

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\* Grenville Mellen. American Bib. Repos. July, 1840.  
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not seem to be fully aware. At least he does not care to warn the reader of such a danger. He would rather identify the power of poetry with that of religion, and claim for the one almost the same homage which is due to the other. On this subject, therefore, it seems incumbent on us to offer a few remarks, that our readers may be apprised of what may strike some as an anti-Protestant tendency in this article, which we have selected, partly on this account,—to show how ingeniously the “Oxford Divines”\* are accustomed to insinuate their peculiar views,—but especially for the beautiful style of the writer, and the many just sentiments it contains.

It has been shrewdly remarked† that “poetry has had something to do with the new movement” at Oxford. “Professor Keble, one of the principal *tractators*, is a genuine child of song. His ‘Christian Year’ was, in one sense, a precursor of the Tracts. It strowed the way with the sweetest flowers of poesy. It burnished the Apostolical chain to a wonderful brightness. It intermingled and hallowed the usages of the Church with the most delicate affections of the heart, and the most musical cadences of the voice. It almost beguiled the stern nonconformist into a love for the feasts and the fasts of the usurping church. As we read the soothing and mellow verses of Keble, our affections flow, involuntarily, towards the objects of his passionate admiration. We cannot stop to analyze the sentiment which is couched beneath the delicious strain. It seems like Vandalism to hunt for heresy amid the flowers scattered along by one so gentle and so loving. With the poet, we can hardly forbear to loathe every thing which would interrupt the strains of melody that seem to have been caught near heaven’s door. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that the volume contains not a little in which a zealous Papist would most cordially sympathize. Witness the following :

‘Ave Maria! Thou whose name  
All but adoring love may claim,  
Yet may we reach thy shrine;  
For He, thy Son and Saviour, vows  
To crown all lowly, lofty brows  
With love and joy like thine.’ ”

“The poetry of Wordsworth,” says the same writer, “is not wholly free from expressions of the same general tenor with many in the ‘Christian Year.’ The general spirit is strikingly congenial with the tendencies of some of the writers of the Oxford Tracts. The poetry is meditative, calm, soothing, peaceful, utterly unallied to the noisy, forward, assuming spirit of the present times. It loves the past. Its voices lin-

\* The British Critic, from which the following article is selected, is the acknowledged organ of the Oxford writers, as we have had occasion to remark in previous Nos. of the Eclectic.

† See an article entitled *Observations on the Religious and Ecclesiastical Condition of England*, Am. Bib. Repository, Jan. 1841. Concerning this article a distinguished scholar in London writes as follows to his friend in New-York:—“The article on the Religious Condition of England, in the ‘Biblical Repository,’ is as good, I think, as any thing I have met with on the subject of the Puseyite controversy. If it were generally read in this country, it would show that our condition is much better understood in America than we are apt to imagine.”



ger and quiver among the Gothic aisles, and towers, and arches of the old cathedrals. It is full of ecclesiastical sympathies and recollections. One of the prominent effects of the immortal 'Excursion' is to hallow in the reader's mind the observances of the church of England, and, in no small degree, of the church of Rome; for the English ritual is a transcript, in many respects, of that used by the earlier communion. The poet does not stop with the present life; in the 'Church-yard among the Mountains,' we are carried forward to the life beyond the grave. Our dearest hopes are indissolubly linked with the solemn words of the prayer-book,—words imperishably associated with the sublime cadence of the faithful poet. The same remarks, in a certain degree, are applicable to his great cotemporaries, Southey and Coleridge. All have contributed, in no slight measure, to awaken a fondness for antiquity, a reverence for the noble army of martyrs, an undying attachment to what is time-worn and venerable in the church. We can trace an intimate acquaintance with their works in some of the Oxford theologians. There is a grace and a freshness in the style, a rhythm in the periods, a delicacy and a thoughtfulness in the observations, and a correspondence in the spirit, which prove that the prose writers have sat at the feet of the poets."

The characteristics of style and tendency alluded to, in the last remarks above quoted, we think are manifest in the article which we here introduce; while the writer not only commends the "Catholic tone" of the poetical works named at the head of his review, but claims it as strongly indicative of the tendency of the age. The undisguised admissions and avowals of our author on this subject not only confirm our opinion of the fact of the influence of poetry in shaping the sentiments of the Oxford writers, but make it apparent that they have designed to avail themselves of this influence, to the greatest possible extent, in the propagation of their views. It is the medium through which they confidently expect to "ensnare and lead away" the public mind. "The Catholic system," says our author, "is the true development of the heavenly grace. As far as we depart from it, so far does the whole nature seem to deteriorate, and to become in course of time dull, dead, graceless, unimaginative and unspiritual." If this were so, the whole Protestant world would have reason to be alarmed at the power which is thus arrayed against them. But we are not convinced that the true spirit of poetry is dependent for its development on the "Catholic system," as adopted and defended by these writers. To us it appears equally and still more congenial with the more simple and sublime conceptions of the truth, as it is revealed in the gospel, apart from the traditions and commandments of men. And we cannot but think that, in their admiration of ancient customs and usages, the Oxford writers have misjudged as to the mode in which the poetic influence is hereafter to exert its power upon enlightened men, if not upon the mass of mankind. In the simplicity of early times, and the comparatively moral inaction of the middle ages, it was a necessary consequence of the state of society, that the poet should hold a more discernible elevation above the mass of minds around him. Poetry was then leagued with superstitious dread. "It was a thing to wonder and tremble at,—to be heard in terrible distinctness as a revelation, amid the forests and sacred groves of the gods,"

—to be listened to and obeyed, as if it were the breathing of prophecy. Then the poet was honored as almost a deity, and lorded it over the kingdom of unawakened intellect. But with the changes of time and things, there has come also a change of the mode in which the power of poetry may be efficiently exerted on the minds of men. Society has advanced in intelligence. It has emerged from the mist and darkness of mediæval times; and the poet, while he retains his essential power, has lost his once elevated superiority among men. He is no longer to be deified and idolized. His productions are no longer to be dreamed over, but to be studied,—to be admired and cherished for their beautiful and kindly influences upon the charities of life, and for the aids which they supply to the strength of faith and piety in the soul.

We have said enough to direct the attention of the reader to those passages in the following article, and in the quoted specimens of the works reviewed, which may serve to justify our opinion that poetry has exerted no inconsiderable influence to encourage and strengthen the Oxford writers in their peculiar views, and in the confident hope which they cherish of their successful inculcation and ultimate triumph in the church of England. It is worthy of remark also that the two American works enumerated in this review are hailed as indications that the same "Catholic tone" is about to pervade the poetry, and accordingly to modify the doctrines and usages of the daughter church in America. How far this encouragement may be justified by the youthful and respectable productions here referred to, we leave it for our Episcopal brethren to judge. We will only add that, whatever may be the "Americanism" of our young poet's style, the true spirit of song which it breathes is not, in our opinion, surpassed by any of the specimens selected from the other poems embraced in this review.

We ask the reader's pardon for having detained him so long from an article, which, notwithstanding our differences with the writer, we have read with unusual delight.—Sr. Ed.

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From the British Critic, October, 1841.

#### NEW POETRY.

1. *England's Trust, and other Poems.* By Lord John Manners. London: Rivingtons. 1841.
2. *Miscellaneous Poetry.* By the Rev. Herbert Kynaston, M. A., late Student of Christ Church, and now High Master of St. Paul's. London: Fellowes. 1841.
3. *Sacred Fountains and Waters versified.* By Lady S——. Burns. 1841.
4. *The Hymns of the Church, mostly Primitive, collected, translated and arranged for Public Use.* By the Rev. J. Chandler, M. A., Vicar of Witley. London: J. W. Parker. 1841.
5. *Christian Ballads.* By A. Cleaveland Coxe. New-York, and 35 Paternoster Row, London. 1840.
6. *Sacred Melodies, or Hymns for Youth; with appropriate Selections from Scriptures.* New-York. 1841.

THERE cannot be a surer indication of the religious tendencies of a nation than the turn of its poetry. The lighter and easier styles, especially, show us whither the current is flowing. Tell us what young gentlemen and ladies are writing about, and we will hazard at least a conjecture as to the religious sentiment that soon will most prominently characterize not merely the words but the deeds of the coming age. Give us, therefore, this divine auxiliary on our side, and we will let you dictate, denounce, proscribe and even persecute, as you please. Providence has placed in our hands powers that laugh to scorn your petty dominion. Shall not mind prevail over matter? We will ensnare and lead away your captains, your chiefs, your mightiest men of war, your garrisons and your multitude; yes, and you yourselves; and bring about that you shall humbly and cheerfully keep *for* us the lines and fortresses you are now rearing, as you vainly suppose, against us.

For here and there shall spring up in the very midst of your array kindred spirits, that, catching but the distant sounds of our solemn strain, shall at once be drawn to it, as by a secret charm, which everywhere claims its own. No bulwark so strong, no partition so impermeable, shall obstruct its unseen attraction. When for the appointed time your eyes have marvelled at our mystic order, and in your ears have thrilled our heaven-blest tones, then shall your walls fall down, and we shall peaceably advance to occupy our destined heritage. To us must you come for "a cunning player upon the harp," to lay the evil spirit when it troubleth you. One by one, as the ministers of your wrath, and the messengers of your fierce decrees advance against us, soon as they list our awful theme, they shall throw aside their weapons and their defences, and enter the prophetic choir; till you at last, seeking us in the worst extremity of your rage, shall suddenly leave your earthly power and state, and in the humbler guise of peace and sanctity, crave an entrance to our company.

There is that intimate relation between religion and poetry, that it is not possible to think of them separately. They are so nearly the same, they occupy so entirely the same portion of the powers and affections, they are such natural rivals, that they must be either friends or foes; they must either help or injure one another; either be as one, or involve in natural contradictions and ruin the whole heart, mind, soul and strength of man. Ask what that is which men feel to be something above themselves, which ennobles them, and gives them the consciousness of being raised by an unseen power to a higher rank in the scale of beings; which diffuses a peculiar light and hue, in which they alone see the world and man; which is a refuge from anxiety, trouble and every earthly ill; which seems true grace, and loveliness, and harmony; which carries them into a heaven of its own, and shows them unutterable things; which seeks and pursues as it were a reality, an eternal existence in the midst of these perishing surfaces of things; which creates all things anew; which gathers a holy brotherhood, and enables the soul to recognize or to imagine beings like itself, or of its own sphere and consistence, whether in earth or where it knows not; which brings on a disrelish

and contempt of this visible frame and course; which purifies the motives, and shows in their proper light all that is petty and vicious, ever measuring discord by harmony, imperfection by perfection, deformity by beauty, meanness by sublimity; which they that have it, would part with for no prize of earth, and feel to be the best part of themselves? What is that but something religious? Yet is not poetry this?

A mind poetical, but not in its religion, must needs be in an habitual state of religious indifference or rebellion. Even if it contemplate the Deity and some portions of his works with a poetic eye, still, as it may do that without its poetry lightening and adorning that special track and way by which the Deity has willed that he should be approached by man, so it suffers the extreme peril of having its conscience and its reason at cross purposes with that almost master-faculty—its creative or poetic power.

One may see how integral a portion of the common nature of man poetry is, and how serious a mutilation and disability it is to be wanting in it, from the consideration how many religious motives and arguments there are, which cannot be felt and appreciated without the help of poetry. Thus the Bible is not merely written in an imaginative style, but appeals throughout to the imagination in an argumentative manner; as if it were an integral quality of the pious mind. Revelation and nature agree in the poetic beauty and majesty of circumstance, with which they are clothed. What a superfluity of splendor, what a needless exactitude of fitness, there seems in both of them! Why should the Almighty, then, we may reverently say, have been at such pains to speak to the eye and heart of man? Was it not possible for the things to be done, the warning given, or the message to be conveyed as truly and effectually with less pompous, or striking, or moving accompaniments?

The world, revelation tells us, was created not merely by the Almighty will, but with solemn successive fiat of creation;—four noble rivers watered Eden;—cherubims, with flaming swords that turned every way, kept our fallen parents from the tree of life;—the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened, and all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered, to drown the reprobate world;—the bow in the cloud was the token that man should not fear a return of that visitation;—and so on from the beginning to the end of revelation;—the Divine mercy and the Divine justice;—whether the scene be earth or heaven;—every word and deed of Omnipotence has been so spoken or so done, that the very manner, and sound, and look, quite apart from the purport of the thing, should win, or soothe, or please, or pain, or terrify; and leave some suitable and significant image impressed on the senses and memory of the church to the end of time.

Had this been otherwise, if it be not profane to imagine it, there would have been an absolute discordance and contrariety between revelation and nature. Nature is not so much poetical as poetry itself. The philosopher proves nature to be utilitarian. Be it so. We will not quarrel with his argument, if he will only conduct it with becoming reverence,



and not disparage his subject by rude familiarity and unnecessary illustrations from human contrivances. But there is a higher subject we should like to see taken up;—the lessons to be gathered from the poetry of nature, apart from its evident usefulness; from its beauty; its scenic displays; its gorgeous pomp; its brilliant hues; its terrors and its soothings; its paroxysms and its calms; its risings and its settings, its openings and its closings; its awful unchangeableness and its ceaseless changes. How little of all this is *necessary*, as far as we can see, to mere animal subsistence and enjoyment! Man might have thriven and grown centuries old, surrounded by Serbonian bogs, and under a Cimmerian sky; or without the organ of sight, or faculties for apprehending beauty.

There is no purpose of mere animal life that might not have been answered quite as well without such a thing as beauty or grandeur being in the number of created things. A very few, and, weighed in some scales, very trifling changes would have made the difference,—a difference to them that are blessed with eyes that see, and ears that hear, but no difference to the consistent utilitarian. A very little change in the constitution and laws of light would have made all nature of a dusky brown, or a sickly yellow: a very slightly different atmosphere would have excluded the sight and knowledge of the sun, moon and stars, without an utter exclusion of their light. Trees, shrubs and herbs of the field might have been all one shape and hue; the earth a dead level, with just fall enough for rivers and canals. The natural geography of the globe might have run in lines of latitude and longitude like the boundaries in the United States. Let some one write a book on the Catholicism of nature—its rites and ceremonies—its symbols—its infinite redundancy of ornament—its boundless variety of form—its ceaseless importunity of praise. Let him exclude from count all that may be brought under the head of “utility,” and there will still be a countless remainder of superfluous beauties. His work will have a sort of parallelism with Paley’s more Protestant undertaking; but he need not fear encroaching on the province of that ingenious writer. On the contrary, he must purposely reject whatever can come under the Paleyan formula. His business will be with those features and qualities of the creation which are useless on mere physical principles; and only useful, and probably intentional, for their effect on the human soul, as outwardly conspiring with its inward instincts to produce and cherish the sense of the beautiful, the awful and the sublime;—qualities so completely beside the scope of Paley’s argument, that we might suppose a mind entering fully into the Natural Theology without having any faculty at all for apprehending them, or knowing that there were such qualities impressed on the physical creation. Nay, we are not sure but that, could we suppose a being with all our tastes and other faculties, but without any knowledge of that creation which we see, except such as he could derive from the work we refer to, such a being would not only not conclude our world to be grand and beautiful, as well as life sustaining and pleasurable, but would even infer positively that it was something mean, grovelling, disgusting and mechanic.

We have said that the poetic instinct is a subsidiary part of the reli-



gious instinct; that it is universal; and that nature and revelation are addressed to it. On what other supposition, we will ask, would it not be strange and hard, and almost cruel, that so many arguments in Scripture are addressed to certain feelings of the poetic class? How many sacred texts become mere poetic phrases, how many noble acts become mere empty romance, when tried by the severe rules which these latter times have thought it decent to apply to the inspired word! How many arguments become wholly irrelevant! We are directed not to be anxious about food and raiment, because the birds are supported without sowing, reaping and gathering into barns; and because lilies are very beautiful without the labor of spinning. We are commanded not to swear by the earth, because it is God's footstool. Wealth is personified, and expressed by the name of a false god. The whole manner of our Saviour's final entrance into Jerusalem, considered as a means of converting the Jews, was most strikingly contrary to the rules of right reason,—the foal of an ass, the garments spread on the way, the branches carried before, the senseless greetings of children, the empty plaudits of a corrupt and fickle multitude. Again, what is meant by holiness being given not only to persons, but to things,—to inanimate matter, which can thereby undergo no change, and most probably in the course of events will be transferred to the vilest uses? Again, why is an honorable burial in the sepulchre of our ancestors, or in the land of our posterity, made so much of? We have heard very sensible people boast that they did not think it signified whether the mere manner of their death were sublime or ridiculous; or whether they were buried in a church or a dung-hill. The Almighty is first called the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, as if he were not also the God of all his creatures; and then the vast doctrine of the immortality of the human soul is built on this slender foundation. The church is called a body, and a Divine Person is called its head. Then the church is called a chaste virgin, and is said to be married to that Divine Person; and that fanciful analogy being taken for granted, an argument is gratuitously derived back again of the sanctity of the rite of marriage. We have heard a rational theologian, whose arguments against Roman Catholicism received the highest sanction ever bestowed in this church, describe this analogy as the casual thoughts of a warm and capricious imagination, and with so little foundation in truth or sense, that it was a pity it had been introduced into the marriage service in the prayer-book. Again, why is it not only wrong, but shocking—in itself horrible, apart from any idea of inexpediency—that the gifts of God should be purchased with money, when it is not concealed that those gifts were from the earliest given to very improper persons, and used for very ill purposes? Again, let any one go through all the texts commonly argued in support of any alleged doctrine, he will find something like poetry necessary to discern the force and pertinence of every one of them, and to reject the arguments which may be urged against them. We think there is not a single Scripture text adduced in proof of the various articles included under the doctrine of the Trinity, which we have not heard in its turn contemptuously rejected as weak, popular and irrelevant, by grave theologi-

ans, who nevertheless professed their entire belief in the doctrine, and that not on Catholic tradition, but on the Scriptural proof.

This last point reminds us of the common remark that the Jews, as orientals, and as an unphilosophical people, had more poetry than we of the race of Japhet; and that *therefore* they were dealt with more poetically than we are. This, of course, assumes that as we are not poetical, we may *therefore* reasonably require more logical and mathematical proof than satisfied them; and should also in unison with this, our intellectual difference, deal with religion altogether in a more common sense and matter-of-fact way, and eschew whatever is liable to the charge of being fanciful, imaginative, semi-human, traditionary, and so forth, as being on that account contrary to the proper genius of our religion. But it may reasonably excite a misgiving that this matter-of-fact position is not the best way of viewing religious things even in our case, when we see that the way in which the Jews were dealt with was not so much accommodated to the poetical temper, as poetical *above* the temper, and was rejected by the mass of them, amongst other reasons, because they had not poetry enough. What, for example, could be more imaginative, more addressed to the higher faculties of the mind, as contrasted with common sense and exactness of reasoning, than the way in which the house and city of David were imposed upon the twelve tribes as the centre of unity, and the golden chain to bind together the ancient promises of God and their future fulfilment? How many excellent Scripture proofs might have been adduced to prove that obedience to that line of kings was a needless self-subjection, and that the state of the ten tribes was, at least, justifiable! Nay, does not common sense preponderate on that side? So, also, of the peculiar manner and guise in which the prophets (and he who was greater than all, John the Baptist) declared their missions. They were *more* poetical than the mass of their hearers. So also, most remarkably, of the body of proofs from type and prophecy provided by Almighty wisdom for the verification of the Messiah,—what a subjection of *reason* to our visionary fancies, to (scripturally) baseless anticipations, to indefensible, and almost indescribable feelings did it require! And, *therefore*, how few did receive the Messiah! They who were most occupied in the Scriptures most rejected Him, whereas they who received Him were generally persons with no opportunity of sifting texts, and who were obliged to receive traditionary interpretations. So far from the promise of the Messiah, in the complete form in which it existed at His coming, being especially addressed to the genius of the Jewish people, as distinguished from other nations, ancient or modern, we should rather say, that in what we call “Jewishness,” i. e. the assemblage of ill qualities, which caused the Jews to reject their King, and which now is the root of their unbelief, a certain want of poetry is the prevailing feature.

One more observation on the poetry of the Bible and we have done. How many actions are there recorded and enshrined on the memory of the church which have no ground of precept, or use, and are utterly incomprehensible and absurd if tried by hard modern rules! Such as David pouring out unto the Lord the cup of water, which was the blood of the men that

went out in jeopardy of their lives; and Mary taking a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointing the feet of Jesus, and wiping His feet with her hair.

And as it is in Scripture, so it is in the church, which is, in a sense, the living Scripture of God, the word written on the tablet of the regenerate heart of man. As it was also with the saints of old, so is it now. Wherever divinity shows itself most confessed, as undoubtedly it does confess itself at some times more than at others, there is also seen a certain innate grace and dignity, beyond the calculations of reason, and in some sort a moral miracle. We cannot but see that sometimes the kingdom of heaven comes with manifest *power*. We look back to certain eras as turning points and new foundations; to certain men as having had a special work of edification; to certain deeds and incidents as blessed to the church in a large and special way. Well then, we ask, have not these been generally of a romantic character; less mundane, more divine than usual? The church, may be, was at that time in the wilderness, or in prison, or the streets and lanes, the highways, and the hedges; those men had something heroic about them, and acted by a holy instinct rather than by common rules of worldly wisdom; those deeds and incidents were sudden and strange, as though some awful vision had swiftly sped across our view. We see not the approach of such things, and know them not, except by hidden sympathy; but when they are gone we know what has passed, and what we have lost,—something so blessed that no fruits we that remain can ever enjoy of their labors can compensate for the absence. A heavenly odor and poetic grace attests their true character, and unerringly marks the saintliness of the time, the men and their doings:

ἔχοντα γὰρ μετέπισθε ποδῶν ἡδὲ κνημίων  
 θεὸν ἔγνωσαν ἀπόντος, ἀρίγνωτοι δὲ θεοῦ πῆρ.

And if people have but eyes to see it, we think they will generally find that the leading and cardinal points of their lives—the friend—the help in time of need—the important crisis—the wise advice—the fortunate change—the angel unawares entertained—the happy deliverance—the important alternative, whatever the things be, for weal or for wo, has something romantic about it; something which marks it and sanctifies it; giving it a different light and hue from the tenor of life. The scenes that stand out from the monotony of the dullest and least diversified course, have commonly a sort of tragic dignity. Every now and then passion, or enthusiasm, or some such madcap intrudes on the most constant order of events, laughs at the prudence of men and the necessity of things, stems the ancient currents of cause and effect, and sets them to work in new directions. Every one's own experience will remind him of some poetic passages, which he would consider, if any, the places when Providence has most manifestly interfered. A friend or a stranger by some act of generosity, some uncalled-for kindness, some gratuitous labor, and self-devoted zeal, by the patient toil of years, or the brave effort of a day, has given one's heart, or one's mind, or one's fortunes that direction which

now one most thanks heaven for. It was a step perhaps that fools might scoff at, and wiser men condemn ; a chance throw, that missed many, but hit oneself ; a labor of hope thrown away on tens, or hundreds, or thousands, but most happily productive in this solitary instance ; an amiable fatuity of zeal or affection, in the face of all human calculations, and despite of common experience, but happening for once to be rewarded with success. That a person of ordinary goodness, and more than ordinary powers, may have been sustained through life by a succession of almost miraculous mercies and deliverances, and yet not recognize the fact, is as conceivable as the fact may be true ; and when the blindness does exist, it is owing, as to other causes, so also to the want of a certain poetic gift of discerning the gracious hand of the Almighty.

Poetry is a universal element as much as any moral instinct. It is found as a ruling and moulding and active principle in every soul, from the most cherished child of art to the untaught orphans of nature ; from city to village ; from the grandsire to the stripling. The rule is proved by the exception. We miss poetry at once when we do not perceive it. As sure as we know life from death, so do we know the mind without poetry. What is that which is active, and energetic and clever, and in a manner good and commendable, but devoid of grace and brightness, uninteresting and dull ; uninviting, unwinning, unattractive ; which, though we cannot censure, yet we cannot love ; which instinct forbids to embrace, though reason commands us to respect ? It is a soul without poetry, that is, without its fair proportion ; for there is always left some grace in humanity, else it would cease to be humanity. There is no outward form of man, without some faint vestige of loveliness or dignity. So is it with poetry, the beauty of the soul. Yet every now and then we meet with minds so utterly ungracious and forbidding, that we discover them to be comparatively without a something existent in the rest of their species. The hard man of business, the rigid utilitarian, the rationalist either in religion or morals, the logician, the pedant, the pedagogue and the proser, are unpalatable and indigestible to one's spiritual taste and appetency, not so much for any positive and discernible objections, but because they are dry, tasteless and unsavory. Their presence does not glow with promise. As we listen to their conversation, hope is quenched. They talk of the world, and it grows more substantial and heavy. They speak of human affairs, and mankind deteriorates ; of heaven, and it recedes from the view. When they lay down the law and dogmatize, the mind shudders with the thoughts of an eternal bondage. They speak but to paralyze, to deaden and to stun. It is bad enough while they confine themselves to the subjects suited to their capacity ; and it is tolerable to hear them declare the incompetency of the human intellect to apprehend or realize more than what the senses can attain to ; but when they intrude on spiritual ground, on poetry and religion, on the objects of the great, and the motives of the good, one's blood runs cold.

The secret of this mystery of dulness we believe to be the want of poetry, which is thereby shown to be the rule not the exception ; for assuredly but few minds are utterly dull and uninteresting. Many are dull



on first acquaintance, or dull in their manners, or in their readiest and most customary topics of converse; but have a place in your interest by the time you know a little more of them. Dulness—that deep, heavy, unimprovable sort, which seems to thicken and grow on a man the longer you contemplate him—has nothing to do with more or less degree of intellect and education. It is found in all ranks like any other natural characteristic of mind or body; and just as the expression “exceedingly plain” implies that the generality of the human species possess some degree of personal grace and favor, so does the universally recognized distinction of dulness imply that poetry is natural to man.

The universal existence of poetry, as a faculty of the soul, is most evident not from the facility with which it may be developed by cultivation, but from its breaking out previous to cultivation. It is a very dull cottage and a very dull nursery where one may not find the poet. Nay the simplicity of childishness or boyishness, or of uneducated life, unless it be under some vicious perversion, and is therefore no longer simplicity, is always poetic.

Thus the noble owner of the castle or the mansion might often envy his poorest laborers the kind of sacred light in which they see his rank and position. After all he is but the anxious and laborious actor in a scene of which they are the impressed and edified spectators. While he frets and dictates, and plans and strives, they see, obey and admire. Theirs is the truest fruit of all his toil. What to him are the fictions of man, to them are as an ordinance divine; the vulgar creations of wealth, which pall to the possessor ere they be thoroughly seen, and sicken the designer before they are finished, which to him are bricks and stones, the work of the planter or the architect, to them are so many visions of paradise. The titles and honors, the forms of respect and dignity, which, to the more immediate partakers, are but ill-disguised conventionalities, utterly devoid of intrinsic force and beauty, are as the degrees and orders of an angelic hierarchy to many a humble soul, who feels them the more deeply and really, because it is his place to honor, not to be honored;—so much more blessed is it even in this life to give honor than to receive it. Whatever raises a man in the life that is, and gives him a grander place and a higher interest in mortality, tends to destroy his poetry. Knowledge and power, experience, and even great deeds and great deservings, seem of themselves to have this fatal tendency.

Perhaps this view of the religious character of poetry affords some clue towards the solution of the painful fact of some considerable classes of our fellow creatures having a certain uniform gracelessness, and ill favor, a deficiency which we all feel, though we cannot describe, and that not by any means superficial, but deep in grain, and to the very core. What we refer to is in the soul, mind, and manner, as well as the outward man, but for the present, let us look to the latter only, being the sure index of the rest. Grace of person is, it may be said, a matter of degree; but they are not mere matters of degree we speak of. They are the characteristics of species; painfully obvious, and presenting broad intervals of difference, instead of any nice graduation. We may safely appeal to the



experience of church people, whether they do not observe at first sight, and without the smallest effort of taste or discernment, a certain uniform something, an absent pleasantness, or a present unpleasantness of air and countenance pervading the whole of such heretical communities, as have even for a few generations existed out of the communion of the Catholic church. Nay, so obviously distinct and peculiar is this expression, and so universally is it recognized, that the very mention will probably provoke a smile, though, for our own part, we feel that the whole English people is far too nearly concerned, and far too likely to have suffered a similar growth of matter to mind, that we are not disposed to treat it so lightly. It is superfluous to mention examples of what must occur to the reader only too readily, too vividly, and with too significant circumstance. Now what is it, that, in the course of so few transmissions from father to son, with so little peculiarity of social institutions and physical treatment, has in a century cast tens and hundreds of thousands in the same mould, and established an almost organic difference between members of the same state and country, partakers of the same laws, occupations, diet, and manners, nay, between members of the same families?—A difference so great, that if it received two or three centuries further development, one might certainly predict that a Cuvier or a Pritchard would be able to infer the religious peculiarities of an Englishman, from a mere inspection of his mouldering bones, as easily as he could now tell the Caffrarian, the Tartar, or the Hindoo. What is this mysterious element, whose presence or whose absence is so soon, so universally betrayed? Though it does not seem to us a full account of the matter (for perhaps it is a subject for deeper and more serious inquiry than we are at present engaged upon), yet we think it true as far as it goes, that poetry,—the natural gift of poetry,—has to do with it. The Catholic system is the true development of that heavenly grace. As far as we depart from it, so far does the whole nature seem to deteriorate, and to become in course of time dull, dead, graceless, unimaginative, and unspiritual.

Is it not greatly to be apprehended that the church of England is comparatively not in a position favorable to poetry? We cannot pretend to a very extensive acquaintance with the works of the Reformers, and therefore will only venture to ask the question: Were they in general men of poetical minds? Prejudice may have blinded us, but we confess to an insurmountable impression of their dulness and unspirituality. The Homilies are not even eloquent, much less poetical. The selections from the "British Reformers," published by the Religious Tract Society, have been extensively sold, but very little read by their purchasers. The serious-minded neighbor, to whom we are indebted for the loan of the volumes now lying before us, including the works of Latimer, Ridley, Philpot, Cranmer, Rogers, Saunders, Taylor, and Careless, evidently thought he had done enough for the cause by purchasing these curiosities, and might be spared the more arduous operation of reading them. Though twelve years on his shelves, they are all but unopened: nay worse, opened here and there, *longo intervallo*, and no two openings consecutive. Wherever their possessor has dived, he has evidently found it easy to discontinue the

perusal. No wonder, therefore, that we, with our prejudices, should experience the same result. Our eyes never lighted on more unreadable matter. Again; the Tudor alterations in the Liturgy are not characterized by a poetical spirit. Various other minor features of the Reformation, such as the systematic spoliation and habitual neglect of churches, and the rejection of all the ancient rites and customary ornaments, were avowedly a sacrifice of imagination to so-called reason.

But the clearest proof of this painful circumstance of our condition, is to be found in the very little actual union and sympathy there has been between poetry and the church of England these three centuries. The history of this period too plainly betrays that some nerve has, so to speak, been separated; so that while vitality has remained, feeling has been destroyed. During all this time it would be hard to mention a poet whose writings have so identified him with our church that he is in popular estimation one of her faithful sons. Scarcely a poet has derived his inspiration from her. Shakspeare, if not quite a Catholic, was not much of a Protestant; and he bears far more testimony to the traditionary feelings and ways of thought derived from an elder age of the church, than to those of the new foundation. Milton, after a faint and transient glimpse of Catholic order and beauty, became a bitter enemy of the English Episcopate, and persecuted unto death its consecrated king. Pope and Dryden were Romanists after a fashion. Cowper, alas! found no home for his heart anywhere, least of all in the church of England. Of infidels and mere men of the world it is needless to speak. But there are two classes of poets not to be passed over,—those who have expressed the instinct of natural religion, and those few who have consecrated their gifts to the service of the altar. As for the former, how little is there distinctive or definite in Young, Goldsmith, or Gray? Thoroughly English and surpassingly sweet and beautiful as are the scanty remains of the two latter, how little can the church of England be proud of them! Nay, in the case of the last, she has reasons for shame, that one who was bred and spent his days in the very school of her prophets did not essay a still higher strain. Of the latter class referred to, it is perhaps enough to say, that so little are they beholden to the present state of our church, that they have not been able to serve her without suspicion of unfaithfulness, as if their eyes had been fixed the while on something still more ancient and heavenly.

Indeed, as a matter of fact, the church, for this two hundred years, that is, since Puritanism almost radically extirpated the last remains of ancient Catholic feeling, has had no poetry. Even in its most respectable aspect, the Establishment has been such and so situated as to forbid this development. What enthusiasm could be excited by that which vegetated in abject slavery to a succession of irreligious princes and ministers,—that had no sympathy with any age past or to come,—that looked on all the rest of Christendom as an abomination,—that dared not even to read and know, or be supposed to have heard about the ancient faith and practice,—that woke only to fold its arms for another slumber, and was only enthusiastic against enthusiasm. When Johnson said there could be no religious poetry, however painfully erroneous might be the *sentiment*, he

spoke truly as a practical critic, to the existing *fact*. It *was* impossible. Poetry had been banished to Dissenters, and with it a great part of the religious feeling of the church had also departed.

One need not, however, go to the dead winter of the last century, compared with which what age might not be deemed poetical! Look back only a few years, and one may wonder at the change. Whence is it that on every side the ear is greeted with the echoes of sacred song? Echoes doubtless many of them are, yet not the less real, not the less welcome, and perhaps not necessarily the fainter; for echoes sometimes are louder, sweeter and more solemn than the original. Nor do we think these echoes will ever die away, while earth has rocks and banks and woods to return the sound. Surely it is no vain presumption to hope this is a shadow of those latter times concerning which the prophet said: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose;" and of which another prophet said, and an apostle confirmed, that "your sons and your daughters shall prophesy."

The volumes of new poetry lying before us, many though they seem, are but a handful, a mere chance-wreath out of the garden. Some deservedly well-known names are omitted. Nor do we doubt that a few months will supply an equal number; nay, one sees the certain promise of a school, a race of poets, whose beginning one now witnesses, but whose end no one can tell. The fire that is lit at the altar must spread. The waters, long so still, are now disturbed, and the undulation will know no end short of the world's circumference and the bounds of time. It is not pretended that all these are, or are likely to be, great poets. Only one or two can carry off the principal prizes. What is much diffused will not be always deep: and what is a usual accomplishment will not often rise to the height of genius. Yet poetry may be true poetry though it be not surpassing. The taste of an age is itself a thing of more consequence than the talent of a few. But all things in their place. So far from joining in the common cry against mediocrity, so that it be mediocrity only by comparison with the greatest genius, we are apt to think that great poets are very much indebted to their age and to their humbler contemporaries.

There is in every age a stock of thoughts and currency of words, to which every talker and writer, in his share, contributes. Many doubtless do enrich and refine it, who get no thanks for their work. These thoughts and words, these theories and images, these standing topics and familiar allusions, which are in fact the public mind of the age, and partaken in by every educated person, are the material on which some—few indeed compared with a whole generation, but many compared with the small number of the prizes—contend for the mastery, whatever their object may be, whether to carry some great design, to impress their character on the age, or to stamp their name upon it. They contend virtually, though not always consciously, not always with any express and definite object; for the outpourings of genius may have no motive, but a certain instinct of creation. Many may come near the mark, and by their rivalry, by their example, by their mutual aids, may much contribute to the excellence of

one or two who yet carry away from all the fair guerdon of future renown. Thus in Homer, or Shakspeare, matchless though they might have been in their generation, still the greatest part of what we now admire is due to their generation and not specially to them. They are, in a great measure, the mouth-pieces of their age: how eloquently soever they may do that office, still they are chiefly interpreters between their age and ours: as on a king is accumulated all the glory of his nation; and of an army of warriors, the name of the chief only survives. Thus it is often said that, as a fact, they are not most poetical who write poetry; that the poetry of the professional poet is, in a great measure, a trick of words; that he has, as it were, the key, by which he opens avenues of thought and feeling that others enter and follow up better than he does; that he plays with a certain craft, sacred indeed, but still partly mechanic, upon the hearts of men, and stirs up an inward poetry higher and fuller than what he knows himself; that words are counters to him, and perhaps not much more than counters, whereas to his simpler readers they are sterling coin, solid realities, of untold value. And so it is said, justly too, as we think, that a poet depends as much upon his age as a performer does upon the accurate tuning and sweet and mellow tones of the instrument put into his hands, though the sweet music he discourses on it may still be his alone. The age and its circumstances suggest the subjects, the age supplies the words, the staple of the ideas, and the points of allusion; the age understands, and sympathizes, and admires, and encourages;—for who would go on if he were not heard and understood? In fine, while we would not rebel against that obvious tendency of this world's dispensations to centralize its works in individuals, and make them channels of mediation, and seemingly the sole agents, between people and people and age and age, still we would not overlook that there is a poetry in the unknown mass of the people, the improvement of which is a thing as much to be looked to, and as much a matter of gratulation as the glory of individuals raised above their age.

On looking over the list of writers we have set before the reader, he will observe that two are persons of rank, one of them already otherwise distinguished and admired. The lady hides her name. One is a man of academic fame and occupations. One is a country clergyman. The two other books are from "the American strand." Here is variety. The seed—for there is one seed throughout, at least a certain resemblance, and something like a Catholic tone—is indeed cast on various soils. So there is hope that if one should fail, another may take. Nay, if one could suppose that some dread visitation should eat up every green thing in English soil, still Providence may have ordained a worthier substitute in the transatlantic church.

After so long a preamble we find we have but little space left for remarks upon our authors, whom, indeed, we would rather fairly represent by one or two specimens, and then leave to speak for themselves. The same evident reason, viz., that we have nearly run out our limits, compels us to defer one writer, who has, in every respect, a prior claim to consideration, and whom, therefore, we cannot find it in our heart to treat in



the cursory way we should now be driven to. Meanwhile, as we doubt not that the "Cathedral" and "Thoughts in Past Years" are already in the hands of all our readers, we know it is no one's loss but our own, that we have not yet offered them, what would be in their case, the empty honor of a niche in our pages.

We are obliged also to defer to another day what in truth deserve separate notices, and could not be done justice to in this already crowded article, two volumes that have now been some time before us, viz., Mr. Faber's Poems and those by Sir F. H. Doyle, Bart.

In the little volume entitled "England's Trust and other Poems," there is much that makes us look with interest and hope to the youthful scion of the house of Rutland, who has so boldly and single-heartedly rendered his first fruits to his mother church. There is in them all that patriotism and high religious feeling;—that sympathy with the brave, the unfortunate;—that reverence for things ancient, and things holy, though mixed with error, that one looks for in the young, and too often desiderates in the old and prudent. But as early want of romance is the saddest of all sad auguries; and as there is nothing, either in nature or in art, less to be loved than a youth of rank and wealth and talents, and even wit, with every outward aid to kindle and exalt his imagination, surrounded by all that is bright and noble; yet drily and knowingly and systematically despising every thing like enthusiasm or sentiment, and unnaturally affecting the worldly wisdom of maturer or more corrupted years; so we look on this volume as something specially fresh and hopeful,—an omen of that spirit of generous ardor and self sacrifice which England's aristocracy is, we trust, prepared, and may too soon be called upon, to show. Of course it is easier to write than to feel or to act; but there is nothing in these poems to induce one to suspect that the writer does not fully realize the meaning and the consequences of his words.

The first we give is—

#### WHIT-TUESDAY.

##### I.

The morn of a high festival!  
And in the olden time,  
When men obeyed their Mother's call  
And she was in her prime;

##### II.

Christians in thousands would have been  
All on their knees to-day,  
And saints departed would have seen  
Their living comrades pray.

##### III.

The stripling and the aged man,  
The mother and the son,  
The master and the artizan,  
All joined this morn in one,—



## IV.

In holy concert would have raised  
 Their church-inspired voice,  
 And with the church have upwards gazed,  
 Daring in her rejoice.

## V.

But in this Christian town this morn  
 Deserted was each shrine,  
 From whence in purer days were borne  
 Glad hymns, and sounds divine;

## VI.

While London's busy crowds swept by,  
 Each soul on self intent;  
 On earth, and earthly things, each eye  
 Unalterably bent.

## VIII.

And yet it seemed as if the vows  
 Of those, the faithful few,  
 Might plead with Christ for his blest spouse,  
 The church—oppressed, yet true.

The next is on a different style of subject.

## THE PREACHER.

## I.

Full strange to worldly men it seems  
 To hear thy speech of flame;  
 To them thy hopes are idle dreams,  
 Existing but in name.

## II.

How should they feel, as thou dost feel?  
 Thy hopes how should they share?  
 Earth's is the shrine at which they kneel,  
 To which they raise their prayer.

## III.

The past to them a lifeless page  
 For ever must remain:  
 The wisdom of each by-gone age,  
 For them is stored in vain.

## IV.

No glorious hope their life's dull sky  
 Chequers with sunlike ray;  
 Nor vision fair, nor purpose high,  
 Brightens their cloudy day.

## V.

Yet faint not thou! but nerve thy heart  
 To bear their senseless sneers,  
 And still thy tidings high impart,  
 E'en to unwilling ears.

## VI.

What, tho' the great thy labors scorn,  
 And statesmen mock thine aim,  
 Tho' plumeless crest and banner torn  
 No victory proclaim,—

## VII.

Again that banner raise on high,  
 Renew the doubtful fight!  
 'Tis not for thee to faint, nor fly—  
 And God will show the right!

The next expresses the feelings of religious insulation felt by our author in a foreign land. How any one, who is not only a Protestant but also a Christian, should feel otherwise we cannot but marvel; yet we believe it is not a very usual thing for English tourists to be afflicted with a religious home-sickness. Their contempt for the natives and their superstitions puts out of the question any regret at themselves not being able consciously, or not being allowed, to kneel before the on altar of the holy undivided church. Unless an English traveller start with the right key to the manifold difficulties of his situation, he is likely to become either a bigot, or a liberal.

## THE OUTCAST.

## I.

Before the shrine of some blest saint,  
 While loud the organ peals,  
 In unsuspecting faith and love  
 Each Spanish maiden kneels.

## II.

Three Sundays now have passed since we  
 On Spanish land first trod;  
 And never have I dared to seek  
 The presence of my God.

## III.

My fainting soul, in solitude  
 Seeks for relief in vain:  
 Blue hills, and glorious bright green things,  
 Do but augment my pain.

## IV.

I seem 'midst sighs and sounds of prayer,  
 That o'er these mountains swell,  
 To be—it is a fearful thought—  
 An outward infidel.

## V.

Oh Thou, who out of stony rocks  
 Canst make the waters flow,  
 And in the desert wilderness  
 Cause flowerets to blow,

## VI.

Do Thou, in this perplexing land,  
 Accept my erring prayer;  
 Albeit it rises unto Thee  
 From out th' unhallowed air.

With the lines on Vallambrosa, as deeply though less painfully expressive of the same sympathies, we leave this writer.

# VALLAMBROSA.

## I.

Dim is the eye that never sees  
 A spirit in the pathless wood ;  
 Dull is the ear that in the breeze  
 No magic hears, nor in the flood :  
 Oh ! let not such ascend the hill,  
 Where holiest superstition still  
 Retains her ancient sway.  
 To me a cross all rudely made  
 Beneath the giant pine-tree's shade,  
 Most solemn words can say.  
 I cannot form my lips to sneer  
 At rites or abstinence severe,  
 Nor laugh at deeds of saintly men,  
 Who, far in some sequestered glen,  
 From noise, and sin, and wrath, and strife,  
 Passed a hermit's holy life.  
 To me the cave in which they slept,  
 The rock on which they sternly kept  
 Their vigils, has a power t' impart  
 Softened feelings to my heart.  
 Go, man of pride, philosopher,  
 Who trust to reason not to err,  
 Go ! and view with scornful eye  
 These monuments of piety ;  
 But leave me to my musings still,  
 On Vallambrosa's forest hill !

## II.

Bright green lawns with wild flowers gay,  
 Songsters warbling on each spray ;  
 While above the gloomy pines  
 Rise like guardians of the spot,  
 And below the burdened vines  
 Shadow many a humble cot ;  
 Chapels perched on airy steep,  
 Sacred caves in legends blest,  
 Crosses hid in thickets deep,  
 Relics of some sainted guest,  
 All proclaim religion dwells  
 In Vallambrosa's pine-clad dells.  
 Here blest content, and peace of mind,  
 Cause each reverend face to smile,  
 And virtue here delights to find  
 Israelites that know no guile.  
 In this most gay and thoughtless land  
 Behold a meek unworldly band,  
 With ceaseless prayer and sacrifice,  
 And incense wreathing to the skies,  
 Doth intercession make.  
 And who shall say no blessings spring  
 To nobles, people, church, and king,  
 For these poor churchmen's sake ?

Mr. Knyaston's is a very pretty little collection, combining qualities that rarely meet; domestic sources of interest, naturalness of sentiment, elegance of classical allusion, and an apparent thorough acquaintance with the poetry of kindred spirits of the present age; and all this clothed in numbers sweet and flowing. We find it difficult to quote, as the various pieces are so interwoven that there is something of style to be known before one can fully go along with any given passage. Perhaps, therefore, we are not doing full justice to the writer in presenting the following very affecting poem, without the whole of the previous one to which it alludes. One or two stanzas of the last mentioned, however, are all that we have room for.

O, 'twas a heavenly sight to see!  
The angels could not choose but look,  
As gently slid thy fingers o'er  
The loved disciple's book.\*

For oh, as swift the page embossed  
Lived on thy touch, each blessed word  
Came fast and clear, while gently thrilled  
Thy memory's slumbering chord.  
\* \* \* \*

I'll not believe but nature's soul,  
Received into thy mind at will,  
Though all around show dark and drear,  
Holds commune with thee still.

#### TO BESSY,

*After reading some Lines written by her, addressed to the Morning.*

Nay, but this doth surpass belief!  
My little Bess, what heavenly store  
Of peace is thine, to soothe thy grief,  
And make us love thee more?

What is it, then, to thee the world,  
Enlivened by the wreath of dawn,  
The flowers with dewdrops fresh impearled,  
When May is on the lawn?

What if, before the gladsome light,  
Fast flit sad darkness o'er the lea,  
If morn be there, what makes the sight  
To such, poor child, as thee?

Yet has her soul, unhelped by sense,  
Drunk deep the spirit of the day;  
Such charm has heavenly innocence  
To scare all gloom away.

Said I not well, that "Nature's soul,  
Received into thy mind at will,"  
Though darkness held her stern control,  
Might commune with thee still?

---

\* St. John's Gospel in raised characters, for the use of the blind.

Had I been there, thou gifted child !  
 I should have deemed thee compassed round  
 By holy things, whose harpings wild  
     Pealed o'er that hallowed ground.

Who could have helped thy sightless mind  
 To that glad vision of the morn ?  
 I'll never dream, dear girl, again,  
     That thou canst feel forlorn.

THOU, who hast taught man's soul to read  
 Sweet Nature's book, if sick with care ;  
 To make our hearts her lessons heed,  
     When she invites to prayer ;

THEU, who couldst find, in every field,  
 A voice which whispered heavenly peace ;  
 Bless this Thy world, that it may yield  
     To her that glad release.

Oh ! I could weep my soul away,  
 For very joy, thou saint-like child,  
 That this fair earth, in bright array,  
     Shows all to thee so mild !

Yea, I do weep, and with the dew  
 Of pearly tears, my prayers shall rise  
 For thee : they may prevail, who sue  
     To God with streaming eyes.

Perhaps the following, which is the second of two sonnets on "Marriage in Heaven," betrays a little too much of what we should call religious fiction, and a somewhat too earthly realization of the joys of heaven. It is of course to be understood only as contradicting the idea of an *intellectual* heaven. But one could wish "Paradise" had not been described exclusively as a lofty and ethereal sort of family reunion.

Eye hath not seen, ear heard, or heart conceived  
 What God has there prepared :—of saints above  
 We know but that they weep not, that they love.  
 Let others dream of wondrous lore achieved  
 By disembodied souls, as some believed,—  
 That is no heaven for me ; this cannot move  
 My thoughts to sense of bliss. I yearn to prove  
 The purer joy, when those whom death has grieved  
 Shall part no more. I love to think of eyes  
 Which he hath dimmed serenely fixed on mine,  
 Loving, beloved : them would I have to twine  
 My wreath, whom God hath taken to the skies—  
 Wife, brothers, kindred, friends. My Paradise  
 Is to be one with them,—with them to sing and shine.

The "Sacred Mountains and Waters versified" is an unpretending little volume, most diffidently put forth, which deserves a good word, not only because the tone is in correspondence with the sacredness of the subject, and the object of the publication is one of pure benevolence, but because some of the verses are really very good, and need no extrinsic recommendation. We have only room for the two following. The former of them



brings to our remembrance the invocation addressed to the "great father of waters," by "the daughter of his native king;" the writer of which, it has always struck us, did wrong to criticise so ill-naturedly Gray's address to "Father Thames:?" though we might allow that the passage in *Rasselas* was the more consistent and beautiful of the two.

## EUPHRATES.

Jeremiah li.

Speak, ancient river! tell the tale  
Of thy primeval source,  
What time sweet Eden's happy vale  
Was bounded by thy course;  
What time, with haughty impious rule,  
Blaspheming monarchs sway'd  
Where now the dragon and the owl  
Their loathsome haunts have made.  
Tell of proud reason's swift decay,  
Of faith's meek triumphs tell;  
The long-drawn chronicles display  
Of all thou know'st so well.  
And tell me how thine own proud tide  
Still seeks the mighty sea:  
So may my ransom'd spirit glide  
To blest eternity.

## SEA OF TIBERIAS.

Matthew xiv. 22—33.

"Could all the deeds thy waters knew  
Be call'd by memory's art  
Full to the wond'ring ear and view,  
Home to the marv'ling heart;  
Could yet the voice that calm'd thy wave  
Again the blast arrest;  
And the strong hand, outstretch'd to save,  
Its pow'r divine attest;—  
Think'st thou that ev'ry sinful doubt  
To faith thou could'st submit,  
Banish each graceless stubborn thought,  
And all to Christ commit?  
Let not such smooth deceit be thine,  
But humbly, meekly own,  
What wonders daily round thee shine,  
Unheeded and unknown.

The peculiar interest of the Christian Ballads is, that they are as it were a birth-day address from our grandchildren across the Atlantic. They demonstrate forcibly the power of Catholic feeling to assimilate men's minds, however differently circumstanced, and to renew in a seemingly deteriorated offspring the paternal virtue. The United States have hitherto been looked on as scornfully as if the muse had not yet ventured across the gulf of waters, or had been *banned* from these otherwise all-

hospitable shores. Undoubtedly it has appeared that their taste and ours do not quite agree, and the peculiar puritanic and democratic media through which the English mind has *there* been passed seem to have produced a certain strange variety from the parent stock. But already we see the church rising in that moral waste, and attuning men's hearts to love and reverence: even now we see it a refuge there, as here, from the storms of party, the asperities of schism, the deadness of the world, and the bleak desolation of unbelief. Thus does she triumph over the untowardness both of the natural and the moral clime, and find the coast peopled with her true children, ready everywhere to return her smiles, and sing her praises, and thankfully accept her teaching.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis  
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ;  
Quod latus mundi nebulae, malûsque  
Jupiter urget;  
Pone sub curru nimium propinqui  
Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ;  
Dulcè ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
Dulcè loquentem.

We will not say that there is no Americanism in the style of the following ballads, as there is perhaps in the whole idea. But we are not disposed to help the reader to detect it.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, which I will require, even that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit his temple.—*Psalter.*

## I.

The first dear thing that ever I loved  
Was a mother's gentle eye,  
That smiled as I woke on the dreamy couch  
That cradled my infancy:  
I never forgot the joyous thrill  
That smile in my spirit stirred,  
Nor how it could charm me against my will,  
Till I laughed like a joyous bird.

## II.

And the next fair thing that ever I loved  
Was a bunch of summer flowers,  
With odors, and hues, and loveliness,  
Fresh as from Eden's bowers.  
I never can find such hues agen,  
Nor smell such a sweet perfume:  
And if there be odors as sweet as then,  
'Tis I that have lost my bloom.

## III.

And the next dear thing that ever I loved  
Was a fawn-like little maid,  
Half-pleased, half-awed by the frolic boy  
That tortured her doll, and played:  
I never can see the gossamer  
Which rude rough zephyrs tease,  
But I think how I tossed her flossy locks,  
With my whirling bonnet's breeze.

## IV.

And the next good thing that ever I loved,  
 Was a bow-kite in the sky :  
 And a little boat on the brooklet's surf,  
 And a dog for my company :  
 And a jingling hoop, with many a bound  
 To my measured strike and true,  
 And a rocket sent up to the firmament,  
 When even was out so blue.

## V.

And the next fair thing I was fond to love  
 Was a field of wavy grain,  
 Where the reapers mowed: or a ship in sail  
 On the billowy, billowy main :  
 And the next was a fiery prancing horse  
 That I felt like a man to stride ;  
 And the next was a beautiful sailing boat  
 With a helm it was hard to guide.

## VI.

And the next dear thing I was fond to love,  
 Is tenderer far to tell :  
 'Twas a voice, and a hand, and a gentle eye  
 That dazzled me with its spell ;  
 And the loveliest things I had loved before  
 Were only the landscape now,  
 On the canvass bright where I pictured her,  
 In the glow of my early vow.

## VII.

And the next good thing I was fain to love  
 Was to sit in my cell alone,  
 Musing o'er all these lovely things,  
 Forever, forever flown.  
 Then out I walked in the forest free,  
 Where wantoned the autumn wind,  
 And the colored boughs swung shiveringly,  
 In harmony with my mind.

## VIII.

And a spirit was on me that next I loved,  
 That ruleth my spirit still,  
 And maketh me murmur these sing-song words,  
 Albeit against my will.  
 And I walked the woods till the winter came,  
 And then did I love the snow,  
 And I heard the gales through the wildwood aisles  
 Like the Lord's own organ blow.

## IX.

And the bush I had loved in my greenwood walk,  
 I saw it afar away,  
 Surplined with snows like the bending priest  
 That kneels in the church to pray :  
 And I thought of the vaulted fane and high,  
 Where I stood when a little child,  
 Awed by the lauds sung thrillingly,  
 And the anthems undeiled.

## X.

And again to the vaulted church I went,  
 And I heard the same sweet prayers,  
 And the same full organ-peals upsent,  
 And the same soft soothing airs ;  
 And I felt in my spirit so drear and strange,  
 To think of the race I ran,  
 That I loved the sole thing that knew no change  
 In the soul of the boy and man.

## XI.

And the tears I wept in the wilderness,  
 And that froze on my lids, did fall,  
 And melted to pearls for my sinfulness,  
 Like scales from the eyes of Paul :  
 And the last dear thing I was fond to love,  
 Was that holy service high,  
 That lifted my soul to joys above,  
 And pleasures that do not die.

## XII.

And then, said I, one thing there is  
 That I of the Lord desire,  
 That ever, while I on earth shall live,  
 I will of the Lord require,  
 That I may dwell in his temple blest  
 As long as my life shall be,  
 And the beauty fair of the Lord of Hosts,  
 In the home of his glory see.

In our next quotation we have taken the liberty of omitting the opening and concluding stanzas, as being perhaps a little too *balladish* for the subject.

## DREAMLAND.

## III.

In Dreamland once I saw a church ;  
 Amid the trees it stood ;  
 And reared its little steeple cross  
 Above the sweet greenwood :  
 And then I heard a Dreamland chime,  
 Peel out from Dreamland tower,  
 And saw how Dreamland Christian-folk  
 Can keep the matin-hour.

## IV.

And Dreamland church was decent all,  
 And green the churchyard round ;  
 The Dreamland sextons never keep  
 Their kine in holy ground :  
 And not the tinkling cow-bell there  
 The poet's walk becalms ;  
 But where the dead in Christ repose,  
 The bells ring holy psalms.



## V.

And Dreamland folk do love their dead,  
For every mound I saw,  
Had flowers, and wreaths, and garlands such  
As painters love to draw!  
I asked what seeds made such fair buds,  
And—scarce I trust my ears,  
The Dreamland folk averred such things  
Do only grow from—tears.

## VI.

And while I hung the graves around,  
I heard the organ pour:  
I was the only Christian man  
Without that sacred door!  
A week-day morn—but church was full;  
And full the chanting choir,  
For Dreamland music is for God,  
And not for man and—hire.

## VII.

I saw the Dreamland minister  
In snowy vestments pray;  
He seemed to think 'twas natural  
That prayer should ope the day:  
And Dreamland folk responded loud  
To blessings in God's name,  
And in the praises of the Lord,  
They had no sense of shame!

## VIII.

And Dreamland folk, they kneel them down  
Right on the stony floor;  
I saw they were uncivilized,  
Nor knew how we adore:  
And yet I taught them not, I own,  
Our native curve refined,  
For well I knew the picturesque  
Scarce suits the savage mind.

## IX.

And Dreamland folk do lowly bow  
To own that Christ is God:  
And I confess I taught them not  
The fashionable nod:  
And Dreamland folk sing Gloria  
At every anthem's close,  
But have not learned its value yet  
To stir them from a doze.

## X.

I saw a Dreamland babe baptized  
With all the church to see,  
And strange as 'twas—the blessed sight,  
'Twas beautiful to me!  
For many a voice cried loud Amen,  
When o'er its streaming brow  
The pearly cross was characterized,  
To seal its Christian vow.

## XI.

I learned that Dreamland children all,  
 As bowing sponsors swear,  
 To bishop's hands are duly brought,  
 To eucharist and prayer:  
 And Dreamland maids wear snow-white veils  
 At confirmation hour:  
 For such—an old apostle wrote,  
 Should clothe their heads, with power.

## XII.

The Dreamland folk they wed in church;  
 They deem the Lord is there,  
 And, as of old, in Galilee,  
 May bless a bridal pair:  
 And strange enough, the simple ones,  
 They see in wedded love,  
 Sweet emblems of their mother church,  
 And Christ her Lord above.

## XIII.

I saw a Dreamland funeral  
 Come up the shadow'd way:  
 The Dreamland priest was surplice-clad,  
 To meet the sad array.  
 And when his little flock drew nigh,  
 To give the dust their dead,  
 His voice went soothingly before,  
 As if a shepherd led.

## XIV.

In earth they laid the Dreamland man;  
 And then a chant was given,  
 So sweet, that I could well believe  
 I heard a voice from heaven:  
 And singing children o'er the grave  
 Like cherub chanters stood,  
 Pouring their angel lullabies,  
 To make its slumber good.

## XV.

The Dreamland folk count seasons four,  
 All woven into one!  
 'Tis Advent, Lent, or Easter-time,  
 Or Trinity begun:  
 The first is green as emerald,  
 The next of cyprus-hue,  
 The third is glorious all as gold,  
 The fourth is sapphire-blue.

## XVI.

The Dreamland folk are simple ones!  
 Who knows but these are they,  
 Described in ancient chronicle  
 As children of the day!  
 They seemed no denizens of earth,  
 But more—a pilgrim-band,  
 With no abiding city here,  
 Who seek a better land.

After these very copious extracts we shall content ourselves with the following specimen of the "Sacred Melodies," apparently by the same author.

### CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand.—*Eph. vi. 13.*

Oh! speed thee, Christian, on thy way,  
And to thy armor cling:  
With girded loins the call obey  
That grace and mercy bring.  
There is a battle to be fought—  
An uphill race to run—  
A crown of glory to be sought—  
A vict'ry to be won.  
The shield of faith will blunt the dart  
That Satan's hand may throw;  
His arrow cannot reach thy heart,  
If Christ control the bow.  
The glowing lamp of prayer will light  
Thee on thy anxious road;  
'T will keep the goal of heaven in sight;  
And guide thee to thy God.  
Oh! faint not, Christian, for thy sighs  
Are heard before his throne;  
The race must come before the prize—  
The cross before the crown.

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## ARTICLE II.

### THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SOCIETY.

#### INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE interesting work whose title stands at the head of the following article has been reprinted in this country, in a neat edition of two volumes, from the press of D. Appleton & Co., which we have had occasion to notice in another place.\* Its subjects are miscellaneous and attractive, and its discussions generally satisfactory. We doubt not it will be acceptable to American as it has been to English readers. Several reviews of it have appeared in British periodicals, all, on the whole, commendatory, but dwelling on different parts of the work, according to the taste of each reviewer. The following is at once the most eccentric, talented and original of these reviews. It is, however, less a review than an independent discussion. The writer follows the fashion of those professed reviewers who leave their authors nearly untouched, for the purpose of indulging in new trains of thought, suggested, it may be, but not

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\* American Biblical Repository, July, 1841.

guided by the works to which they refer. We have selected this article, not because it contains the best account of Dr. Taylor's work, but because it is better suited, than any of the reviews we have seen, to stir up the reader's mind to a wakeful and profitable consideration of several important facts and principles relating to the history of society.

We may remark also that, on one or two points, our own views accord with the sentiments of the author, rather than with those of the reviewer. We refer especially to his observations on the history of religion. The Apostle Paul perceived that the heathen, in their worship, had "changed the truth of God into a lie;" but this writer imagines there is "an inner and vital truth which every worship contains enshrined within it,"—"an everlasting principle of faith and reverence, which has never ceased to exist through all time, among all nations." On this point we would turn the censure upon himself, which the reviewer bestows upon his author. And we dissent from his views of the *origin* of civilization and government. But we commend the article in general as just and forcible. In style as well as thought, it resembles the writings of Carlyle on Chartism, and is fitted to make lasting impressions on the mind of the reader.—SR. ED.

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From the Westminster Review, October, 1841.

*The Natural History of Society in the Barbarous and Civilized State.* By W. Cooke Taylor, Esq., LL. D., M. R. A. S. of Trinity College, Dublin. 2 Vols. London, 1840.

Many writers of history and of politics have wished to begin their narratives with the very "beginning of things," and have evinced a natural desire to trace back the life of mankind to its earliest years, endeavoring philosophically to assign the period when the various relations of society were first established; to describe the mode in which the governor and the governed originally commenced the fulfilment of their mutual duties of authority and obedience, and to develop the gradual process by which law began to supersede strength.

They have also done more, for they have actually begun *before* the beginning, and spoken of these relations, not only in their first movements, but in the act of their creation, as if there were a time when they did not exist, or that they were not recognized as soon as Adam smiled over his first-born.

However, we are to imagine that not only Adam, but Noah, has passed away, and the earth has got peopled; and then fixing the period in those primitive times when man was a "noble savage," unvitiated by corruption, and free from crime and passion, and setting out with the maxim that "all men are equal," our philosophers proceed to assemble a concourse of these equal men, and make them elect the most worthy for their king and the most reverend for counsellors—to enact laws—to declare rights—and to act, in short, just as so many Solons, or as themselves, these same philosophers, with all the perfection of reasoning of this nine-

teenth century, might possibly act, but certainly as no savages ever did or could.

These speculations might be harmless enough, were it not for the danger that by such false statements of the commencement of government a false principle is admitted into its theory, and an equally false result becomes deduced from its history. As that patriarchal system, when submission was unforced and reverential, and the ruler almost merged in the father, has never been really known, it has been pronounced undesirable, and indeed impossible, for an advanced state of society; while a more accurate account would inform us that the first government was one altogether of fear, influenced by the terror of might, not the desire of protection; that the first law was the law of the strongest, and resulted only in tyranny, spoliation, and barbarism. From *this* beginning we may reasonably infer that the state of voluntary submission and parental rule is one towards which the advance of society is tending, instead of that from which it has departed, and is becoming separated by a still-widening interval; we may mark the periods when man first awoke to a consciousness of his rights, and a desire for liberty; when he first acknowledged that the weak had their privileges, and that justice should be sacred, as notable eras in the progress of the race. We may trace the form of the supreme authority through all the changes into which the varying phases of society have thrown it, from the despotic chieftain of the savage tribe to kings by the grace of God and the representative assembly. But the history of government is yet to write.

Another history is also yet to write—the history of the lowest class; and it will be one quite as important as the first, and even yet more strange. In the chronicles of the powers of this world there is a terrible sameness, a tedious repetition of the same phases and cycles of revolution ever recurring. We learn how they change their forms, how they are called by different names, and attired in various colored robes, with some variations in the extent of their prerogatives; we are told that authority sometimes wears a helmet, sometimes a tiara, or a crown, or, as we have seen, a red cap; that it is at one time distributed among several, at another concentrated upon an individual. But amid all these changes of exterior the thing remains the same—ever sitting in its own high place, pronouncing its own decrees, and then seeing them executed, which execution it calls justice—listening to the honied speeches of its dependents, which it calls popularity; but waging perpetual wars for supremacy or existence with the strong, the rich, or the cunning. And these wars are history, flowing on in page after page of the same round of dull though bloody conflict between stronger and strongest.

Turning to the other extremity of the social scale, we find a vast, unnamed multitude, of whom the historian seldom speaks, but whose annals would relate of vicissitudes far greater than those endured by the mighty ones, and will, if written true, exhibit many a curious phase of human nature, showing how the changes that are almost nominal to the higher classes become stern realities to them, and the faults or vices of governors are reflected in shadows of startling magnitude upon their remote dwelling



places. In the beginning of history, when man had not yet emerged from the state of wandering, savage life, the lowest class was doomed to death before it had hardly come into existence. For when man's only possession was his strength, the weakest were the poorest, and these were either purposely destroyed, or perished in infancy from natural inability to support their life. A little later and the doom of death was changed for that of slavery; and to this state were reduced, for many ages, the lowest and weakest—the prisoners in battle—the hostile nation, when vanquished—the feeble sex among all nations. Afterwards they existed under different names—bond-servants, plebeians, serfs, Egyptian fellahs, Hindoo pariahs, English paupers—always remaining in the same position of historical insignificance; a class to whom war brought destruction and peace oppression; whom the ruler used while they were useful as hewers of wood and drawers of water, and then swept away without account at his own good pleasure.

We know that all this is very likely to be called common-place; for the name of the people, like that of other powers, has so often been taken in vain, that it has degenerated into a catchword, and he who speaks of their wrongs is supposed to be seeking only for some clap-trap popularity. But we shall never be silenced by such considerations. Why should truth be left unspoken because some have ridiculed it for jest, and others perverted from selfishness? And who that has seen bread-tax meetings, and Chartism, but must confess that there is reality in the voice of "the masses," and that their history will not, henceforth, be insignificant?

It is one great point gained when the discovery is first made that this question of the "wrongs of the people" can be calmly discussed, and the evils rectified by peaceable and reasonable process of cure. Hitherto it has been taken for granted, that the highest and the lowest would never look each other in the face, and live—that majesty and the mob could meet in no other fashion than as water and fire; one flowing on in its calm and cold sublimity; the other, not calm, but tumultuous, explosion, destruction; yet sometimes equally sublime from its very destructiveness; and that, thus meeting, they must perish, one or both. Therefore the two have been most carefully kept apart; the first guarded by steel warriors and fenced around with state and ceremony; the latter, bowed down under a vast weight of pressure from above, restraining it with *Dragonnades*, curfew bell, and riot act, not only from rising, but even from attempting to rise. Yet every now and then has it forced its way through all this compression; bursting up like a submarine volcano with fire and ashes; and every time more fiercely. The first time that we hear of this lowest class, as in a state of eruption, is in that Scythian city where the slaves rebelled during the absence of their masters; who, on their return, saith the legend, drove them back to their obedience with whips, like hounds. Since then there have been servile wars, popular rebellions, insurrections of the *Jacquerie*, till we arrive at a black empire, and a sans culottic revolution. Such have been the results of the system of suppression. In England, ever since the days of Elizabeth, when the first poor law was enacted, the lowest class have had a legal and acknowledged existence; a provision of some

sort or other has been made for their support ; and, at certain intervals, their condition has formed the subject-matter for debates and acts of parliament ; not without effect ; for England has been spared, on this account, many of those scenes of terrible destitution whence have arisen in other countries long series of convulsion and savage crime. Still we proceed too much on the suppression principle ; legislating not upon the poor, but against them ; treating them as nuisances that ought to be abated, and their poverty as a crime that ought to be punished—instead of considering them as men, enduring much, wanting much ; knowing little good ; instructed only in evil, and in the sorry shifts of pauperism ; yet still susceptible of improvement, having capacity for knowledge and for virtue ; and waiting only the guidance of some who shall in gentleness and good faith search out the cause of their evils and wisely root it out ; abating not themselves, but their poverty ; and instructing their ignorance with other kind of tuition than that to be found in a house of correction.

Look again at the lowest class in another point of view—not only as suffering and wanting, but as possessing and inflicting ; as a distinct race—a lower empire—whence issue perpetually the swarms of men whom necessity almost compels to crime ; whom every opportunity of instruction renders perfect in its practice ; and yet to whom is given no one principle of resistance to its temptations except the mere terror of punishment. With a mass like this corrupting in the hold, who will say that the only method is to tightly batten down the hatches, in order that we may manage the vessel and inhabit the cabins with security ?

Let us then beware ; and not merely trust to our endeavors to suppress the outward tokens of disease, but try to cure the patient. Above all, let us beware of quacks, with their fair, deceitful remedies ; many such there are : demagogues, pharisees ; charter-dealers, humanity speech-makers ; who set each some brazen serpent on high, and bid the sick look to that and be healed. These have done evil work.

Society is now rich in many possessions ; of employment, of comfort, of amusement ; can it afford nothing to its larger half but a bare life sustenance ? Among other riches, it is most rich in knowledge ; let this, at least, be freely imparted to all, and it will go far to bring with it all other advantages. But as yet the very abundance of our own possessions has only made us more exacting in our demands upon others. We are a nation of capitalists, and require every member to contribute some quota of capital to the common stock ; if not in cash, then at least in skill or in character. But for those who have none to contribute—what is to become of them ? Must the multitudes of such be left to stand idle, because no man will hire them ; in want of every thing, because they have nothing already—and when idleness meets want in hundreds of thousands, what result can be expected ? “ Instruct, employ, don’t hang them,” was the quaint, but significant, title of an excellent volume written some years ago. We should rejoice to see that sentence pass into a proverb.

“ But,” argue some, “ if you instruct these people, you give only still further addition, by this education, to their already sufficient capabilities for doing mischief—if you put tools into their hands, you furnish them

with instruments which they will use as weapons of aggression." It is even so—as when a kettle is set to boil there is always danger, lest the vent should become stopped and an explosion ensue. Now, did those who propound this argument ever reflect upon the condition of the country with its standing army, composed of men taken for the most part from these very classes ; instructed deliberately in all the arts of destruction, and furnished with the weapons best fitted for the purpose ? We think that, if the danger from this source is dared, all other may be safely overlooked.

Besides, these multitudes—these hundreds of thousands of whose existence and powers we have given us, every few years, such fearful tokens—are dangerous as they are ; and it will not do to go on trusting for ever in an increased police force, or an occasional proclamation of martial law, to repress the outbreak of their explosion. Prudence would teach how far better it will be to incur some temporary risk for the purpose of regulating their energies, and making them still explode, but in a safe direction ; and for purposes beneficial, not destructive. Mankind have brought into subjection the powers of other explosive materials—the blast of gunpowder, the expansion of steam ; have each been bound into their service ; they have thrown the magic of their spells around these omnipotent demons ; have yoked them to their chariots, and sent them to perform their bidding. And may not men, at length, conquer *man* ? with gentle, but irresistible, restraint, compelling him to do what, indeed, is but that which his high destiny has appointed him to do—make himself and others better and happier ?

We have entered upon the discussion of these topics because they are of vast importance in the natural history of society ; and because, in fact, no perfect view can be taken of society, not perhaps as it was, but certainly as it is, and no means be pointed out to make it what we hope it will be, without tracing the history of its two extremes ; without chronicling the lives of its highest and its lowest classes from their earlier position of extreme divergence through all their contests and mutual interchanges of injury and danger—this divine right of kings being sometimes superseded by a sacred right of insurrection, and then restored again, though with sadly diminished glories—till we arrive at the fact of a nearer approximation, and the hope of a perfect accordance ; when the history of the government and of the poorest will be identical with that of the nation.

In the volumes before us we find little or nothing of this. There is little mention of the part played by the governments, in their different forms, upon the progress of the human race, growing as they do out of the growth of society, and influencing that growth in return in a perpetual flux of action and reaction : there is no distinction made between the various classes of society ; nor any account of the modes in which they have mutually acted upon each other from the earliest times, producing by this action changes quite as important as those arising from external causes. Is it not written in the prophecies of history that no nation ever fell, or will fall, but from its own decay ? Would the fate of Persia, when Alexander invaded it, have been decided by the event of two battles and the treachery of two satraps, if the condition of the empire had not

been rotten to the core already? or were the Gauls increased in numbers and warlike skill during the centuries that elapsed between Cæsar and Valens, so much as to change them at once from fugitives to invaders? But this rottenness can proceed only from within, it grows only out of the wearing and friction of many internal sects and factions whose condition has become incongruous, and through whose dissonance distrust and civil outrage have grown into a custom. Society must be considered as a complicated machine, whose various springs and escapements it is necessary to know thoroughly before we can be said to understand the construction. Now Dr. Taylor treats of it as a uniform whole, and therefore the title of his work, as the "Natural History of Society," is a misnomer; at least it is so in its first word: for a general history of society, indeed, we may consent to accept it, though somewhat of the meagerest; but that is excusable, considering the narrowness of his limits, reduced also to still more confined dimensions by the introduction of a variety of subjects, anecdotal and episodal, sufficiently entertaining in themselves, but not altogether necessary to his argument. However, we will not quarrel with his volumes for what we do not find there; but confess that they are pleasant and instructive; written in a spirit more liberal than we expected or hoped; and calculated, we imagine, to prove highly interesting to the "general reader"—that class which all authors are naturally most desirous to please; and to obtain whose approval Mr. Taylor has, as we have hinted, in our apprehension, made rather too large sacrifices.

In the construction of his argument, too, we think that Dr. Taylor's division of his subject is decidedly erroneous and unphilosophical; inasmuch as he has divided his chapters on civilization locally, instead of generically; by nations, not by species—treating separately of the Egyptian, the Grecian, the Roman civilization; following the easy, trite path of former, so-called, historians; whereas the scientific course would have been to describe civilization through its instruments and by its symbols; chronicling its advances as occasioned by the influence, and pictured in the changes of language, religion, politics, and art. What should we say of a Buffon who should set about describing the peculiarities of the genus *felis*, for example, by giving a description of the varieties of the animal to be found in Europe, and then of those in Asia, and then in America? and how clumsy and ridiculous should we think a natural history composed entirely after that fashion! It is a most inartificial arrangement to draw your line of demarcation between the subjects of the Pharaohs, and the descendants of the Pelasgi, and the inhabitants of Etruria; as if the phases of society were specifically distinct for each of these; thus making the division depend upon an accident—not upon any intrinsic quality. The subject thus becomes fragmentary—the reasoning inconclusive; and that deep and final truth which ought to be the inheritance from the past, and the light for the future, becomes altogether lost in hopeless, inextricable confusion. And then for what end is your history written?

Of the history of society divided as we have inculcated, one of the most interesting chapters will be that which contains the history of languages, oral, pictorial, and written; and no other of the possessions and



attainments of nations will mark more clearly the state of civilization they have reached, their characteristics, and even their private history. As Cuvier could discover from a single tooth the genus and habits of the animal to which it belonged, so the character and comprehensiveness of a language will tell, with great accuracy, that of the people who speak it. We should even prefer a grammar to a gibbet, as the surest and most certain token of a refined state of society : the simple conjugation of the verb *τυπτω*, with its double aorist and *paulo-post-futurum*, would prove sufficiently that the Greeks had reached a high point of mental cultivation. Indeed the language may, in some measure, be said to form, or at least modify, the character of a nation ; it is to this very complexity and refinement of their dialect that we must attribute, in a great degree, the tendency to that inconclusive, verbal logic which distinguishes the Socratic philosophy. Aristotle, even, is often contented with a jingle of syllables, when he should have sought for a scientific demonstration.

Again ; who can look through a page of Johnson's Dictionary without recognizing the heterogeneous descent of the English nation in the words which their language has naturalized from half-a-dozen foreign tongues, and which compose a dialect of such copiousness and strength ? Who cannot trace the operation of language even in the political history of the world, when the division of the eastern and western empires was made, in reality, from this cause long before the time of Constantine ; and where those limits which France has always claimed as her "natural boundaries" are marked out, not so much by nature's hand, in the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, as by the universal form of speech ?

The changes, also, which language undergoes in long course of time, without absolutely losing its identity, possess considerable significance, as they exhibit the changes in the manners of its possessors. The present Italian, with its "liquid lapse" and poetry of prettinesses, as much deserves its name "bastard Latin," when compared with the noble diction of Cicero, as the modern Italians deserve their epithet of "degenerate." The French have altered also, after their degree, becoming more refined and more effeminate : what similar change has passed over their language may be seen by comparing a chapter of Rabelais with one of George Sand. There has appeared a translation of Goethe into French : it may be imagined into what unintelligible paraphrases the transcendentalisms of the Faust are obliged to be rendered, when even the cognate and far more intellectual vocabulary of the English tongue is so avowedly insufficient.

For the origin of language, Dr. Taylor refers to an immediate agency of the Divinity ; as, according to his supposition, there are some of the elements of civilization—and speech is one of these—which must necessarily have been imparted to man, as he could never have attained them by his unassisted effort.

A certain amount of knowledge, or, if we may use such an expression, a stock of civilization, is not less necessary to man for the development of his capacity for improvement and his other social duties, than



flowers are to the bee, or mulberry leaves to the silk-worm. Had he been started on earth perfectly ignorant, ignorant he would forever have remained. We have seen that no savage nation ever emerged from barbarism by its own unaided exertions; and that the natural tendency of tribes in such a condition is to grow worse instead of better. Civilization could not have been an invention, for the inventive faculty proceeds from something already known. Vol. I. page 309.

The author might have included writing, cookery, or the steam-engine, as well as speech; for each of these would appear equally impossible for mankind to invent if we knew nothing of the history of their invention. Without supposing, with Monboddo, that man's first step towards civilization was to rub away his tail, we may yet conclude, that if only the power of articulation and memory were given, that of speech would speedily follow; since we see animals converse according as their limited faculties of recollection and vocalization permit; and the comprehensiveness of language itself increases according to the demands of man's necessities, or the expansion of his ideas.

It is also manifest that language, when formed, must speedily become changed and multiplied by the natural process of variation as it came to be possessed by races of different habits and modes of thought; and this with especial rapidity where the art of writing does not exist to form an enduring model for words and sounds. Hence arises the vast multitude of dialects in barbarous countries, and their rapid alterations while remaining unwritten. Martyn, the missionary, says, that in some districts of Hindostan, the language changes every four "koss," or leagues: the Abbe Clavigero found thirty-five dialects in Mexico, and more than fifty in Maragnon; and argued, indeed, from this multiplicity, that the country must have been peopled by more than one wanderer from Babel. But this very history of Babel is now generally considered as not to be interpreted literally; and its "confusion of tongues" as intended to signify rather a disagreement of opinion and purpose among its builders than a mere change of speech; their purpose being to erect a temple and establish a hierarchy of a worship that should embrace the whole earth, and even "reach unto heaven."

The miracle would, indeed, have been if language had been preserved unchanged and uniform; as this must have required complete uniformity of thought and perfection of memory among the inhabitants of the earth. We have heard of kings, of Persia and elsewhere, who have thought to discover the original language of men by sending children into desert islands with dumb attendants, to grow up and form their speech by mere natural effort. The result has been somewhat dubious; the authorities varying in the accounts of the produced language, some declaring it to be right Hebrew; others, an unknown tongue. Doubtless it was this last; for it appears certain, both that in every case where two or three are gathered together they will invent a language of some kind to communicate with; and also, that in no two cases would this language be the same. For we find in common instances, where many individuals have

to speak on the same subject—eye-witnesses, for instance, of the same event which they have all to narrate, and whose narration shall not exceed a dozen sentences—no two, out of fifty, shall, if unprompted, form their story into the same phrase; and this when the matter of discourse is fixed for all, and when all have been accustomed to train their ideas and construction of language after the same fashion. How much greater, then, must be the variety when there is nothing fixed or resembling!

Upon the origin of written language many controversies have been urged, but none satisfactorily settled; though it seems probable that it had its rise in a gradual improvement from pictorial representation; which became first hieroglyphic and then symbolic, till the figured pictures grew, with long use, more simple in construction—only a few strokes, whose signification habit had rendered completely intelligible, being retained—and more comprehensive in meaning; from merely objectographic becoming idea-graphic, either by the combination of pictures or some relation of the subjects of sense, and those of intellect. For instance, the word “lamentation” is expressed in the Egyptian hieroglyphic by the figure of a dog’s head; the idea of howling at once suggesting that of grief, which in those days was more loud than deep. The Chinese characters which compose the verb “to run,” signify separately “to wrap the feet,”—the necessary preliminary of a race when men were commonly unshod; also, the word “calamity” is formed of “house” and “tin,” a union of ideas evidently made by a people whose advanced state of the arts had enabled them to construct dwellings of considerable size and importance.

But we must remark that the improvement from a hieroglyph to an alphabet, from depicted to phonetic writing, could never be the invention of one nation, since, when once they had become accustomed to a mode of writing which appealed to the eye and the imagination, they would hardly understand, much less invent, another so far less significant. Every improvement of the art which would make it more comprehensive, would make it also more complicated, and the signs becoming constantly more numerous would render less and less possible the change to a system where the primary marks are at once few and unmeaning. In addition to this, the whole function of the scribe, the whole power of recording and interpreting, would soon be monopolized by a class, the priesthood, who would exert all the influence of religion to preserve the mystery in its ancient revenues, and would denounce as heretical any attempt at innovation. As proof of this stands the fact, that the Egyptian hieroglyphics, which began at a time so remote that the historian scarcely ventures to assign the date of their commencement, and which lasted, as an art, till far into the Roman empire—we find the names of Caligula and Commodus among their inscriptions—never made the slightest advance towards an alphabetic character. The Chinese likewise, from their long existence as a civilized people, but one secluded from all intercourse with other nations, have preserved the hieroglyphic system; and their character—we cannot call it an *alphabet*—presents that system in its highest state of perfection. It has lost, almost entirely, its pictorial properties,

but still speaks to the eye; and is intelligible, as written, where the words would not be intelligible as spoken, the oral dialect having changed; and constructs the roots, or types, of its vocabulary from some sensible ideas, or relation of ideas, and not, as in western dictionaries, from some syllabic conformation.

When, however, the learning and arts of one country, Egypt for instance, come to be transferred to another, many changes and modifications, and some improvements, take place; among these, by a very natural process, the hieroglyphic symbols of writing would become converted into an alphabet. For the stranger, unaccustomed to the interpretation of these symbols, and with different habits of life and thought, finds them unmeaning and complicated; and then, quite regardless of the original picture, whose traces are already almost undiscoverable, he trusts to convey his meaning by the mere conjunction of a few signs, chosen, perhaps at random, from those he finds before him. The Greek alphabet appears in this manner to have been not so much brought as derived from Egypt by Cadmus; and about the same time the Hebrews, sojourning in that country, also invented theirs—at least such appears a reasonable deduction; since the art of writing, which Moses certainly possessed, has given no evidence of existence in the time of Joseph.

The language thus formed from the hieroglyphics would necessarily partake of the pictorial character of its original. In fact, the earlier forms of speech, both oral and written, are highly imaginative and graphic, with many synonymes and multiplied paraphrases, but with few generic designations or precise terms; being both redundant and deficient, but well adapted for the hyperbolical, obscurely-sublime language of poetry. In the narratives of events described by hieroglyphic paintings, there are often found many of those allegories and figurative passages which form the charm of the ancient poets. Dr. Taylor gives a specimen of the historical painting of the Americans, in a pictorial narrative of an expedition undertaken by the French against an Iroquois tribe, which we extract.

The narrative is written symbolically in ten lines, figured as follows:

The first line contains the arms of France, surmounted by a hatchet; and near are eighteen symbols of decades. The hatchet, or tomahawk, being the Indian symbol of war, as the calumet is of peace, this signifies “a hundred and eighty Frenchmen undertook some warlike expedition.”

The second line contains a mountain, with a bird springing from its summit, and a stag with a moon on its back. The mountain was the cognizance of Montreal, and the bird signifies departure. So that this line reads: “They departed from Montreal in the first quarter of the stag month, corresponding to our July.”

The third line, a canoe with twenty-one huts; that is, “they went by water, landing every night to rest; and were twenty-one days on the journey.”

The fourth line a foot, with seven huts or wigwams; intimating “they then marched seven days.”

The fifth line, a hand and three wigwams, over one of which are two pendent branches, and a figure of the sun. This means “they had come

within three days' march of the Sonontuan tribe of the Iroquois, whose cognizance was two bending branches, and that they were coming on the east of the village," which is shown by the relative positions of the hand and the cognizance.

The sixth line, twelve symbols of decades, a hut with the same cognizance as before, and a man asleep, "there were one hundred and twenty Sonontuans surprised in their beds."

The seventh line, a club and eleven heads, five figures of men over as many symbols of decades, "eleven Sonontuans were killed and fifty taken prisoners."

The eighth line, a bow containing nine heads with eleven marks underneath, "the victors had nine killed and eleven wounded."

The ninth line, showers of arrows hustling in the air from opposite directions, "the battle was obstinate and well contested."

The tenth line, arrows coming from one side only, "the vanquished fled without any further attempt at resistance."—Vol. I. pp. 32, 33.

This might almost furnish an episode to the "Iliad." There is reason also to suppose that the book of Job, the most imaginative of any ancient poem, was the translation or paraphrase from a hieroglyphic history.

Every improvement that a language undergoes will render it less fit for the composition of works of imagination and poetry; for it will render it too precise and scientific for the figurative diction of the bard and the romancer; and every subject in which the progress of knowledge has occasioned the substitution of scientific for vernacular names, has become unfit for verse. What *poetry* could there be in the "Daisy pied and violet blue," if we could never speak of them by any other than their unwieldy, botanical designations, *Bellis Perennis* and *Viola Campanacea*? The bard should view such men as Linnæus with more abhorrence than even a reviewer!

A *perfect* language, if we would construct one, would give a definite, precise expression for every object or idea existing, or that can exist, with the fewest possible number of distinct words; compared with any known dialect, it would be scanty, though sufficient, as it would be altogether destitute of synonymes, exceedingly intractable for the construction of tropes and paraphrase, and would render almost impossible the expression of the same meaning in two different forms of words. We question whether such a perfection would be acceptable to the present generation, though we have now and then sighed for it while struggling through the dense verbiage of law pleadings and parliamentary debates.

A modern history of language would be imperfect without mention of the numerical and musical languages. To the first we owe almost every advance that science or art has made for the last two centuries; it is a language that enables us to express and to preserve all the discoveries of calculation, and thus fulfils the purpose of a recording symbol; but in its present state bears, we think, much more affinity to a hieroglyphic than an alphabetic character, being both insufficient and extremely complicated. Whether it will be in possibility to simplify the means of notation by a change similar to that which took place in writ-



ing by the introduction of the alphabet, may be a question for ages yet to come.

The language of music, or harmony, also exists (we refer not to its written notation); true, but in England it is a complaint, both that composers never have any meaning in their measures, and that the audiences would never discover it if they had. This is not the case in every country. The Italians especially have long excelled in the expression and understanding of the language of harmony. We heard, not long since, a proof of this capacity from an Italian who has some time resided in England. He was one of those many natives of the south whom political suspicion had forced to abandon his country; and, in describing the last night that he ever spent in his "old house at home," he related how his sister, as the night wore late, sat down to the piano and extemporized a composition, wherein she expressed by turns the sorrow of the departure, the despair during absence, the gradual spring of brighter hope, and the rapture of the return, in a manner which drew tears from all who there heard it. Sounds so expressive and so intelligible deserve the name of language.

No small portion of the outline of society is occupied by the history of its religion, especially in those earlier periods when the priest and the temple monopolized almost all there was of knowledge and refinement existing in the world. We here speak of religion in the singular number as of one, and not plurally in its multiplied divisions into creeds and forms, because we wish that word to represent the single everlasting principle of faith and reverence which has never ceased to exist through all time among all nations; for we think that most writers who have treated of this subject, and Dr. Taylor among the number, have occupied themselves with by far the least important part of the question when discussing those particulars wherein religions differ, instead of those wherein they all agree. They have written, not as philosophers, but as polemics; busied in angry debates concerning doctrines and privileges, instead of seeking the pure and holy where best they may find it. Hunting out errors, laughing at absurdities, denouncing the folly of the worshipper or the wickedness of the priest, they have endeavored to extirpate, as a crime, the profession of a religion differing less or more from their own. Speaking with pity—which did not mean forgiveness—of its professors, they have triumphed in the boast "I am holier than thou," instead of recognizing, through every change, the same divine idea of faith and veneration by which the spirit of man has always been made to acknowledge its own incompetence, and to fall in worship before the Highest. How can we blame men if they differ in their notions of what worship is most acceptable to this Highest; or, in their ignorance, know hardly where to look for him? And when they have, as they think, found him, and have bowed their souls in adoration, who shall dare to call this unbelief, or venture to "circumscribe the prayer" which mankind, in all their thousand tribes, are forever offering up, within the limits of any formulary?

Evident proof there is how diligently men have sought the Supreme, and worshipped him when found, in the perpetual variety of the forms and



objects of that worship,—every nation altering or adding to these according to their possessions of knowledge and the light granted them. In the primeval ages, when man first looked round on nature for manifestations of power, they were struck chiefly by the powers of destruction. The tempest, the thunderbolt, the deadly ravages of pestilence and famine,—each in its rapid, irresistible devastation, presented the most obvious tokens of Omnipotence, and was revered as such by men who had not yet learnt that a miracle could be beneficent and perpetual as well as suddenly destructive, and that as much Omnipotence was displayed in the silent, genial fall of the dew, as in the exterminating rush of the whirlwind. Hence the first religion was one of fear; and wherever the primitive rites have been preserved, the worship still exhibits that character, as shown in the ancient human sacrifices of every country,—in the immolation of victims to Juggernaut and Boodh, and in the devil-worshipping of the South Sea Islanders.

The next phasis presented the deification of Nature herself; filling heaven and earth with a multitude of intelligences who controlled all their movements and regulated the courses of creation. These deities were, many of them, thought gentle and beneficent; they were loved as well as revered, were invoked in distress, and celebrated in song; worship became a festival, and religion itself a poetry. Ere long, from believing that the gods had sympathy with them, it came to be believed that they had also their passions; that, in fact, they resembled men in all things except their mortality. And when once become thus anthropomorphic by the help of sculptors and poets, the race of celestials was multiplied and confused beyond all moderation; and their actions and attributes became so perplexed, or even absurd, that at length, as the shortest way out of the difficulty, the explanation was contrived that these divinities had once been men,—kings and conquerors, whose earthly career had furnished many of the tales told about them, and whom the admiration of posterity had converted into gods. And thus arose hero-worship, which we consider not as a distinct form, but rather the secondary phasis of a decayed and vanishing system; for we do not believe that it was ever in the nature of man to worship his grandfather; neither is there sufficient evidence for the supposition that Jupiter was merely a king of Crete, or Ceres nothing more than the mother of Telephon, who invented the plough, to induce the belief that the divinities were formed out of the mortals. The probability lies the other way, that their mortal character was a later superstructure upon their original divinity. Dr. Taylor lays much stress upon the fact that in all nations an idea, a tradition, has been found current, that the origin of civilization was derived from celestial visitants; that we find almost universally, let the traveller go where he will,—

The relics of a more ancient system of civilization, far superior to that which they at present possess, and traditions ascribing the invention of each of these better processes to some celestial being. The same fact meets us in the early history of most civilized nations: the ancient Greeks, like the modern islanders of the South Sea, averred that they re-

ceived the first elements of civilization from the gods; that is, from a race of beings more perfect than themselves. There is a universal consent that the first impulses to improvement were derived from a foreign source; and no tribe or nation has yet been found that asserted the spontaneous development of its civilization.—Vol. I. p. 216.

Now in estimating the value of the evidence derived from this universal tradition, a distinction should be drawn between those general impressions which all men naturally possess, and the more minute, peculiar details of their history; for it is only from these latter that any proof can arise, by their coincidence, of the common origin of the legend. For instance, the belief in a first state of innocence,—in a golden age,—might easily be common to the whole earth, without thereby proving the existence of a single original record, but in the tradition of a *deluge* we find a far surer testimony; and the employment of the same arbitrary sound as the name of any production, such as the word *tobacco*, which is used in every land where that substance is known, proves incontestably its source from a common derivation.

This reference to the gods, as the authors of civilization also, appears to us nothing but the expression of an idea, common to humanity in all times, that their forefathers were better than themselves,—possessing knowledge and powers from which their descendants had degenerated,—an idea born out of the vague consciousness of man that he has within him a longing and a capability for something more exalted than he is, and from his willing belief that, though to himself this is nothing but an impotent aspiration, to his fathers it has been a reality and an attainment. We see tokens of this tendency existing even yet in our own reverence for antiquity, and in the faith which we laugh at, yet hold strongly as ever, in the “wisdom of our ancestors.”

Keeping constantly in view that inner and vital truth which every worship contains enshrined within it, we are well able to comprehend the reasons why certain systems of religion should fade and fall at certain periods; and to rejoice in that event, seeing how completely their truth must be obliterated, how entirely it must be disfigured by corruptions, and obscured by absurd fantastic embellishments, before that fall can arrive. The history of every creed presents always the same succession of changes, following in regular order; being, first, simple, intellectual; the ideas of Providence and the Supreme Being expressed much as abstractions, at once sublime and pure; affording sure ground for faith and reverence, and none for superstition. Such was the case in the primitive times of our Christian faith; such also was, in some measure, manifested in the Greek worship of the “elder gods,” and in the now almost unintelligible theology of the Egyptian Osiris and Isis. Passing, presently, from this original purity, the abstract intellectual principles of belief became shadowed forth into sensible figures, at first as parables or allegories, to help the less instructed worshipper, and these gradually losing their symbolic characters, were erected into the actual objects of adoration. Then arose hierarchies, which established a temporal power on a divine foundation, and

holding the keys of one world wielded the sceptre of the other, forming that union of priesthood and government which is always so hurtful to both. The religion now becomes intricate, sensual, and persecuting: its name is mystery; its holy things are idols; and instead of intrinsic persuasion of its truth, the worshipper can bring nothing but a tame consent to the ritual, verging fast towards a sneering skepticism at its now unmeaning ceremonies. The time of its fall is now at hand!

All the older creeds have thus disappeared, and in this manner were introduced those corruptions of the Christian churches which have, from time to time, with much conflict and confusion, been swept away, as reformers arose to demolish the rubbish of forms and images under which truth appeared well nigh extinguished.

Religious truth,—says Dr. Taylor,—is peculiarly exposed to the danger of being absorbed in forms, but at the same time it would be a most perilous experiment to present it always to mankind as a vague abstraction: an opinion that has not been embodied in form, rarely influences life or conduct; it is a speculation, and nothing more. It is true that the form of religion may exist without the substance, but it is equally true that the substance rarely exists without the form.

The peril of forms results from the natural indolence of the human mind. During the struggle necessary for the establishment of an opinion, the truth on which it is based remains pure and perfect; but when the victory is won, triumph produces apathy; and the conquerors trust to formularies for the memory instead of proofs for the understanding. Two great evils necessarily result: the grounds of belief are shifted from argument to authority, and from reason to credulity, while the forms are more easily corrupted as their proper signification sinks into oblivion. Even if human depravity did not corrupt formularies, symbols and ceremonies, the lapse of time, the changes of circumstances, fashions, language, and modes of expression, divert formularies from their original meaning, and obscure the truth they were intended to shadow forth.—Vol. II. pp. 142-3.

We do not exactly understand whether, in this passage, the author “speaks advisedly,” with a full knowledge where his principle is leading him; but to our comprehension his argument bears most convincingly upon the extreme peril of having “forms” at all—as also that when, in the next page, he says “that an established system of opinions must frequently rest for its main support upon simple acquiescence in its forms,” he is at once giving the strongest authority for the abrogation of establishments. An abstraction may sometimes be “vague” or speculative, but a “form” is always destructive. It is transitory, corruptible in its very nature, and apt to communicate the infection of its own corruption to the truth with which it is conjoined. With how many forms have we dispensed already, and that without damage? Time was when the “form” of the cross, as a sensible, material image, pictured or sculptured, was one of vast significance. Three hundred thousand true believers have followed it through peril and suffering into a distant land; but are we worse

Christians now that the worship of this form is called idolatry, and the cross is become an "abstraction?"

In the lapse of a few years, in the change of manners and circumstances, every form comes to lose its vitality; the lively intelligence which it once possessed has vanished; it is left empty, unmeaning—in one word, a lie. Then arises a season of mystery and skepticism; the world abounds in hypocrisy; faith, both of religion and all authority, appears dead; society has lost its firmest links—a time, truly, of danger and darkness, such as we are now passing through. And the remedy? "Restore the faith," say some. "Breathe into the forms a new spirit—revive a new life in the decayed or torpid frame of society." Yes; but how? These forms have not suffered violence, and cannot be restored by endeavor. They perished irrevocably through the change that the world has undergone; they became unfit, and a mockery; the atmosphere was too clear and rarefied for them, and they died away. "Can these dry bones live?" Or where shall we find a "quickening spell" capable of accomplishing the miracle of their resurrection?

Newton must have had a far more living faith in the principle of attraction, which he had himself discovered by long investigation, than ourselves, to whom it has come as an inheritance. It might happen that the study of mathematics should so fall into disuse that none remained capable of going through the process of demonstration: yet a faith in it would remain for a generation or two undisturbed, and the forms of that faith would be exhibited in orreries, and worked out in almanacs; but all under a dangerous predicament, at the mercy of any bold theorist who should propound some newer, plausible doctrine.

But we are warned that change is most injurious, and exhorted not to venture on it, since nothing planted can flourish while you are perpetually disturbing the earth around its roots. We consent to the assertion: change is indeed destruction; but the deduction we draw from this is, not that we should therefore postpone it for the present, but that we should render it unnecessary forever by cutting away all that is liable to decay and degradation,—by abolishing forms, whether they be saint-praying and adoration of relics, or appear in the shape of an arbitrary ritual and dogmatical articles. All are cumbrous, temporary, local, things "of seasons and circles." Why should we join the eternal to the evanescent—the spirit, which should penetrate the universe, to a body that a span can circumscribe?

By far the most interesting chapter in Dr. Taylor's volumes is that which concludes the work entitled "The Conservative Principles of Society." Our article has already extended to too great length for us to even lightly touch upon the varied subjects discussed in that chapter. They are most significant and important: education of the lower classes; their labor and their amusements; benevolent societies; factory government; crime and punishment; all are treated of briefly, but judiciously, and many of the remarks and principles laid down are eminently just. Upon the vexed question of religious education, as it has been called, Dr. T. observes: "We deeply feel that all knowledge is religious; that every re-



velation of the world of matter, or the world of mind, increases the emotions of wonder, love and praise towards the Almighty Being who has so mightily called both into existence, and so marvellously accommodated them to each other," and recommends that all secular instruction, communicated on the Sunday, should have a directly religious aim.

On the relation of crime and punishment we have an excellent exposition of the true purpose of punishment—not vengeance, but prevention. "The means of prevention are the only proper objects of penal legislation. It was long a prevalent error, and is still a very common mistake, to suppose that society inflicted punishment upon a criminal in vengeance for the wrong he inflicted upon it, and thus the necessity of inflicting a certain amount of suffering was closely associated with the administration of justice;" a union which we may well call mischievous, as it has so long tended to continue that fatal system of destructive justice, whose end and aim appears to be, not how to amend the man, but how to visit with most keen severity the criminal. We regret that its too great length prevents our extracting, or re-extracting, M. Cousin's interesting account of his visit to the "Institution for the Reformation of Juvenile Offenders" at Rotterdam.

An "age of transition," such as is the case of the European world at present in an eminent degree, will always be attended with its own peculiar difficulties. Both in the material and the mental world great changes have taken place; a rapid progress has been effected, which has undoubtedly elevated society as a whole, but yet has thrown into much disorder many of its separate portions; and this state will last until a mutual adjustment can be made. New arts, novel processes, an altered system of manufactures, and many changes in the fields and relations of commerce, have involved multitudes in perplexity and distress; while the new principles of knowledge, and the vast stimulus given to education of all kinds, have opened to the general mass of our population a new power of which they can perceive the vastness, but not the limits; and this falling into hands unaccustomed, as yet, to its possession, is liable to be misused, as riches always are when suddenly bestowed upon those bred in poverty.

At different periods, this country and others have passed through many of the "eras of transition;" with long wars, rebellions, and other fierce convulsions: the present period has also to be struggled and suffered through, if not with actual blood-shedding, yet with distress and confusion enough of a quieter sort. Amid this confusion we live, and have to seek the remedy—several being offered to us, from many quarters, ready made. "Stop the progress," say the quacks, with that one nostrum of theirs; "destroy the factories; shut up the schools, or let us manage them, which is much the same; *redeant saturnia regna*—let the good old days return." Not so, Messieurs Quacks; we have more than once ere now tried this salve of yours, and not found it healing. On another side we are advised to hurry through the "transition" by unloosing all the bonds and connections of society, resolving it into its elements, and then let these reunite, according to the laws of their mutual attraction, into a



state of equilibrium. This, too, is empirical, destructive. It has been asserted of our solar system, that if its smallest atom were to perish, it would be a system no longer. The theories of those last-mentioned world-doctors would adopt the same assertion into the system of social philosophy, that if the smallest truth be suffered to perish, or the minutest falsehood to find entrance, a principle of destruction has been admitted which nothing will obviate but to *unform* and *reform* the whole system. Instead of this, why not endow your system with some repellant power which shall disengage the falsehood, making it elastic, so as to expand and contract according to the circumstances of its position ?

The truth that regulates the political world can never be the rigid, immutable verity which governs the moral ; it must partake in some measure of the nature of expediency, and must change in form and fashion to suit the varying condition of the social being it is intended to preserve. You cannot confine a gas in the same vessel which will hold water, and you cannot bind a fluid in chains as you can a solid mass ; and thus as mankind pass through every intermediate state in their advance towards improvement, the forms of the government which is to keep them in harmony must also vary ; each of them being, for a certain period, suitable—that is true—and after the lapse of time becoming unfit, and so must be changed as worn out and obsolete. Victor Cousin calls these rejected forms “errors that have served their time.” But why “errors” at all ? Was the Athenian democracy an error, because at length it produced a Cleon, or succumbed to the Thirty Tyrants ? Under the government of consuls, Rome grew into majesty : was that government an error, because, after seven hundred years, Caligula made his horse a consul ?

The divine right of kings was a necessity during ages of unrule and turbulence, as an attractive power to bind into allegiance the self-willed ferocity of feudal barons ; but it was broken through on the first occasion that a sovereign dared to abdicate, and is now practically annihilated. In like manner, the British House of Commons has grown since its establishment from a mere assembly to petition for redress of grievances to being the highest power in the realm ; just as the commons themselves, of whom it is the representative, have risen from almost non-entity as beings of thought and intelligence to their present eminence of wealth and knowledge.

Still the want of “elasticity” is perpetually felt in every national enactment. Legislating upon the old principles, we pass our laws with a view only to the immediate present, to heal some crying evil, or remove some too glaring inconsistency—but seldom having any prospective reference to futurity, or furnished with the power to adjust themselves to an altered state of society. From this cause we are compelled to be forever renewing and amending, till our whole polity has become most intricate and heterogeneous, “a thing of shreds and patches.” The reform bill already wanted reforming, even when the final words were speaking which passed it into a law. All church bills, corporation bills, commercial bills, however well adapted to the moment of their enactment, must, in a few years, become unsuitable, because they are “unelastic,” and so continue

to exist as "grievances," becoming every year more grievous, or be altered and botched up into an ill-looking, ill-wearing web of patchwork.

The "conservative principles of society," those principles which alone prevent its foundations from being broken up by the conflict and expansion of its discordant elements, are comprised in all those institutions, national and private, for ameliorating the condition of the lower classes, for removing their ignorance, improving their morals, and increasing their happiness. Many of these institutions are insufficient in their power, others are temporary in their character, and all require constant watchfulness to prevent them from becoming useless, or even hurtful; for, as the evil we have to encounter is always changing in its nature, the remedy by which it is to be opposed must also be modified to the altered circumstances, or it will itself become an evil. "Chivalry has departed from the earth," because the evils it was intended to cure had departed before it. We cannot regret its departure, when considering how much oppression and suffering must exist to find work for one knight errant. Suppose that institution had been perpetuated, how *Quixotically* ridiculous it would have proved sometimes, and sometimes how terribly injurious!

A time may come when the existing remedies for present ills,—the almshouses, free schools, public charities,—may also pass away for "want of work," and be regarded only with veneration as the proofs of an ancient virtue which had become needless. Yet doubt it not that other evils will arise, in their turn to be resisted with equal watchfulness, and call forth the exercise of an enlightened benevolence. In this world man was never intended to go to sleep—it was meant that, in some things, he should "take thought for the morrow." With his motto, *vigil et sanctus*—watchful and holy—he should wage unshrinking war with sin and error wherever they may be found. Forgetfulness of this has infected so many carefully-constructed systems with fatal error. Their founders have been too anxious to set the world moving with such machinery that it should thenceforth go alone; that its motions should be continued forever in a regular, noiseless revolution within the orbit prescribed by an exact balance of separate forces, and that man need take no further trouble, but leave its government in the hands of calculation: therefore they have always endeavored to restrain and compress; chilling every warmer feeling, and reducing all the wild spiritual flights of intellect within the narrow pathway of a cold philosophy. Their systems, indeed, look well upon paper, are impregnable in logic, exact and beautiful in their process of reasoning; but they fail in practice because they regard the mind of man as a machine—supposing that this mind can be trained into a perfect, unresisting compliance with the decrees of a demonstration, and will take its direction implicitly according to the calculated preponderance of evil and good. Having no allowance for eccentricity, granting no forgiveness to those outbursts of enthusiasm which are perpetually breaking the firmest boundary marks of long settled ethics, but from whose generous daring this world has so often received fire from heaven, their moral policy is formed on the plan of the ancient conquerors,—*solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*: they destroy every feeling, stifle every emotion, freeze up all the

fountains of affection; they make a solitude of the heart, and call it peace. Truth lies so entirely in the reverse of this principle that not only is it important for the well-being of society, but also it is necessary for the purity of every man's own moral condition, that his impulses towards the good should never subside into repose. He can never be safely left one moment to be good "upon system," but must be kept aroused into energetic opposition to his foe; while out of this ceaseless antagonism of truth and falsehood, going on round him and in him, will be produced a perfection of moral energy, as from the bosom of the tempest are born the germs of terrestrial beauty and fruitfulness.

We must now conclude; our limits are exhausted, and our subject is inexhaustible. Dr. Taylor's volumes will, we doubt not, have considerable circulation, which they deserve on many accounts; but we yet hope to welcome the appearance of a work which shall more amply fulfil the vast requirements of a natural history of society. A. J.

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### ARTICLE III.

#### ILLUSTRATIONS OF MEN AND THINGS IN CHINA.

##### INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE *Chinese Repository* is a monthly periodical, of 60 pages or more, published at Canton. It is conducted by the American and English Missionaries and other Europeans, resident in China. We have on our table several of the latest Nos. of this valuable work, and have made arrangements for its regular receipt hereafter. It contains many specimens, notices and illustrations of Chinese and Japanese history and literature, which are at once curious and instructive, and from which we propose to make occasional selections for the pages of our work. To the immense population of China and Japan the attention of the whole civilized world has been recently directed, with an unwonted interest, not only by the questions of trade and morals involved in the success or failure of the British war against the Chinese empire, but by the encouraging prospects of the missionary enterprise in that important quarter of the globe. It will be only by little and little that we can hope to make our acquaintance with the internal condition of a people so peculiar and an empire so iron-handed and mysterious. Such sketches, however, as shall fall in with the design of our work, we shall, from time to time, lay before our readers. We begin with the following "illustrations of men and things in China."—SR. ED.

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From the *Chinese Repository*.

##### POPULAR NOTIONS AND ALLUSIONS TO THE POWERS OF NATURE.

The few sentences here given will exhibit some of the most current notions of the Chinese upon the heavens, and metaphors drawn from them.

The explanations are also those of the Chinese. Few people relish racy sayings and neatly turned allusions better than this people, and few use them more frequently.

1. When the primeval chaos was first separated, then the dual powers began to be fixed.

The idea of chaos is expressed by bubbling, turbid water; heaven and earth are the dual powers; before the chaos was separated, these two powers were mingled and pent up as a chick *in ovo*; but when the renowned Pwankoo appeared, who was the offspring of these powers, then their distinction and operation were apparent. *Pwan* means a basin or receiver, referring to the shell of the egg; *koo* usually means ancient; but here it means (we are told) solid, to secure, intending to show how the first man Pwankoo was hatched from the primeval chaos by the dual powers, and then settled and exhibited the arrangement of the causes which produced him—(we would add)—a mode of explaining the creation peculiarly Chinese.

2. The light and pure parts of chaos ascended and floated, forming heaven.

3. The heavy and foul parts of chaos descended and solidified, forming earth.

Gods are the noble (*yang*) spirits of heaven; demons are the ignoble (*yin*) effluence of earth. The light and pure ether was 10,800 years in rising and forming heaven; the glorious and animated portions concreted and made the sun, moon, planets and stars, which when completed all moved in harmonious concert. The heavy and foul parts that descended were also 10,800 years in solidifying and forming the globe; from the best were made the hills, rivers, and fountains, and when all were completed, cities and towns arose.

4. The sun is the focus of all the male principles.

5. The moon is the type of the great female principle.

The sun is the lord of life; like a great prince, he nourishes and bestows his favors; the moon, his spouse, or queen, is matched to him; together they arrange and marshal their nobles and courtiers, *i. e.* the stars and planets.

6. The rainbow is called *tae tung*, and is the impure vapor of heaven and earth.

7. The toad in the moon is the bright spirit of the moon.

When the foul vapors rise from the earth, and meet those descending from the sky, a rainbow is the product; it is always opposite to and tallies with the sun, and is duplicated. The Chinese fable that Chang-go drank the liquor of immortality, and straightway ascended to the moon, where she was changed into a toad, which they always trace in the face of the moon.

8. A whirlwind is called a ram's horn.

9. A flash of lightning is called the Thunderer's whip.



10. When the flakes of snow fly in sixes, it is a sign of a fruitful year.

Snow and rain come from the earth, they do not descend from the high heaven. The flakes of snow and the petals of flowers are usually in fives, and when the snow is in sixes it shows a predominance of the *yin* principle, or that of the earth, and by consequence that there will be much rain.

11. "The sun is up three rods," is to say that you are late.

12. "The dogs of Shūh barking at the sun," is a metaphor for those who learn little from what they see.

13. "The oxen of Woo panting at the full moon," ridicules those who are excessively timid.

The hills of the country of Shūh were so high that the days were very short, and the dogs on seeing the sun were terrified, and set up a simultaneous howl. The country of Woo had oxen which feared the heat, and seeing the moon, began to pant, supposing it to be the sun; just as Poo Fun, who, fearing the cold, shivered as he saw the north through a glass screen.

14. "To cover one's self with the stars, and to put on the moon," speaks of a fleet post travelling early and late.

15. "To be washed by the rain, and combed by the wind," is a figure for the hard toil of those who are exposed to the weather.

16. To be busy without a purpose is like the clouds driven about without a thought; i. e. such a man is at the mercy of circumstances, as the clouds are driven by the wind.

17. A benevolence which extends to all around is likened to the vivifying spring having legs; i. e. its diffusive goodness is like the heat of spring upon vegetation.

18. When one makes a present to another to show his respect, he says: "[In giving this] I have the simplicity of the man who presumed to teach his betters to sun themselves."

19. When one engages another to be his advocate, he [politely] says: "I wish to put my case upon a strength able to turn heaven."

In the Sung dynasty, there was a clodpole sunning himself one day; and, being ignorant that the empire contained large palaces with deep apartments, or that people wore silks and furs, he said to his wife: "People do not know that the sun is warm to their backs; I will go and report it to the king, and he will certainly give me a large reward."—"To turn heaven," refers to a talented statesman of the Sung dynasty, who by his wise counsels turned the purposes of the emperor, and saved the country from disaster.

20. The kindness which moves one to save another from death is termed a second creation.

21. The affection which induces one to rescue another from death is called a "second heaven."



22. He whose power easily vanishes (i. e. depends on the whim of the sovereign) is called an "ice hill."

23. The morning stars resemble wise and good men who are neglected and forgotten.

24. The echo of thunder resembles different accounts agreeing.

25. The man who frets himself exceedingly to no use, how does he differ from the man of Ke who feared the sky would fall on him?

This man of Ke was so afraid lest the sky should fall on him, and he be able to find no place to escape to, that he could hardly eat or sleep. One told him that the sky was made of solid ether, and would not fall. "If so," he replied, "the heavenly bodies ought not to fall down (i. e. set)." "They are merely the bright spots of ether, and do not injure when they fall." On hearing this he was appeased.

26. He who undertakes an affair for which he is not capable, nowise differs from Kwafoo, who chased the sun.

27. When Confucius finished the *Chun Tsew* and *Heaou King*, the rainbow was changed to pearls.

28. The Hyades desire wind, Sagittarius desires rain; they are like two people whose thoughts and wishes cannot agree.

#### A CHINAMAN.

What a number of things there are to which we prefix the adjective *China* as a convenient mode of designating them! Porcelain and China are synonymous, with many persons; a set of china, or chinaware, China silks, China sweatmeats, China root, China orange, China rose, are all sufficiently marked merely by the adjective; for ages have the productions of this country excited the commercial enterprise of other lands, so that the terms China ship, China merchant, and China cargo, in common life, designate a peculiar branch of commerce. But among all the odd things this country produces, a Chinaman himself is the oddest. Ever since the day when Milton sang

Of Sericana, where Chineses drive,  
With sails and wind their cany wagons light,

down to these matter-of-fact times of tea and Patna, a Chinese has remained an image of himself. He is, in truth, a curious specimen. Judge him by *our* standard, and he is to it a very antipodes, but weigh him in his own scales, he is of great gravity; try him by his own measure, he is faultless. It is hard to say which of the two standards is the best for arriving at a fair decision. Next to the son of heaven, a true Chinese thinks himself to be the greatest man in the world; and China, beyond all comparison, to be the most civilized, the most learned, the most fruitful, the most ancient—in short, the best country under the starry canopy. It is useless to tell him to the contrary, for he will no more believe you than you do him: "If your country is so good, why do you come here after tea

and rhubarb ?" is a puzzler ;—" If your people are so good, why do you bring opium here to destroy us ?" is unanswerable in his mind to prove his own goodness and our wickedness ;—" We can do without you, but you cannot live without us," says he, to clinch them both ; and when a Chinese is thus intrenched in his own wisdom, he is beyond persuasion.

If we examine some of the minuter shades of his character we shall at once perceive that he was cast in a different mould from "us barbarians ;" and albeit the outlines of the two are alike, their finish is quite diverse. Let us glance at some of these lesser traits, as they are grouped in the following sketch :

On inquiring of the boatman in which direction our port lay, I was answered west-north ; and the wind, he said, was east-south. " We do not say so, in Europe," thought I, but imagine my surprise when in explaining the utility of the compass, he added that the needle pointed south. On landing, the first object that attracted my attention was a military mandarin, who wore an embroidered petticoat, with a string of beads around his neck, and a fan in his hand. His insignia of rank was a button on the apex of his sugar-loaf cap, instead of a star on his breast, or epaulettes on his shoulders ; and it was with some dismay, I observed him mount on the right side of his horse. Several scabbards hung from his belt, which of course I thought must contain dress-swords or dirks, but on venturing near through the crowd of attendants, I was surprised to see a pair of chopsticks and a knife-handle sticking out of one, and soon his fan was folded up and put into the other, whereupon I concluded he was going to a dinner instead of a review. The natives around me had their hair all shaven on the front of their head, and let it grow as long as it would behind ; many of them did not shave their faces, but their mustaches were made to grow perpendicularly down over their mouths, and lest some straggling hairs should diverge cheek-ways, the owners were busily employed pulling them down. " We arrange our toilettes differently in Europe," thought I, but could not help acknowledging the happy device of chopsticks, which enabled these gentlemen to put their food into the mouth endwise, underneath this natural fringe.

On my way to the house where I was to put up, I saw a group of old people, some of whom were graybeards ; a few were chirruping and chuckling to singing birds, which they carried perched on a stick or in cages ; others were catching flies to feed the birds ; and the remainder of the party seemed to be delightedly employed in flying fantastic paper kites, while a group of boys were gravely looking on, and regarding these innocent occupations of their seniors with the most serious and gratified attention. As I had come to the country to reside for some time, I made inquiries respecting a teacher, and the next morning found me provided with one who happily understood English. On entering the room, he stood at the door, and instead of coming forward and shaking my hands, he politely bowed, and shook his own before his breast. I looked upon this custom as a decided improvement upon our mode, especially in doubtful cases ; and requested him to be seated. I knew I was about to study a language without an alphabet, but was somewhat

astonished to find him begin at what I had all my life previously considered the end of the book. He read the date of the publication, "The fifth year, tenth month, and first day." "We arrange our dates differently," I observed, and begged him to begin to read, which he did from the top to the bottom, then proceeding from the right to the left. "You have an odd book here," remarked I, taking it out of his hands; and looking further, saw that the running title was on the edge of the leaves instead of the top; that the paging was near the bottom; that the marginal notes were on the top of the page; that the blank space at the top of the page was very much larger than at the bottom; that the blanks for correction were large black squares in the middle of the column instead of white openings;\* that the back was open, and the name written on the bottom edge; and lastly, that the volume had a heavy line near the middle of every page, which he said separated the two works contained in it. I asked the price of the work, and he said it was a dollar and eight thirds, and on counting out \$3 $\frac{2}{3}$  he gave me back \$2 $\frac{1}{3}$ , saying I had paid him too much; I asked an explanation, and learned that in China eight thirds meant three eights; a long time after I learned still further that it was really eight divided by three, a mode of expression, which, by placing the numerator after the denominator, is just opposite our own. Another small volume which he took out of his pocket, had the number and caption of the chapters at the foot instead of the head; and my astonishment was increased, when on requesting him to find a word in a small dictionary, he told me the words were arranged by the end instead of the beginning—*ming, sing, king*, being all in a row.

Giving the book back to him, I begged him to speak of ceremony. He commenced by saying: "When you receive a distinguished guest, do not fail to place him on your left hand, for that is the seat of honor; and be cautious not to uncover the head, as it would be an unbecoming act of familiarity." This was a severe blow to my established notions, but requested him to continue. He reopened the volume, and read with becoming gravity, "The most learned men are decidedly of opinion, that the seat of the human understanding is in the belly." "Better say it is in the feet, and done with it," exclaimed I, for this so shocked all my principles of correct philosophy, that I immediately shut up the book, and dismissed my moonshe to come another day.

On going abroad, I met so many things contrary to all my preconceived ideas of propriety, that I readily assented to a friend's observation, "that the Chinese were our antipodes in many things besides geography." "Indeed," said I, "it is so; I shall almost expect shortly to see a man walking on his head; look, there's a woman in trowsers, and a party of gentlemen in petticoats; she is smoking a segar, and they are fanning themselves;" but I was taught not to trust to appearances too much, when on passing them, I saw the latter wore tight under-garments. We soon after met the comprador of the house dressed in a complete suit of white, and I stopped and asked him what merry-making he was invited to; with a look of the deepest concern, he said, he was just returning from burying his father. Soon we passed a house, where we

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\* The black places which occur in some books, as for instance the court calendar, are caused by the block being left uncut for subsequent correction.

heard sobbing and crying, and desiring to alleviate grief, I inquired who was ill. The man, suppressing a smile, said: "It is a young girl just about leaving her father's house to be married, and she is lamenting with a party of her fellows." I thought, after these unlucky essays, I would ask no more questions; but carefully use my eyes instead. Looking into a shop, I saw a stout strapping fellow sewing lace on a bonnet; and going on to the landing-place, behold, there all the ferry-boats were rowed by women; and from a passage-boat just arrived, I saw the females get out of the cabin which was in the bow. "What are we coming to next?" said I, and just by I saw a carpenter take his foot-rule out of his stocking, to measure some timber, which his apprentice was cutting with a saw that had the blade set nearly at right angles with the frame. Before his door sat a man busily engaged in whitening the soles of a pair of shoes with white lead. We next passed a fashionable lady who was just stepping out of her chair, hobbling, I should rather say; for unlike our ladies with their compressed waists, her feet were not above three inches long; and her gown, instead of having gores sewed into the bottom, was so contracted by embroidered plaits as apparently to restrain her walking. "Come let us return home," said I, "for I am quite whirled about in this strange land."

This sketch will somewhat illustrate a Chinaman's ideas of propriety; it is very manifest from it that there is no accounting for or reasoning against tastes, and that if we wish to judge fairly of many things that he does, and of many of his notions, some knowledge of their rationale is desirable. If this his outer man is unlike what we deem good taste, we shall find, alas, that his inner man is much more unlike, much further estranged from what we are taught to regard as (and know to be) good morals.

#### MODE OF MAKING WALLS AND WALKS.

The Chinese have a substitute for stone or brick pavements, called by foreigners *chunam*, derived from an Indian word meaning lime, from the use of lime in its composition, and which they call *sha hwuy*, or "sanded lime." It is made by mixing sifted sand with quicklime in the proportion of about 15 to 1, and thoroughly working them together with a hoe, occasionally sprinkling the heap. It is then thinly spread upon the ground, and beat very solid with a kind of wooden peels, now and then wetting the place to assist the solidification. The materials for walls are the same, but the gravel is rather coarser. In constructing a wall, boards are set within posts on each side of the foundation just the thickness of the intended wall, and the prepared gravel poured in and pounded down solid with long heavy beaters. When full to the top of the boards, additional ones are placed above them, and the process repeated, till by successive increments the wall is done. When thoroughly dry, it is coated with coarse plaster for preservation from rain, and if the coating is well done, the wall becomes in time very hard and stony. Besides the usual mode of laying brick to make the walls of dwellings, either plastered or not, houses are also constructed in the same manner of this sanded lime;



but more commonly tiers of bricks are loosely laid in to render it more substantial, and the whole covered with plaster, and whitewashed.

In places where burned bricks are expensive, the people have devised a substitute, viz., large blocks made of disintegrated felspar and lime. Localities often occur in the granitic strata in this region where the felspar predominates, and, by exposure, has disintegrated and fallen down in the form of coarse clay. The workman brings his tools to the place, consisting of a sliding wooden form of the size of his intended bricks, and a long beater. He turns up the clayey felspar, and mixing more or less lime with it as he sees fit, pours the same into the mould, and pounds it in as solid as possible; then opening the frame, he dries the mass in the sun. These blocks are about 14 inches long by 6 square, and sell for \$3 to 3½ a hundred. Almost all the houses on the island of Hongkong are built of this material, which in dry situations answers well enough to sustain a roof, and shelter the inmates from wind and rain; but when a freshet flows into a village of such dwellings, it soon causes them to be dissolved,—an event by no means unknown in some seasons.

#### A LAMPOON.

The following satirical piece was written and circulated soon after the riot in Canton, Dec. 12th, 1838, to which the ninth and tenth lines refer. The two persons named in the third and fourth lines were notorious opium dealers, and while holding office were supposed to be screened by Gov. Tāng, who, from them and others of the inferior magistracy, is charged with having received “three tens and six,” or 36,000 taels per month for the use of the revenue cutters for purposes of smuggling. It is a pretty close translation:

In truth, there's no luck at all in Canton,  
For Tingching in governor's hall is found,—  
Who, of Cheih Shakwang, is the well known patron,  
And Ta Luhchüh by him rose from the ground.  
The boats of Two Kwang are privily let,  
For a monthly sop of three tens and six.  
Poor Ho Laoukin! he strangled him to death,  
Because his cash and coin could not suffice;—  
How was the cross all broken down and lost,  
And the curtained tent quite upset and tost!  
He put a tell-tale cangue on Punhoyqua,  
And squeezed the pelf from uncle Howqua.  
He scared poor Fung Sühchang almost to death,  
And Lew Shoolüh had well nigh lost his breath.  
If we hope for halcyon days of peace to come,  
Unbutton and dismiss this infamous Tāng;  
For if he stays three years in power,  
Canton will be just like one hot caldron.



## ARTICLE IV.

## THE WOMEN OF ITALY.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review, October, 1841.

*La Donna Saggia ed Amabile. Libri Tre di Anna Pepoli, Vedova Sampieri. Capolago, Tipografia Elveica. 1838.*

If it were always permitted to draw an obvious inference from the most irrefutable precedents, without incurring the sneers of skepticism, we might almost venture to affirm that the days of man upon earth are drawing to a close, and that the long-dreaded millennium is at hand.

Yet a few more efforts of mechanical ingenuity and the plough will ride unguided over the field like a railway train, steamers will glide like ducks over the waters without noise or smoke, and balloons will be curbed and bridled like Ariosto's hippogriffs.

Already the influence of climate has been utterly neutralized. Our coal has been made to answer all the purposes of an Italian sun. It has all its warmth, its light, its life. England has become the metropolis of the vegetable kingdom, and the horticultural gardens at Chiswick are the flora of both continents. A shop in Regent street has been turned into nature's own workshop, exhibiting within its genial temperature all the mysteries of an artificial maternity. Mr. Espy of Philadelphia has thrown his spell over the storms and offers to sell rain by the bucket to the highest bidder. In short, it will go hard with us if, ere we are many years older, we do not see the isthmuses of Suez and Panama cut through, a rail-road tunnel driven through the bowels of the Alps, and a suspension-bridge launched across the Atlantic.

Then will there be rest for man and beast. Then will men grow weary of watching with folded arms the progress of their self-acting tailoring apparatus, and, impatient of a state of inactivity inconsistent with their nature, they will, like Alexander, complain that their fathers left nothing for them to do, and look out for another world, the earth being much too narrow for them.

Nor do we hesitate to affirm that the moral improvement of the human race has kept pace with physical discovery. The teetotallers strive boldly to undo the work of Noah. Wilberforce has raised the patriarch's curse from the heads of the devoted children of Canaan; the peace-societies hope to rivet the sword of war to its scabbard and to turn all the nations of the earth into a vast Quaker community. Reason and justice are soon to obtain an undisputed ascendancy over force. The Russians will be made to feel the propriety of withdrawing from Poland, the Austrians will suffer themselves to be talked out of Italy. The French are raising

a Chinese wall round Paris, to save them the trouble of fighting for their country. All ancient grievances will be amicably settled. All nations will vie with each other in forgetting old grudges, and redressing time-sanctioned injustices. But the most natural as well as the most glorious result of this voluntary abnegation of the right of the strongest will be the cessation of an abuse of power as ancient as Eden, a revolution to be operated by the suppression of a single word in the marriage ceremony, the rehabilitation of a much injured being into its natural rights—the emancipation of woman.

Already the champions of the trampled sex, the Chapmans and Martineaus, have unfolded the standard of independence. Having at first trained themselves to public controversy in the cause of abolitionism, they soon learnt to stand up, like Cicero, *pro domo sua*, in vindication of their inalienable right of sitting in senates and parliaments and being elbowed and squeezed on the hustings. Another more formidable combatant, the fair authoress of "Woman and her Master," after searching in the treasures of the past with unwearied diligence, has fully demonstrated that woman in all ages and countries (not excepting even such characters as Aspasia and Messalina) has been and is a middle creature between a lamb and an angel, perverted, fettered and tortured by another selfish being, half-demon, half-brute. She has raised Medea's war-cry:

πάντων δ' ὅσ' ἔστ' ἔμψυχα, καὶ γυνόμην ἔχει,  
γυναικες ἐσμέν ἀθλιώτατον φυτόν.

With all our heart do we congratulate these lovely emancipators on the favorable prospect that every thing is taking before them, and wish them a speedy success in an enterprise which, as it would most powerfully contribute to bring about that new order of things, that golden age of peace and justice which has been hitherto considered incompatible with the frailty of human nature, would be the most infallible sign of the forthcoming close of time.

Female writers in England, France and America are pretty nearly a match for their male opponents, and if the sword is to be definitely laid aside and the field open for a fair and impartial discussion, we have no doubt but women will in the end talk men out of countenance. But to whatever extent these ladies may carry their female radicalism, they will easily perceive that their social reforms will not be immediately applicable to all countries alike; and as we hear every day of nations being unripe for the blessing of liberal institutions, as we see statesmen insisting on the necessity of fitting a people for better destinies by the gradual influence of civilization and culture, so it will be likewise understood that the fair sex cannot be everywhere equally ready for an immediate enfranchisement, and that, for instance, the Georgian slave of an eastern harem could not be as easily trained to take her share in the weighty deliberations of the sublime Porte, as a Yankee girl might be called to sit among the members of Congress.

These reflections were awakened in our mind at the sight of the work

of which the title stands at the head of the present article, and we were curious to ascertain what notions concerning woman's mission might be entertained by a lady born and bred up in a country in which the persons of her sex are kept in something like a middle station between oriental seclusion and—what would strike every other traveller but Miss Martineau as—the total independence of American women.

We like to look over a book written by a lady. There is, we believe, an immense tract of unknown world in the female heart; there exists between these two sexes, created so essentially to belong to and to be necessary to each other, to share all hopes and fears, all cares and enjoyments of life, a barrier of conventional dignity and propriety, of sexual etiquette, which almost every lover and husband flatters himself with removing, but which perhaps no living man ever succeeded in so doing, and which we do not know but it were perhaps unadvisable that any one should attempt to remove.

Yet it is but too natural that we should all stand on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of this *terra incognita*, and we would willingly renounce all the pleasure derivable from one of Captain Parry's voyages to the North Pole, or from an American South Sea expedition, to be enabled to overhear, without indelicacy, a conversation between two fair "bosom-friends" in some trying and unguarded moment, or to possess the key to that magic telegraph of nods and winks and smiles by which two female spirits commune with each other before company, to the utter mystification of the duller sex.

Next to this would be the other no less unhallowed gratification of intercepting one of those four-page, small-hand, close-written, cross-lined feminine epistles, to the uninitiated conveying scarcely any meaning at all, but where, in every turning in every letter, the corresponding parties are enabled to decipher so much "more than meets the eye."

Next to this, again, is the pleasure of perusing the works of a female author; for although the fair writer, knowing that her page is to stand the full glare of broad daylight, may be constantly on her guard lest she should by any involuntary indiscretion jeopardize the secret interests of the community, yet some unlucky expression, some half-word may, in the heat of inspiration, happen to drop from her pen, which will shoot like wild-fire across the benighted understanding of a man who *can* read, and do more than an age of learning towards his initiation into the mysteries of female freemasonry.

Of these voluntary confessions and involuntary revelations, thanks to heaven, in our own country, we have enough; and the new novels and essays by ladies, misses and mistresses, issuing every year from the English press, bid fair to leave scarcely one fold of the female heart unexplored, scarcely one blush of the maiden's cheek unaccounted for.

But if this be the case in Old and New England as well as in France and Germany, the same can hardly be said of the Italian peninsula, where, with the exception of a very few Petrarchesque poetesses, and a still fewer moral ascetic writers, man seems still almost completely to monopolize the trade of book-making.

For this apparent sterility of the female mind in the land of Vittoria Colonna and Olympia Morata, it would not perhaps be difficult to adduce many important reasons. But the most insurmountable obstacle against female authorship lies in the deep-rooted antipathy, or, if we must call it so, prejudice of the people of that country against any attempt on the part of a woman to call upon herself the gaze of the multitude or court notoriety.

The Italians, a highly sensitive and cultivated nation, are as far from grudging the tender and timid creatures whom they associate with their destinies through life, the advantages of a liberal education, as any other people can well be; but a fond notion—may be a mistaken one—prevails among them that all a lady's accomplishments and acquirements should be exclusively consecrated to enliven that little domestic circle which she is called to bless with her presence. Hence an authoress, no less than an actress or an *improvisatrice*, is for them an anomaly, an exceptionable being who has cast aside all the delicacy, grace and modesty which constitute the peculiar charm of her sex, and thereby foresworn its inalienable privileges and rendered herself liable to the disrespect of the other.

Female authorship in Italy is looked upon as a kind of moral hermaphroditism; nor would the high station and still higher character, the noble and irreprehensible life of the lady whose name graces this page, have secured her against the sneering comments of her jealous countrymen, had she not made choice of that only subject which exclusively belonged to one of her sex—the illustration of the domestic and social virtues which ought to characterize “a wise and amiable woman,” and the degree of moral and intellectual distinction to which it is not only lawful but even desirable that she should aspire.

Anna, Countess Pepoli, and widow of the Marquis Sampieri—for her titles, according to the Italian custom, are carefully omitted in the title-page,—belongs by birth to one of the most ancient and illustrious historical families of Bologna. Her brother, Count Carlo Pepoli, already well known to the republic of letters as the author of the melodrama “*I Puritani*” and other poems, is an exile from his native country, and belongs to ours for various reasons, because he fills the chair of Professor of Italian Literature in London University College, and because he evinced his preference in favor of our ladies by choosing a bride among the daughters of Albion.

The Countess Anna has been a wife and a mother, and it was only after having performed her uxorial and maternal duties in a manner that won her the admiration and esteem of all who knew her, after having trusted to another the happiness of the only daughter, whom she had brought up with all the solicitude of love, that she endeavored to draw up a theory of those countless and nameless cares by which woman can make a heaven of a husband's home, and indemnify the world for the unavoidable, however remote, contingency of her loss, by leaving behind her what has been not unaptly called “a second edition of self.”

But besides her desire of communicating to her countrywomen all that her own experience had taught her respecting the duties of woman



as a housekeeper (*reggitrice*), or as an instructress (*educatrice*) and as a social being (*donna conversevole*), the countess harbored in her bosom a higher object, common in Italy to every person who thinks or feels no less than to all who write, that of vindicating the women of Italy "from the unjust judgment" and "false accusations" brought against them by partial or prejudiced foreigners; the rehabilitation of the national character being the aim of the most anxious endeavors of every generous soul that lives between the Alps and the sea.

Certainly this plea in favor of the national character is neither uncalled for nor inopportune; for the Italians write comparatively little, and that little must undergo the ordeal of a most odious censorship, which scruples not to proscribe even the most harmless book, under no other pretext than that it bears the obnoxious name of Italy and Italians; so that even the work that we have undertaken to examine, holy and pure as its subjects may appear to us, and meek, gentle and moderate the spirit in which it has been dictated, could, however, only be printed at Capolago, in Switzerland, and on its first appearance in the papal states was put to the Index, seized upon, and subjected its authoress to endless petty annoyances and vexations on the part of his holiness's government.

That the character of the Italians has been wilfully misrepresented by ignorant travellers, who have hurried through the country under the influence of illiberal prepossessions, is a fact sufficiently demonstrated by the more mature and rational reports of other visitors, who had leisure to ground their estimate on a closer observation and a more intimate acquaintance. We do not believe that those writers have any wish or interest to be unjust to other nations, but the poor honest Milanese, or light-hearted Florentine who happens to read a smuggled French or English newspaper, or a stray volume of a novel where it is unblushingly stated that "Italian life is a mass of rottenness and corruption," that "every man is there a swindler, every woman a wanton," (we quote at chance from a leading article in the "*Britannia*" newspaper,) must be sympathized with, if taking such compliments literally and supposing such uncharitable animadversions to be implicitly relied upon abroad, he feels sore and bitter on the subject, and considers himself bound to seize every opportunity to stand forth as his country's sworn champion and advocate.

We shall be always willing to open in these pages a list where such national contests may be fought on equal ground; and our duties to the sex no less than our sense of right are equally engaged to allow the Countess Pepoli to plead in favor of a class of women, of whom her virtues no less than her rank have made her one of the brightest ornaments, and upon whose morals her book is likely to exercise the most pious and salutary influence.

We need scarcely repeat here the well-known maxim that woman is invariably such as man wishes her to be; that the female mind and heart are moulded according to the ideas prevailing in the society in which she is brought up, and that, by a natural reaction, she exercises an equal ascendancy over society itself, that as she is physically a daughter and a



mother, so is she by turns also a pupil and a mistress; so that her sex may always be taken as a fair representative of the moral standard reached by the human family in all ages and countries.

In proportion, therefore, as our authoress succeeds in demonstrating how far her countrywomen have attained a high degree of feminine excellence, so shall we feel inclined to judge more or less favorably of the morals of the nation at large; and every proof she may be able to bring forward in support of her subject will have the force of a hundred arguments in refutation of the charges brought against the Italian name.

Meanwhile, since men are willing in our days to lay so great a stress on the philosophy of language, we deem it worth our while to study the sex in a country, whose tongue has no such word as *woman*, the only analogous appellation being "*Donna*," a corruption of the Latin *Domina* or *Domna* (lady), which is still equally applicable to a female of the lowest order, to the proudest matrons in the land, and even to the worshipped "Queen of the Angels."

The work of our authoress seems from its very beginning calculated to overthrow our long cherished ideas of Italian female education. No mention of convents is made. That strict rule of monastic seclusion to which every young lady of high rank was almost universally supposed to be condemned in Catholic countries, there to be walled up in a narrow cell, only to pass from the silence and solitude of the cloisters, to the glare and bustle of the wide world, affianced to a husband, whose very portrait she had never seen—we know that many of our readers will be astonished and scandalized to hear it—is neither better nor worse than one of the thousand and one absurd fables by which Italian life is rather romantically than veritably represented.

Countess Pepoli does not inquire into the good or evil effects of monastic education. She does not advocate or inveigh against the system. She seems not even to suspect, to dream of its existence; belonging by birth to, and moving all her life among the highest circles, she knows very well that neither herself nor her daughter, nor any of her friends, at least since the days of Napoleon, ever set their foot within the precincts of a nunnery, except only those few unfortunate or perhaps deluded ones, who, either through disappointment, or dread of the world, or misunderstood devotion, are still occasionally induced to leave all their worldly hopes and anxieties with their shorn hair on its threshold.

The convent in our days,—hear it, ye gallant and compassionate champions, whose chivalrous feelings are so deeply affected as you roam around the enclosure of an Ursuline monastery, and whose imagination loves to conjure up images of loveliness as crowding those harems of the Brides of Christ,—the convent has become the refuge of shrivelled old women, and of those ill-favored creatures who are wedded to heaven in sheer despair of earthly nuptials. Those confirmed old spinsters, whom the provident English match-maker ships off by the score to India, and the American packs off to the marts of the far west, the Italian parent dooms or persuades to cloistral solitude, and this is perhaps the only earthly advantage of an institution, which the mighty will of Napoleon

had successfully uprooted, and which nothing but the narrow-minded policy of after governments would have deemed it expedient to restore.

But if the system of conventual education may be considered as utterly exploded, it cannot be denied that her mother's home has not unfrequently for an Italian young lady all the sameness and loneliness of monastic seclusion.

Female delicacy in Italy is looked upon as a pure crystal which the faintest breath of the world may contaminate. It is a sweet, tender flower, equally dreading the scorching meridian ray and the blast of the northern gale. The Italians believe in a virginity of the soul, without which personal chastity has hardly any value in their eyes. To secure this moral innocence, and here perhaps is their main error, they know no better means than an almost entire abstraction from, and ignorance of, the world. The independence of a Yankee girl,—we make use of that obnoxious denomination, not through disrespect for the “smartest nation in creation,” but better to designate the people of New England, that part of the United States where American manners are most characteristically developed,—begins with the earliest stage of boarding-school life. Early in the morning she walks out alone, sometimes for a distance of miles, to her academy; who her tutors and companions, what her studies, what books she reads, what friendships or habits she contracts, her parents scarcely ever care to inquire; or if asked, scarcely ever does she condescend to reply. In proportion as she grows, more completely and absolutely does she acquire the mastery over her own actions. She chooses her dancing and music masters, her congregation, her minister. She subscribes to cotillion parties, shines off at a fancy fair or at a flower auction. She walks home late at night from a rout with her favorite partner, and takes a long tour by moonlight to enjoy the coolness and sentimentalism of the night air. She introduces her male friends to her mother, and sends out her invitations to tea without consulting the “old lady;” finally, she informs her parents that her lover has “popped the question,” unless indeed she prefers the *éclat* and excitement of a runaway match. And yet this unbounded latitude is scarcely ever attended with mischievous results. Thanks perhaps to natural coldness of temperament, or to the early marriages which in those wide-spreading colonies are and will long continue to be the order of the day, the American young lady very early acquires the *calculating* habits of the country. She is her own *duenna* and *chaperon*. Her fancy and heart are always under the control of reason. She learns to value her admirers according to their *worth*. You never hear of a *faux-pas*, or if you do, you may be sure that all worldly advantages have been duly weighed, and that even that apparent imprudence is the result of the most consummate policy. Before she leaves school, a Yankee girl—God bless her!—has a thorough knowledge of the world. She is up to every trick, secure against all dangers of amorous seduction. Else, what were the good of the million of novels she reads? Her look is proud and daring; her step firm and secure. With her, as with the Spartan virgin,

E' la vergogna inutile  
Dov' è la colpa ignota.

Modesty she would look upon as a want of sincerity and frankness; delicacy as a lack of spirit and independence. With the exception of a few luckless words, which her nice notions of decency have proscribed from the English dictionary—for a list of them vide Sam Slick—there is scarcely a subject of conversation which she would dream of rebuking or discountenancing.

In presence of her betrothed or her husband she launches forth in the most transcendent expressions of admiration for another. Her hand and person are the exclusive possession of one man, but she is perfectly free to fancy whom she pleases *ad outrance*. She is a coquette upon principle, and she delights in wanton but unmeaning flirtations, merely to test the endurance of the man of her choice, and assert, to its full extent, her own independence.\*

Having still a queen at the head of our nation, as well as a national church and aristocracy, we cannot boast of going the whole length of American freedom. Our English girls are made sometimes to remember that they *have* a mother. If not absolutely under the sway, they are still at least under the guidance of their natural guardians. They have got eyes, and are permitted to make use of them; a taste, and they are free to exercise it; a heart, and we let them believe that it is theirs to bestow. Truly this liberty exists rather in words than facts. The tether is long and loose, but we never let it entirely slip from our hands; our daughters have the motion of their marriage bill, but we reserve the enactment for ourselves. We do not control their inclinations, but reason them out of them. We do not crush their feelings, but tamper with them. We do not thwart their love, but awaken their ambition. We do not present them the alternative between an old husband and a convent—God forbid! we only bid them choose between a young gallant and a coronet. They are not dragged like victims to the altar, oh no! they are driven to church in glittering carriages, decked out with jewels and garlanded with flowers.

An Italian mother—we speak of the ladies of the old school, since Countess Pepoli seems to entertain more liberal ideas—can be contented with nothing short of making herself the gaoler of her daughter. The poor girl must grow up in her parent's bower like a sweet rosebud hidden beneath a bush of thorns, like a gem buried in the depths of the ocean. She is never lost sight of for a moment; never opens a book, never converses with any living being without her guardian's knowledge and consent. Are visitors announced? she is bidden to withdraw. Is mamma going to the opera? she is ordered to bed. The slightest outburst of passion or enthusiasm is visited with a frown. Every thing is studied to guard her against sudden impressions. Her friends are in a constant dread of her southern susceptibility. Her heart is a little half-

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\* This picture of the independence of Yankee girls and women, our New England readers will perceive, is somewhat over-wrought. There is perhaps, however, enough of truth in it to suggest a useful hint in respect to American female education and manners, in some quarters. SR. ED.

smothered volcano, which causes them endless anxiety. All her mother is able to teach, the girl must learn from her. If other instructors are required, females are preferred to male teachers, old to young. In all cases the mother is in constant attendance. All this not only lest the silly inexperienced young creature should set off one fair morning with her dancing-master, bound upon what is called in this country "a walk to Kensington Gardens;" but in order to prevent even the possibility of ever conceiving a passing desire of so doing.

The greatest pride of a matron's heart consists in offering her daughter to her chosen lord as perfectly new to all tender sensations as the babe unborn. By such a cautious and watchful system of domestic policy the mother flatters herself to have provided for her daughter's felicity. The intended husband is almost the first man with whom she is brought into close intimacy. Her little heart is a blank, upon which every image can be with equal facility engraved. She has no dangerous comparison before her eyes. Her affections, her ideas, her very curiosity have been hitherto concentrated upon the very few persons constituting her domestic circle. Her feelings have gained in intensity what they have lost in extent and variety. Her husband is almost materially sure to obtain her first love, and it entirely depends upon his own conduct to secure her last.

We would not confidently bring forward this as the most perfect system of feminine education; its faults and imperfections are obvious enough, nor indeed do we believe that it is always followed to the letter even in Italy. Still the leading idea of every instructress in that country seems to consist in guarding a youthful mind from pollution, by removing it as far as practicable from the tainted atmosphere of society.

It is not difficult to perceive that such is the main object even of Countess Pepoli's directions to her "educatrice." That part of her work which relates to educational purposes seems to us by far the most interesting and commendable. We have seen nowhere a more perfect exhibition of the beau-ideal of a mother instructress. Never was a theory of sound and practical moral education more discerningly and satisfactorily traced out. True to the national feeling, she does indeed recommend a constant solicitous vigilance of the mother over every step, every thought of her child. She evinces the same anxious apprehensions of the natural combustibility of Italian young blood, and is equally liberal of her warnings against the chances of its sudden ignition:—but her guardianship is one purely of confidence and love. The mother's security is to be grounded entirely on an unceasing interchange of social sympathy. She is to leave nothing unattempted to win her daughter's friendship and devotion. Mother and child must be necessary to each other, indivisible in their graver as well as in their lighter pursuits. The girl must feel that she is never left to herself, not because she is by any means mistrusted, but only because her mother loves her too well to be able to spare her company. She is not bidden to stifle every sentiment in her heart, but she is taught to let her mother into its inmost core. She is not rigidly kept aloof from society—though too great a familiarity with the world is considered as equally baneful to the purity of her mind and injurious to the spotlessness



of her character,—but she is to feel the propriety, the reasonableness, the blessing of never appearing in public without her tutelar angel. She is in fact to be a prisoner, but utterly unconscious of confinement, unable to look beyond the golden bars of her dungeon without an indefinable awe and misgiving, and incapable of dreaming of her emancipation consistently with her security and happiness. In the like manner we have seen well-trained canary birds stopping on the unclosed door of their cage, as if afraid of the dreariness of the open air and loth to quit the comforts of their love-nurtured captivity.

Thus we think it would prove rather amusing to British readers, to see with what warmth and earnestness our fair authoress admonishes every loving mother to keep a sharp look out and trust no person—“*e sia oculata e diffidi di tutti; di tutti*”—adding, however, that she must so contrive that her mistrust and suspicion be never perceived; with what rigidity she proscribes novels and all other writings calculated to pervert a young mind by amorous extravagances—“*non concedere alla figliuola la lettura d’ogni romanzo o d’altri libri chee pervertono l’immaginazione con amorosi vaneggiamenti*”—alluding especially to “those pestiferous works of fiction, which late in the eighteenth and during the present century are sent by hundreds from ‘*oltremonti ed oltremare*’ to pervert Italian manners, already so deplorably corrupted;” exception being made only in favor of those “stupenduous creations” of Walter Scott and a few others in that style, which the countess expressly and strenuously advocates. These cares and solitudes redouble when “the girl has reached that age in which duty and expediency equally demand that she should be produced into society.” Then, indeed, must the mother beware of every living being, “not excepting even her best friends, especially female friends;” she must, we are taught, “keep close to her daughter,” and at every rout or ball be sure that her eye constantly watches all her movements, “nothing being more shocking than to see a girl dancing or waltzing in one room, whilst the mother sits down at her rubber in another.”

Such are the ideas of a lady who, on every other subject, appears to be so very far from harboring bigoted scruples or illiberal prejudices, but who, on this delicate point, can but write under the influence of that southern delicacy and susceptibility, not to say jealousy and suspiciousness, which seems to crowd the social world with myriads of phantoms and monsters, from which a tender, unsophisticated mind, even if it escape without serious hurt, may perhaps not come off without some of those slight scratches and bruises, which,—as an Italian woman is understood to love only once, and that for life,—may be left to smart and bleed for an incalculable length of time. In short, a girl in her teens is not in that country thought to be possessed of sufficient discernment to guard her against the suddenness and impetuosity of her own inclinations, and as these may fatally be found at variance with the views that her best friends entertain as to her worldly preferment, her mother’s arms are to be thrown around her, so as to shield her against all untoward impressions, which, by rousing unjustifiable desires and expectations, may lead to nothing but disenchantment and misery.



A strong *sense of duty* in England, and a *calculating spirit* in America, may no doubt induce our young ladies to acquiesce in their parents' disposition as efficiently as the most rigid and watchful chaperonship; but whilst we limit ourselves to provide our daughters with fit weapons to spurn and overcome seduction, the more wary Italians secure them even against the dangers of temptation, and spare them the pangs of a struggle.

One only exception occurs in this universal monopoly which a mother is expected to exercise over all her daughter's thoughts and feelings, and that one is made in favor of her spiritual adviser. From every line in her book, from the candor and purity which transpires in every thought it contains, it very evidently results that the Countess Pepoli is deeply penetrated with a sentiment of true piety. But were it even otherwise, we feel assured that she could not in Italy safely venture to declare against either any of the tenets or the forms of worship of the established church. Religion is there considered as one of the best outward signs of feminine gentleness. The most daring skeptic, the most obdurate unbeliever of an Italian university, could not look without disgust and abhorrence on a female freethinker; nor, we are sure, could either Countess Pepoli or any of her countrywomen believe in the existence of such a one of their sex, as we have all seen travelling from town to town in America, followed by wondering crowds, as a professed apostle of infidelity.

Hence an Italian husband, whatever the bias of his own mind in relation to religious matters, is always fain to allow his wife and all the female part of his domestic community to follow the dictates of the church, to observe all its ceremonies and festivities, and even goes the whole length of allowing another man to search into those inmost recesses of his wife's heart, from which he himself, her paramount lord and master, no less than her truest friend and counsellor, is often excluded. Hence travellers have been surprised to see the Catholic churches on the continent almost exclusively frequented by females, as if woman alone, in her meekness and gentleness, felt still the need of her Creator's protection; and, however modern philosophy may have thinned the confessional of one half of its customers, it is still, and will long continue to be, knelt to by fair penitents.

In compliance with this, which we do not hesitate to call one of the most fatally absurd practices of Catholicism, even a mother does not consider herself a competent guide of her daughter's conscience, and willingly resigns her parental authority to a man, who, she thinks, by the sacredness of his ministry, by his deep knowledge and long experience of human frailties, is better enabled to clear her child's doubts and scruples, and to strengthen her sense of righteousness and virtue.

Thus, after long dwelling on the necessity of giving education a thoroughly religious tendency, and with equal carefulness warning against the dangers of bigotry and hypocrisy, our authoress proceeds to give her directions as to the choice of a confessor; and so many and various are the qualities which ought to adorn this candidate for admission into the sanctuary of her daughter's soul, that we almost feel inclined to doubt whether, in the present notorious profligacy of the Catholic priesthood, the difficul-

ty of finding that *rara avis* of spiritual monitor does not amount to a plainly avowed impracticability of the system itself.

Many and grave objections have been and may be raised against this Italian method of female education. In the first place it evidently requires an entire and exclusive devotedness on the part of the mother, and indeed Countess Pepoli plainly insists on "the necessity of a total concentration of all a mother's thoughts and faculties on this foremost and holiest of her duties." Then, this rigid seclusion of the damsel must, to a great degree, unfit the bride and matron for social life, and she must, at her first outset, find herself besieged with vague apprehensions, and also encompassed with real dangers, which a previous initiation into social life might have gradually enabled her to steer through with perfect safety.

Still it cannot be denied that an essentially domestic education must necessarily engender domestic habits and tastes; that the very inexperience and helplessness of the novice in the world's ways must naturally compel her to cling to her husband for advice and support, and contribute to increase her respect, deference and affection for him.

And here the great question arises: "What is woman's mission?" For if home, husband and children, her domestic circle and her immediate friends are to be the only objects of her cares, if her influence on society is to be exercised only through the empire of affection, if she is only to be the adviser, the inciter and soother of man's passions, through the ascendancy of private, social or educational agency, then we contend that Italy—in so far at least as Countess Pepoli's precepts are literally adhered to—ought to rear up the best patterns of feminine excellence; and that if Italian women are not the most faithful wives and the wisest mothers, it must result from any other cause rather than from want or incompetency of education.

True, Lady Morgan, Mrs. Chapman, Miss Martineau, and a crowd of their disciples, protest against this illiberal limitation of a woman's faculties to what they disdainfully term "the drudgery of domestic life;" nor while the question is so warmly debated, whilst the number of their supporters and partisans are daily increasing, till a neutral tribunal is found to pronounce an impartial sentence, would we venture to declare either in favor or against them, nor pretend to affirm that a lady would prove a less delightful companion, or a less careful housekeeper, if she were heard thumping and thundering at a political *caucus*, or if she were to stop to drop in her ticket at the polls.

But, as we have hinted from the beginning, *non omnia possumus omnes*; till the Italians have been raised to the rank of free nations, it would be of little moment for them to discuss the expediency of extending their free rights of citizenship to their wives; till they have a national assembly, elections and political meetings, it were idle for them to train their daughters to be orators, electors or members of parliament. Till men themselves are allowed to aspire to public virtues, women must evidently rest satisfied with the fulfilment of private duties.

The people of Italy seem certainly to be well acquainted with the peculiar qualities in which their women excel. "*Donna Tedesca*," says

their quaint old proverb, "*buona per la casa ; Donna Francese buona per la conversazione*,"—we trust they will soon add, "*Donna Inglese buona per la politica ;*" and after thus having yielded to the women of Germany the superiority in the management of the household, to the Parisian ladies the charms of conversational powers, they conclude, "*Donna Italiana buona per gli affetti*," usurping for their own fair partners the privilege of a more tender sensibility and a more ardent soul.

The ideas developed by our fair author on this subject seem to a certain degree in unison with the popular feelings. She plainly acknowledges an intellectual as well as a physical superiority of our sex to hers. "And, on the very outset," she says, "I am fain to confess that I do not deem women to equal men in strength of intelligence and soundness of judgment; on the contrary, I feel how widely nature has placed them above us." Again she consecrates a whole chapter to prove "*che la donna non deve ingerirsi delle cose spettanti al governo ;*" that woman has no right to meddle with politics; all which would sound to the ears of our emancipators like blasphemy and high treason. But it is quite evident that the "new light" has not yet dawned over Italy, and that woman there, strong of her *moral influence*, has not yet aspired to the acquirement of *legal power*.

The education of women in Italy is then still eminently domestic and feminine. Boarding-schools and young ladies' academies are yet far from being the same flourishing institutions as they are with us; and even our countess, while she seems to approve of colleges and universities for boys, on account of their levelling spirit, of the early development of character, of the knowledge of self and of the world, naturally arising from the bustle and attrition of a public school, insists that, whoever may be called in to adorn their minds with accessory accomplishments, the mother alone should be charged with the moral education of girls, and that an early contact and acquaintance with society, even if not pernicious, would be at least useless to her whose whole world is to be limited to a narrow circle of acquaintance, and to the precincts of home.

But are then the women of Italy as pure and chaste, are they as true to their domestic mission, are they as good wives and mothers as such a social system would seem to imply? This is altogether a different and indeed a most complicate and insoluble question. If we were to collect the votes of all the rival nations, especially if we were to consult the writings of the most popular authors among the Teutonic races, we are afraid that the verdict would not be greatly in their favor. But we must make some allowance for the inevitable misunderstanding of national antipathies. The French take their standard of Italian women from Catherine or Mary de Medici. What if the Italians were to judge of German women from Caroline of Naples or Maria Louisa of Parma? The English traveller forms his estimate of Italian female character from the mock countesses the *Cameriere* offers to introduce to him. What if an Italian were to draw his knowledge of English ladies from the painted damsels that are to be seen after dusk rustling in silk and velvet in Regent-street?

Nothing is more apt to lead into error than to generalize on individu-

al observation. Why should Mrs. H—— be an exception among English, and Countess Confalonier an anomaly among Italian ladies? Till the day of her elopement the first was not suspected to be any worse, till her husband's arrest the latter was not thought to be any better, than the generality of their countrywomen. Man is but a creature of circumstance. The temptation which led a respected mother astray from the path of duty to which she had strictly adhered until that period, and the domestic calamity which called into action the unsuspected energies of a young and timid bride, are neither unexampled nor yet impossible occurrences.

Walter Savage Landor has said that it would be difficult to find an honest man in Italy for every forty in England. A bold and gratuitous assertion! Nor do we know on what statistics of probity it is grounded. But he adds soon after, that one Italian is worth all the forty honest English together. All which only tends to demonstrate that human nature in Italy is equally susceptible of the highest moral excellence and of the utmost depravity. Again it has been justly remarked, that nowhere are such startling specimens of human deformity, such horrid old hags, to be met with as among the lowest classes at Rome or Naples; but it has also been granted, that although the average standard of beauty may be said to be higher in England, yet such patterns of perfect female loveliness are occasionally found in Italy as are not to be seen in any Christian country of Europe.

In the like manner, and by that law of consistency which nature observes in all her works, we shall expect to see the extremes of moral beauty and ugliness as frequently brought into contact, and exhibiting as striking a character now as they did in the age of Lucretia Borgia and Vittoria Colonna.

It is said with great justice that the Italians are an eminently passionate people. This word, however, has not among them the same obnoxious meaning as it has with us. True to the Greek and Latin etymology, *passione* in Italian is synonymous with feeling. Passion is for them an indispensable element of life. It indifferently leads, think they, to the noblest exploits and to the darkest enormities. Hence they cherish and foster, even though they contrive to guide it. Like good horsemen they wish their beast to proceed by bounds and capers, and indulge it in every prank and whim short of running away with them. They seem to pride themselves on the violence of their temper as we do on our self-possession and coolness. They mistrust every reasonable, as a calculating, being: "What is man," says Ugo Foscolo, "if exclusively abandoned to the control of cold reason? A villain and a base villain!" These words are a code of law for the whole nation, and every one is, like Jacopo Ortis, ready "to tear his heart from his bosom and cast it off, like an unfaithful attendant, whenever it proves slack to excitement or blunted to feeling."

An Italian woman is then a creature of passion, and, as such, equally susceptible of being led to the extremes of good and evil. As a girl, her heart's impulses are governed and kept under restraint by the mother's vigilance. When married, she is as much under her own guidance as un-



der the control of her husband. The Italians are said to make the best lovers, but the most indifferent husbands in the world. Countess Pepoli seems to hint as much. An Italian is jealous as long as he loves. His affection is selfish and exclusive. He must absorb all the faculties, engross every thought of the woman he sets his heart upon. He will shoot her favorite spaniel on his wedding day. He is a self-tormenting domestic tyrant, whom nothing short of a desert island could free from anxiety.

Happily, however, his partner is trained up to seclusion and solitude. She is fain to attribute her husband's suspiciousness and disquietude to excess of tenderness, and easily puts up with it. Indeed she is rather alarmed at the first symptoms of seriousness on the part of her jailer. An Italian woman is very fond of home. We have so very often heard of the "domestic comforts and fireside virtues of good, merry, happy old England," that we are too readily induced to believe other nations as little attached to their dwellings as the Arabs of the desert. Certainly if all ideas of home-bred felicity are to be connected with trim hearth-rugs and burnished fire-grates; if dusting, rubbing and scrubbing are to be considered as "intimately associated with and dependent upon moral feelings and habits," according to Mrs. Ellis's notions of the characteristics of the women of England, no other nation—Philadelphians and Dutch always excepted—can compete with this "favored country."

An Italian housekeeper cannot, Cornelia-like, in the pride of her heart, point to her Brussels carpets as her best jewels, nor boast of *fireside* virtues. But she looks with amazement at the crowds of home-loving daughters of Albion of every age and description, who carry abroad specimens of English manners and feelings. She stares at the swarms of Tomkins, Pumkins and Popkins, with caravans of wives and children, nurses and infants, hurrying from town to town, like tribes of strolling gipsies with the parish beadle at their heels. She asks where are now the homes of Old England? At the crowded hotels of Brighton, or at the boarding-houses of Cheltenham? Home, indeed! Where is now the Englishwoman willing, if she can help it, to rest her head for two months under the same roof?

An Italian wife certainly prefers her terrace or balcony to the chimney corner, and a moonlight walk, or even a box at the opera, to a rubber at whist. But her home are her husband, her children, her friends, her country, and to that home she is rooted for life; for its sake she renounces even the excitement of travelling.

"Où peut on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille." Her meekness and amiability enable her to live at peace with her mother and sisters-in-law. She does not break up her husband's establishment, because his house happens to be "too near Holborn," or "on the wrong side of Oxford-street." She finds it unnecessary to dismiss her domestics at the end of every fortnight. As long as she loves and is beloved, her affection for her husband extends to his house, to every branch of his family, to his home-grown servants, to every animated or inanimated being connected with his patriarchal establishment. But will then this wonder-working love, will this transcendent adhesiveness and inhabitiveness endure for life? Were we



to venture one word on the subject, the bard of "Yankee girls" would strike up with—

"The dark Italian loving much,  
But more than *one* can tell;"

a thousand sneering remarks on Italian *cicisbei* and *cavalieri serventi* would assail us on every part, and the voice of argument would be drowned by a universal charivari.

From what we have said of the nature of affections in Italy, it must be naturally inferred that they are as short-lived as they are headlong and intense. Though the Italians pride themselves not a little on their powers of endurance, and notwithstanding their darling proverb, "*Furia Francese e Costanza Italiana*," we are inclined to believe that the sameness and seclusion to which young couples, in the egotism of their happiness, improvidently condemn themselves, must have the effect of wasting in a few weeks of honeymoon ebriety the sober enjoyments of a whole life, and be attended with a satiety dangerously akin to indifference and disgust. This is, indeed, the case in every country; but the passage from the romance of hymeneal holiday to the realities of every day's life must be the more critical; the higher the pitch of illusion we had wound ourselves up to, the deeper the abyss of forgetfulness we had plunged into.

Every chance not only of domestic felicity but of sober moral conduct in Italy, depends upon the degree of rationality and resignation with which the happy lovers resume their place in society after that long enrancement of unearthly bliss. If all their store of affection has not been wantonly consumed among the extravagances of the bridal banquet, it they can contrive to live thriftily on its remains—and we believe that such is still the case with the majority if not with the generality of Italian families—all may yet be well; but in a different case, the estrangement of the lovers' minds is as complete as their union was all-absorbing; a moral divorce ensues. Legal separation being in that country prohibited both by divine and human laws, a secret compact is entered into, according to the terms of which husband and wife continue to inhabit the same house—not the same apartments if they can help it—and to keep up all the appearances of a quiet and orderly household, without in fact any but the faintest and coldest bond of friendship between them. In this agreement the young wife, who has been hitherto suffered to see as little of the world as maternal caution and foresight could contrive, who has been taught to look up to her husband alone for advice and support, finds herself suddenly, unexpectedly, mistress of her own actions, and launched into the midst of a society, every element of which seems most fatally calculated to determine her ruin.

Up to the period of the French revolution, celibacy had been in Italy the order of the day. The country was then swarming with numberless cadets, who, unable on account of their penniless condition to support a family, numbered marriage rather among the burdens than the advantages of heirship, and conspired to bring about that anomalous state of society which, under the name of *cicisbeism*, has reflected perhaps as much ridi-

culé as disgrace on their country, and which certainly gave them little reason to envy the rights and privileges of primogeniture.

Things have now indeed undergone a rapid improvement. It is no longer unblushingly asserted that it is "only the fool that marrieth," nor is a husband any longer congratulated with, or thanked for, "his devotion to the *public weal*." The code of *cicisbeism* has been abolished, if indeed it ever existed; for its institutions, like those of ancient chivalry, seem to recede in the past as we look for them, so as to render it a very difficult task to unravel the truth from the fables with which it has been interwoven. But notwithstanding the partition and equalization of property arising from the abolition of feudal laws, and the French agrarian reforms, which had the splendid result of bringing the whole nation to a happy level of beggary, many are still the Italian youths whom sheer want and dread of starvation deter from wedded life; and celibacy, if it has ceased to be a matter of fashion, is still, to a fearful extent, a measure of necessity.

Religious and political institutions also conspire to aggravate this most pernicious of moral disorders. Myriads of Catholic clergy bound by hasty vows, and thousands of officers in the vast continental armies, either prevented by law or forbidden by poverty from marrying, are let loose on a society in which the most sacred affections are for them unlawful and criminal, in which, feeling can only lead them to error, and love to libertinism.

Moreover, soldiers and priests, plebeians and nobles, all in Italy are idle;—idle less perhaps through habit and inclination than absolute necessity. The peer has no parliament to sit in, the warrior no battles to fight, the churchman only a mass *per diem* to celebrate. Commerce and trade obey the influence of this universal languor and indolence. Private exertion slackens without the stimulus of public activity, and southern life is but too easily enticed into the unlawful but heart-stirring excitement of love intrigue.

By such a crowd of wary and enterprising enemies, unrestrained by principle and skilled in the arts of seduction, the always inexperienced, often unhappy Italian wife, neglected by her husband, and fallen from all her dreams of conjugal happiness, finds herself beset on her first entrance into the world.

A French woman presiding over her husband's counting-house, an English peeress riding across the country to win electors to her husband's party, an American woman preparing her pamphlets for the "Unitarian Tract Society," may perhaps, as a man, look upon her love-romance merely as an episode in her life; but for the woman of Italy—that woman *par excellence*—love is the business of her whole existence, it is existence itself; and, in the shipwreck of her domestic affection, she must be too fatally prone to cling to the first hand that is insidiously stretched forth to her in sympathy, and to transfer to another all that treasure of love so wantonly spurned and trampled upon by its legitimate possessor.

Heaven forbid that we should be understood to bring forward these extenuating circumstances as a justification for woman's misconduct. By

thus alluding to the state of society in Italy, we mean not to palliate guilt, but to exalt virtue. The Bostonian wife, luxuriating in all the magnificent loneliness of her drawing-room, reading the last fashionable novel and indulging in fantastic but harmless dreams of fairy land, deserves commendation, no doubt, if, at the return of her husband with a company of dull, sleepy partners and brothers, who talk hardly of any thing but dollars over their tea, she has strength of mind sufficient to prevent her from looking to any of those excellent men of business for the realization of her romantic visions, and comes to the conclusion that, after all, her own husband is as good a companion as any man living; but she has hardly any idea of that militant virtue which must stand the test of long, incessant temptation, and resist the contagious force of example.

What is elsewhere only called a dutiful wife, in Italy must be a heroine; and yet the number of these heroines is greater by far than foreign travellers are willing to acknowledge, greater even than the Italians themselves seem inclined to suppose.

Against the allurements of a loose society, an Italian woman has the shield of her religious and moral principles, the constant watchfulness of her husband and all around her, and the hundred-eyed vigilance of public scandal.

Religion in Italy is omnipresent. Whatever may be said or thought of Catholic institutions, it must not be denied that that creed yields a constant, faithful support to a wavering mind. As long as frequented by a true believer,—and we have already seen that most women are so,—even confession, notwithstanding its absurdity and liability to abuse, may have the effect of giving timely warning against, and putting an end to, dangerous connections.

Again, the Italian wife, even when inclined to evil, will often be restrained by want of opportunity. Her husband, however perfectly indifferent as to the possession of her heart, is still inexorably jealous of what he calls his honor; around his lady, at every hour of the day or night are a crowd of his allies,—his mother, his sisters, and other bigoted dowagers and sour-tempered spinsters belonging to his family, and warmly attached to his interests,—who, on the first symptoms of coolness and estrangement between the parties, range themselves into a formidable array on his side, and volunteer their services as an active and sleepless domestic police.

Finally, it can only be a hopelessly abandoned woman, and dead to all feelings of feminine delicacy, that will brave the meddling and gossiping spirit prevailing in those petty Italian communities. In every small town,—and all towns in Italy are small as to notoriety,—there are its coteries of *male lingue*, idle, and generally worthless beings, whose sole business is to pry into the privacy of families, to weigh and sift their neighbor's conduct, and put the worst construction upon it. The levities of an English commoner's wife, lost as she is among the crowds of this vast metropolis, may amount to the utmost profligacy, ere they attract public attention. Likewise the gentle flirtation of a few months at a German spa, or at a southern watering place, is not likely to tell against the character of a

wandering peeress at her return. But an Italian lady is acting all her life on the same stage and before the same audience. Every word and step are malignantly commented upon by abject creatures, always willing to bring forward any momentary imprudence, as an argument in favor of their disbelief in female virtue, and who are never so happy as when they can exult at an angel's fall.

Before such a jury, it is evident that scarcely any woman's fame can escape unsullied, and it is, therefore, no wonder if those foreign observers, who grounded their judgment on the venomous report of such compilers of scandalous chronicles, have formed so unfavorable an estimate of the moral standard of woman in Italy, whilst, if they had had chivalry enough in their souls to give stoutly the lie to those vulgar defamers, and challenge them to produce proof of their vague accusations, they would, most probably, have arrived at different results.

This cause must likewise account for the fact, that even a woman notoriously pointed out as guilty of immoral conduct does not, as we say it, "lose her caste," and never, without the greatest reluctance, is excluded from society; a fact which has given rise to a notion universally cherished abroad that public opinion in Italy has no check and exercises no influence on private demeanor. The Italians know full well what value they are to set upon such idle slander; and as,—in a country where government, always apparently bent upon fostering and encouraging vice, punishes the adulteress only with three months' imprisonment, and condemns the husband who sends a challenge to her paramour, to death, or the galleys for life, such cases are seldom or never brought to court, and a wife's guilt can never be as satisfactorily proved as in our own happy land of damages and doctors' commons,—the most irreprehensible classes are always eager to discountenance imputations originating with vulgar gossip-pickers, and will rather run the chance of sheltering the real offender than suffer an innocent victim to be immolated.

This must also account for another moral phenomenon which has often struck foreign travellers, viz., that women are to be found in Italy, according to all appearance, perfect specimens of uxorial and maternal excellence, and yet designated by public rumor as the heroines of many a tale of gallantry and intrigue. An apparent contradiction which they fondly ascribe to Italian artfulness and duplicity, contrasting such a conduct with the candor and uprightness of an Englishwoman's character, who, even on the eve of yielding to irresistible temptation, finds it impossible to add simulation and hypocrisy to her disloyalty and unfaithfulness, and, heedless of the consequences it entails on her name, her family and children, resorts to a desperate, irrevocable resolution, and prefers the scandal, and, it may be also, the romance of elopement.

For so very inconsistent are the charges brought against the morals of the Italians, that they are, at once and in the same breath, declared to be, of all people in the world, the most loose and remiss in suffering themselves to be carried away by their passions, and the most perfect masters in the art of dissembling or disguising them; at once the hottest hearts and the coolest brains, at once headlong and violent, circumspect and cunning!



Would it not sound more like common sense and Christian charity to suppose that "handsome is that handsome does?" Would it not be humane and generous to estimate a woman's character rather from her deeds than from the scandal of the vulgar? Would it not be more like English justice to admit of no guilt till it is satisfactorily proved before a court of law? to hold as calumnious and apocryphal every crim. con. which has not been duly registered at doctors' commons? Do we not proceed with equal forbearance at home towards our own countrywomen? Why then not on the continent? Why not towards the women of Italy?

It is not thus, we are obliged to confess, that foreign writers are wont to deal with us. "In no region of the earth," says our fair authoress, "are so many domestic virtues to be met with as are found to adorn the women of England; nowhere is a woman more readily disposed to show her respect and deference towards her husband, or more active and industrious in ministering to his comforts, or promoting his prosperity."

This compliment,—evidently written in the style of Tacitus's golden description of the German tribes, and which we might perhaps have more unscrupulously accepted in the good old ages of the distaffs and spinning wheels,—this compliment the Italians send us in return for the many indignities heaped upon their name by our Morgans, Blessingtons, *et hoc genus omne*, it being the object of every patriotic writer in that country to raise the moral standard at home by descanting even to exaggeration upon the excellent qualities of other nations, whilst we generally seem to have done enough for the improvement of our people when we flatter ourselves that we have satisfactorily proved that we are no worse than our neighbors.

Let then a woman's heart,—exclaims Countess Pepoli at the close of a long chapter on "Friendship, Love and Coquetry,"—let a woman's heart be chaste, and her manners and thoughts be chaste; let her greatest beauty be *il Pudore*, and her greatest ornament *la Verecondia*—we are obliged to quote her original words, regretting that these sweet Latin terms have not been adopted in the English language—for if modesty and ingenuousness are, in any time in any country, the most becoming requisite of our sex, much more are such qualities desirable in the women of Italy, that by their irreprehensible demeanor they may put an end to the unfavorable opinions entertained among foreigners about their character. For who can read without sorrow and anger those books from *oltremonti*, where it is unblushingly asserted that the Italian women are loose to all incontinency, that their life is wasted among dissipations and follies, and their minds bent only on coquetry and intrigue? No doubt there is in all this exaggeration and untruth; but I hope it was reserved for our age to silence slander for ever and restore our fair name altogether.

Nor must we follow the dictates of virtue only because it is conducive to our personal welfare, because it secures the love and respect of our husbands and children and the estimation of all, but also for the sake of our own beloved though unhappy country; which, as long as it produced a race of valiant and generous men, it could also boast of giving



life to the wisest and noblest of women; wherefore if, choosing our models among the most applauded characters of by-gone ages, we in our turn make ourselves patterns of chastity and purity, we shall leave an example which will long survive us and exercise its regenerating influence among future generations.

We say *amen* with all our heart, and since our subject has finally led us back to the work of which it was our business to give some account to our readers, we think we may venture to affirm that the Countess's precepts are amply calculated to operate a most salutary reform on the morals of a country, which, disposed as we may be in its favor, certainly admit of considerable improvement; and we take the warm reception and speedy diffusion of her work—which, in spite of the Papal interdict, has gone through the second and third editions—as an omen of the earnest desire of the Italians for a general reform of their manners and rehabilitation of their name.

Certainly a book that may better answer the purpose of a manual for the easy exercise of all religious and moral duties of woman, in her capacities of wife and mother, that may enter with more minuteness into all the petty details of domestic economy or with more depth and sagacity into all the inmost recesses of a young heart in its earliest development, and yet with less tediousness and prolixity, is not, perhaps, easily to be found in any language. It would not be difficult to perceive, for instance, more profundity of metaphysical thought, more strength of reasoning, more conciseness and pithiness of style in an anonymous recent publication, entitled "Woman's Mission," and more skill in the art of writing, more ease and amenity in Mrs. Ellis's "Women of England;" for not women only but writers of every description in Italy seem to be laboring under a perpetual constraint, as if their rich and beautiful language were no longer sufficient and adequate to the conceptions of their thought, and all write in a sort of contorted, affected, mosaic style, as if the choice and collocation of every word were the result of a long and painful deliberation. From this affectation, laboriousness, and,—if it were not ungallant to use such an expression in reference to a lady's work,—pedantry of style, we cannot say that Countess Pepoli is always perfectly free. Luckily, however, language, in a work of that description, is an object of secondary consideration; and as a manual of practical education, as a guide for training up "wise and amiable women," this volume is calculated to do more good than any of our analogous publications.

And as we confidently recommend it to those of our fair readers, to whom the wanton desire of *murdering* an Italian *cavatina* has given a *smattering* of the "*dolce Idioma*,"

Del bel paese la dove il si suona;

and as we offer up our prayer that the work may be translated into English, we must be permitted to observe, that if such books are written, published, purchased and read, almost exclusively in Italy, whilst our circu-

lating libraries scarcely furnish us with any thing but their vile trash of sickly novels and leprous magazines, literature must indeed have lost all its influence on the progress of society, if we cannot, from such a fact, freely infer that Italy is rising from its moral degradation as fast as we are sinking lower and lower into corruption and vice.

After this, should we boast of the present, admitting even that the balance be now in our favor, with such prospects of the future before us? Shall we console ourselves with the fond notion, that whilst the continental nations theorize on moral virtues, the Briton needs only the guidance of his unerring instinct? Shall we, when we read "Jack Sheppard," and translations from "Paul de Kock," or whilst we applaud the ribaldries at the "Adelphi," console ourselves with our hypocritic "Omnia munda mundis?" Shall we say, with the old man at the Olympian games, that the Athenians can talk plausibly about virtue, but that we, the Lacedemonians, alone practise it? Shall we ever look upon a foreigner without calling him a Frenchman, and suppressing with difficulty our unchristian feelings of dislike, mistrust and inveterate rancor? Shall we say of every Italian that happens not to carry a stiletto, not to be able to sing, and to look up in our face whilst he speaks, that "we could not have thought him an Italian?" Must he take it as a compliment that we declare him to be an exception from the mass of his countrymen, and as an honor that we adopt him as our own countryman? Shall he, when asked what countryman he is, endeavor to remove sinister impressions by giving us the proverbially deprecating answer of the Lucchese show-boys: "In tutto il mondo ci sono dei buoni e dei cattivi. Son di Lucca per servirla?"

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## ARTICLE V.

### NATIONALITY AND COSMOPOLITISM.

A Translation from the Deutsche Vierteljahrs Schrift.

By the Junior Editor.

#### INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THOSE who are familiar with the leading writers of Germany will find no difficulty in detecting the authorship of the following article. The sturdy nationality of its sentiments, the spirit it breathes towards the French, the characteristics of its style,—all point to a name with which our readers are already acquainted. In a former number of this work (No. V. Vol. II. p. 269) we ventured to ascribe the essay on "German Periodicals," which we then published, to the practised and energetic pen of Menzel. To the same writer we are indebted for the present ar-

ticle. A brief sketch of his literary career will be found in the note introductory to the essay to which we have just referred.

The following pages revive a discussion which excited, at the beginning of the present century, universal interest. That a secret society, composed of *Illuminati*, had existed in Germany from 1776 to 1787, that this society, prior to its suppression, had become an object of apprehension to the government and to the uninitiated generally, were facts about which there was no dispute. But the precise character of this organization, the nature of its designs and the extent of its machinations were involved in great uncertainty. In 1797, Prof. Robison published his "Proofs of a Conspiracy against all the Religions and Governments of Europe;"—a work which produced, in spite of its faults of execution, a profound and painful sensation wherever it was read. It was immediately followed by the third and fourth volumes of the Abbé Barruel's "Memoirs illustrating the History of Jacobinism," which reiterated the charges made by Robison against the *Illuminati*, and sustained them with far greater ability. In opposition to these writers, and, indeed, to the general sentiment of Europe, the defence of the *Illuminati* was undertaken by M. Mounier,—“a man,” in the language of Burke, “of talents and of virtue,” and President of the first National Assembly. He admitted that the practices of the *Illuminati* had been illegal and dangerous, and that consequently their suppression was reasonable and just. But he claimed that the *principles* of the association were not particularly objectionable; that those communicated in the lower degrees especially were quite harmless. The revolutionary and anti-Christian designs imputed to the members, he scouted as impracticable and absurd. As to any appreciable influence exerted by them on the French Revolution,—it was unknown to him, though a prominent actor in that great convulsion, and unsupported by proof. It is unnecessary to extend this notice of the various publications which have attempted to elucidate the plans and proceedings of the *Illuminati*. The principal facts bearing upon the discussion are contained in those already mentioned.

In a case of so much conflict of testimony and opinion, it were hardly to be expected that the verdict of the public should be harmonious. Many have yielded their convictions to the evidence adduced by Robison and the Abbé Barruel; others agree entirely with the conclusions of M. Mounier. A third class,—including ourselves,—are in doubt as to the real merits of the question. They believe that the principles and practices of the *Illuminati* were exceedingly corrupt and dangerous; but how far their designs extended, and what was the ultimate purpose of their machinations, they are unable to decide. To persons of this description, if not to others, the opinion of a writer like Menzel cannot be otherwise than welcome. Himself a German, and intimately acquainted with the history of the Germans, he has many facilities for arriving at the truth which are denied to us. Indeed few men are better qualified by previous study and present position to speak on this subject.—JR. ED.

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To the remarks which we propose to make, respecting the controversy which has recently arisen in the domain of philosophy and politics, a historical sketch may serve as an introduction. Our busy age has for-

gotten, it seems, many instructive reminiscences of earlier days; to revive them, therefore, must be appropriate to our circumstances.

In the last century there sprang up, among the so-called philosophers, a wonderful enthusiasm for humanity; but they meant by this term at first only *the people*. The wide difference, the antithesis between these two ideas, they did not perceive. They wished to restore the dignity of man by emancipating the classes which had been previously oppressed, the *tiers état*, *the people proper*, and by abolishing the privileges of the clergy and the aristocracy. They made domestic politics their point of departure; and there they remained at first. They desired the newly constituted governments (in France and North America) to ratify, first of all, the universal rights of man, and then the particular rights of the citizen. This enthusiasm for humanity, therefore, was available only for the people, and it exerted all its influence on domestic policy. Humanity was made prominent, in order that the future governments of the new states might always keep in mind the respect which they owed to men, or to the governed. To the rights of nations, to external affairs, to the political relations of one nation to another, no attention whatever was paid. Those nations which promulgated the universal rights of men (the Americans and the French) had enough to do, in the first instance, at home; they aimed, therefore, only at a reformation of their intestine policy. Least of all did it occur to them to understand by this philanthropic philosophy, *Cosmopolitism*, the melting together of all nations, the destruction of nationalities. The North Americans were so far from this, that in their free republic,—the constitution of which carried the rights of men to their utmost limit,—they retained the slavery of the colored race. The leaders of the party in France, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Voltaire,—each of whom in a different manner roused the minds of men, and prepared the way for a mighty convulsion,—were fiery advocates of humanity; but before every thing else they were Frenchmen, and their national patriotism is indisputable.

It was in Germany that this enthusiasm for universal humanity first received, under the name of *Cosmopolitism*, an entirely new signification; since it was here placed in opposition to patriotism, and the merging of individual nations in universal humanity was advocated. A considerable party in Germany meditated not only the emancipation of the lower classes, the overthrow of the hierarchy, the monarchy and the aristocracy, as in France; but they went much farther, and dreamed of melting all nations and races into one free, equal, unpartitioned humanity. Our passion for system carries all ideas to their utmost consequences; and the circumstances of the age were then so unfavorable to patriotism in Germany, that among those cosmopolites no trace of a national feeling was preserved; and it did not once occur to them to be ashamed of the denial of all the pride which they subsequently learned to recognize in such abundance among the French. In France the passion for freedom was intimately connected with national pride; in Germany, however, it began with a contempt of this feeling. In France, under the ægis of humanity, it fought for the interest and the glory of the nation; in Germany it took



its position without its own nation, against which it even declared war in the name of a purely ideal, universal humanity.

This party was organized in the so-called Association of the Illuminati, which originated in Bavaria,—where it was founded by Weishaupt, after the model of the Society of the Jesuits,—and prevailed extensively in Catholic Southern Germany; but soon, through the agency of the celebrated Baron von Knigge, it spread among the Protestants of Northern Germany. By far the greater part of the atheistic and immoral works, which have been scattered over Germany since 1770, came from the manufactory of the Illuminati. The toleration of Frederic the Great and Joseph II. was of essential service to them. They seized upon literature with great eagerness that they might publish, with more or less disguise, whatever they wished;—thus preparing the minds of men for their sentiments, and opening the way for a mighty renovation of the world. Their principal weapons were witty sneers at religion, a deceptive flexibility, the incitement of the passions and the commendation of their so-called *free morals*. In addition to this they assiduously endeavored to influence appointments in church and state, and also the instruction of schools and high-schools.

They succeeded effectually in their plans at the commencement of 1780, when the Emperor Joseph had his controversy with the Pope. This secret society was exceedingly busy in making use of the disagreement between the church and the state. Its members pressed forward from all sides, and were received into pay as publicists against the papal chair. They published a hundred works, which, under the pretence of praising the hierarchy, were regarded as favoring the design of the association, which was the destruction of Christianity. They were dying through loyalty—these Illuminati—while they were taking the imperial majesty under their wing, in opposition to the assumptions of the high priesthood;—the same Illuminati, who soon after burnt the imperial crown, the sceptre, the escutcheon and the banner of the empire on a funeral pile, and danced, with French *Sans-culottes*, on the soil of Germany around the tree of liberty. Their servility was a mask; and far from doing the Emperor a service, they only betrayed his cause, and contributed not a little to the victory which was gained, not by him, but by the papal party.

While it is true that this German sect borrowed much from France, and flooded our country, in particular, with translations of irreligious and immoral books of the school of Voltaire, they, on their part, exerted an influence upon France. Baron Holbach, a Palatine, established at Paris a large society of French philosophers and poets, which usually met at his house. To them he imparted the German consistency. This soon developed, in connection with the old French frivolity, that new systematic fanaticism, borrowed from Germany, which subsequently became a prominent characteristic of the French revolution. This society,—the so-called Holbach Club,—made the dissemination of atheistic and obscene writings an extensive business; and the Illuminati of Germany and Holbach devoted considerable sums to their preparation. The celebrated *Système de la Nature*, which issued from this club, may serve as an index



to show how far the German passion for system already swayed the levity of the French.

It was natural that these two parties in Germany and France, thus related to each other, should approximate still nearer, and finally coalesce. On the part of the German Illuminati, the French were repelled by no national pride; on the contrary, the German philosophers surrendered themselves to their French brethren with disinterested cosmopolitanism, and were ready to offer their fatherland on the altar of the pretended cause of humanity. Such a disposition would naturally induce the French to establish a good understanding with them, and to employ them as instruments in accomplishing their own ends.

The celebrated Count Mirabeau,—who subsequently played so important a part in the French revolution,—was in Berlin and Brunswick, some years before that event, as a secret agent or spy. At the latter place he was initiated into the system of the Illuminati by Mauvillon; and immediately his plan was formed. By means of the Illuminati, the revolutionary party of France might obtain considerable influence in Germany; while a suitable transfer of the constitution of the Illuminati to the freemasonry of France would communicate to that imperfectly organized association a firmness and strength, which had been hitherto wanting. Just at this epoch the Illuminati were discovered in Germany; and, being persecuted at home, they looked to France as their refuge, and threw themselves with alacrity into the arms of the French. From two different points were they assailed. The Emperor Joseph II. no longer protected them; their mask was torn away. Their association in Bavaria had been detected, and a part of their secret papers had been seized and made public. All the members were obliged to flee from the kingdom. In addition to this the voice of the moderate and conservative freemasons in Northern Germany was raised against them. Indignant that freemasonry should have been abused by the Illuminati, the great congress of German freemasons at Wilhelmsbad declared itself unequivocally against them; and the lodge at the Three Globes of Berlin expelled from their ranks every one who belonged to the Illuminati. Nicolai, the famous bookseller of Berlin, who had been a zealous member of the association, now publicly denied that he had been such. In these circumstances the new alliance of the Illuminati with the French was very opportune.

The third Grand Master of the Illuminati, Bode of Weimar, (Weisshaupt and von Knigge had withdrawn,) and his Pylades, the Dutch Colonel von Busche, betook themselves to Paris as plenipotentiaries extraordinary, in order, as was said, to *illuminate* France. In one of the central lodges of French masonry, the system of the German Illuminati was developed;—the abrogation of Christianity, the abolition of kings and the aristocracy, the restoration of perfect freedom and equality in a universal republic, the establishment of a new religion which should recognize no other god than human reason, and no other worship than the worship of nature, in the fullest enjoyment of all her bounties. Such a system must necessarily inflame the passions of the revolutionary party in France,—which was concealed as yet in secret associations, without hav-

ing made any overt demonstration,—and particularly flatter the lower classes, of whose aid they wished to avail themselves. In addition to this the constitution of the society of the Illuminati was so compulsory upon its members, so circumspect in reference to the uninitiated and the newly received, that it must at once have made sure of the French who were drawn into the secret.

Illuminatism was immediately engrafted on French masonry, and imparted, in the form of higher degrees, to all who were supposed to be worthy of confidence. The Grand Master of French masonry at that time was the well known Duke of Orleans, Egalité, the father of the present king of the French. Having fallen out with the court, he surrendered himself to the revolutionary party, hoping by their assistance to obtain the crown, while in reality he was only the tool of the republicans. By him the plans of Mirabeau were carried into execution; and soon the “illuminated” French stepped forth, under the name of Jacobins, a formidable power.

It is self-evident that Illuminatism could never have played so important a part, if other causes had not been preparing a great political revolution in France. Those who look for the reason of the Revolution in the philosophy of the eighteenth century are mistaken. It was not philosophy but necessity that roused the people. The French Revolution was not produced by Voltaire, Rousseau, Condorcet, Holbach, but by Lewis XV., the Marchioness de Pompadour, the Countess du Barry, by bad ministers, and those lamentable mistakes of the court and aristocracy which issued in the national bankruptcy. Philosophy found the fire already kindled, and merely poured on the oil. It eagerly availed itself of the favorable opportunity to secure a foothold amid the general anarchy, which it could not have gained under the old order of things. It intended to use the Revolution for its own ends; but it became, nevertheless, only an instrument to bring about that event.

Among the many Germans who went to Paris, and threw themselves into the whirlpool of the revolution,—to develop, with the help of the French Jacobins, the idea of the Illuminati, and to extend the universal republic over the whole earth,—no one was so active and consistent as the Prussian Baron Cloots; who was forthwith chosen into the National Convention, and became the strongest pillar of the party of the Illuminati. The Revolution had no sooner broken out than its national character was disclosed. The interest of France so effectually monopolized all sympathy, that men had scarcely time to connect with it the idea of a general emancipation of humanity. Meanwhile the French permitted the German enthusiasts, who had been such faithful auxiliaries from the first, to have their own way; and policy required, as soon as all the kings rose against the new republic, that they should be threatened with a revolution of all nations, and that a good understanding should be maintained with the disaffected of all countries, especially with the German Illuminati.

In consequence of this friendly intercourse, the Illuminati remaining in Germany, who were connected with the revolutionary party, performed a most important service, when the French army first advanced upon the

Rhine. A secret circular required the whole order in Germany to assist the French; and it is well known with what alacrity the Illuminati in Mentz obeyed the summons. In a few hours they delivered the place, the strongest bulwark of the Empire, to the French. 'These are good brethren,' it was thought in Paris; and the National Convention sent patents of honorary citizenship, in the name of the French republic, to all the German *notabilités* whom they wished to reward or to gain.

But this good understanding between our Illuminati and the French National Convention was of short duration. The Germans were not willing to become the tools of a French national policy; they desired to liberate humanity in general, and the French must have no pre-eminence. Their philosophy aimed at cosmopolitism, a universal republic, in which no nation should have the ascendancy, nor even be distinguished from the rest. After the betrayal of Mentz their great importance was acknowledged, and their influence at Paris became more commanding. Gobel had risen to be the first ecclesiastic of the capital, and consequently of the kingdom; and as such he had solemnly abjured the Christian religion, and substituted in its place that of the Illuminati. Cloots was President of the Jacobin club at Paris, and consequently of all the clubs in France; and he wished to complete the introduction of the system of the Illuminati. He openly proposed to abolish national distinctions. There should be Frenchmen no longer; there should be only men.

Cloots desired nothing else than what the Illuminati had always wished, and what had been conceded at Paris before and at the commencement of the Revolution,—the equality of all men, the abrogation of all distinctions between nations as well as classes. It was a legitimate consequence, therefore, as Cloots publicly proposed, to prohibit every Frenchman from styling himself *François* thenceforward, and on the contrary to give the name *universel* to every citizen of the new republic,—which was destined to spread in all directions and finally embrace the whole earth. He had renounced without reservation his German fatherland and his German name. Philosophy had demanded this sacrifice at his hands; and the same philosophy now prevailed in France. Why then should he not require the French to renounce their narrow-hearted prejudices? He did require it, and the consequence was that an immediate and terrible reaction of the French national pride and national interest annihilated the influence of German Illuminatism; and brought all the Germans, who were compromised by it, under the knife of the guillotine.

The poor philosopher who had sacrificed with such extreme disinterestedness every thing to an idea, who had disowned his country, his rank, his nativity, who had surrendered his wealth and renounced his habits of ease and luxury, who had fraternized with dirty, half naked *prolétaires*, must experience the ingratitude of having the very men, for whom he had done all this, not only take away his life, but traduce his memory! They beheaded him and his German friends as worthless foreigners, as spies of the German powers and of the English. They reproached them with having disgraced the Revolution by intentional excesses, thus injuring the cause of all good Frenchmen.

But an apology may be offered for the French, in relation to this physical and moral judicial murder of the philosophical martyrs which Germany sent to them. They were so fortunate as to be still living in a state of philosophical innocence. National pride and patriotism were so thoroughly mixed with their blood, that they could not reason themselves away from them, like the Germans. They could readily appreciate the noble spirit which sacrifices every thing for one's own country; but this surrender of the Germans to a foreign nation they could not comprehend; and because they could not comprehend it, they ascribed it to dishonest motives. Who was right?

Events rushed by these questions of right, which were interesting only to a few philosophers. The energy of nature was greater than that of philosophy. Nature had made Frenchmen to be Frenchmen, and such they now proved themselves; they gave themselves no further concern about their German brethren, whose aid had ceased to be indispensable. They shook off all the trumpery of Illuminatism, which the Germans had been urging on them for several years. Atheism was abjured, and their discarded God restored; cosmopolitism was also renounced, the claims of universal humanity were postponed, and the nation stood again in the foreground.

To the terror and amazement of all cosmopolites and enthusiasts for humanity, the Revolution,—which was expected to issue in the triumph of cosmopolitism,—eventuated in the ascendancy of the opposite principle. Soon it ceased to be said: "All for liberty;" it was only: "All for the nation." The French relinquished the freedom, which they had recently purchased at the price of so much blood, for the glory of the nation. Far from carrying emancipation and equality to all nations, and melting all into one universal republic, in the consciousness of their superiority as *the great nation*, and with the purest selfishness, they placed themselves in direct hostility to every other people.

So great a mortification philosophy could not endure. Cosmopolitism, reduced *ad absurdum*, disappeared in France and everywhere else. The aggressions of the French upon Europe produced a reaction of the same principle which actuated them. Against their nationality were arrayed the nationalities of all Europe, now roused from their previous slumber, alarmed and deeply aggrieved, soon emboldened however, and finally burning for revenge.

It was thus that the old Illuminatism and cosmopolitism, at the beginning of the present century, vanished from the theatre of the world's history. The Illuminati, having lost their zeal, had generally become the humble servants of Napoleon's despotism, as being alike suited to the immorality, which they had all along taught and practised, and to their anti-patriotic degeneracy. But a spirit of an entirely different sort took possession of the noble of all nations, and appropriated to itself also the susceptibilities of the young. In respect to the true interests of the nation, men were not enlightened everywhere, least of all in Germany, for they were strangers in their own fatherland. Artificially divided interests, and a foreign civilization had introduced this almost childlike ignorance



of their own domestic concerns. But their want of knowledge was supplied by feeling and ambition.

During the era of Napoleon, the entire literature of Germany did not afford a single work, which exhibited a distinct and full perception of our interests, with a national policy accompanied by thorough knowledge. Southwestern Germany formed an alliance with France; Austria and Prussia pursued, till near the close of the dynasty of Napoleon, a separate policy,—which very rarely moreover appealed to the public. The most intelligent and skilful statesmen were destitute of patriotism; the best patriots were no statesmen. The censorship of Napoleon did the rest. Only a very few pamphlets sent forth a patriotic cry,—those, for example, which conducted to the honors of martyrdom. Little, however, as the German people were instructed by patriotic political writings in respect to their interests and their national honor, the latter was nevertheless vigorously assailed. They had an enemy, a foreign oppressor, on their soil. They were robbed, insulted, deeply injured in all their public and private interests. They heard this enemy, however, constantly boasting of his nationality. This must remind them at length of their own.

Literature also, at least indirectly, kindled the national feeling. In the department of poetry, the German mind had luckily emancipated itself at the close of the preceding century, from the influence of the barely intelligible, and studied French classic style. Great poets had arisen. Of their number, Schiller in particular had imparted new life to the German people and the German youth. These old poets adhered more or less closely to cosmopolitism; but they were still the pride of their nation, and developed the personal consciousness of the Germans in opposition to other nations. If we look at our great poets from this position, we shall often meet with contradictory appearances. Schiller writes to his friend Körner very much in the style of the Illuminati, and in the very words which the anti-patriotic young school of our day employs: "It is a miserable, pitiful ideal to write for one nation. To a philosophical spirit, these restrictions are altogether insupportable; they cannot abide with a form of humanity so changeable, fortuitous and capricious, with a mere fragment,—and what more is the mightiest nation?" And yet it was this same Schiller, who, as is well known, "called every nation contemptible that gladly stakes not every thing on its honor." And this Körner, to whom Schiller wrote, was the father of the celebrated Theodore Körner, who drew his inspiration pre-eminently from Schiller, and, seizing his lyre and his sword, died for his country, distinguished alike as a poet and a hero. Striking as are these contradictions, they were not then perceived. From this example we see how hazardous it is for parties to appeal to passages of the poets of that by-gone period. The dispute between cosmopolitism and patriotism was not clearly apprehended by these great men. The generation which immediately followed them,—the so-called romantic school,—understood it better. That which particularly characterized this new school, was not so much the romantic, the medieval, the traditional, the chivalrous, the catholic, as the national, as the revival of all the great historical reminiscences of our people. At any



rate, it was by means of the last that they obtained a strong hold upon their epoch. They gave utterance to the innermost feelings of the people. They furnished nutriment to the deeply wounded pride of the nation, by exciting recollections of the greatness, the power and the glory of their fathers. They roused from despondency by pointing back to the old popular heroes, and to their struggles for liberty. They opposed the prevalence of French fashions, by a revival of the old modes and customs. They resisted the frivolity of the era of Napoleon, by commending the old German modesty and virtue. The learned sustained the patriotic exertions of the poets. They ransacked libraries, and rescued the old national poems from the dust. They inspired the studious youth with a love for such patriotic investigations; and quietly prepared the way for a reaction, before there was any hope that external political relations would favor it.

In proportion as the politics of Austria and Prussia became harmonious, and both perceived that their deliverance depended only on a general rising of the German nation, the efforts, which the poets and scholars had already commenced, were encouraged at Vienna and Berlin. The beneficial changes in the internal policy of the Prussian states accorded well with this tendency to nationality; these showed that the principle of nationality would be more fruitful of domestic improvement than the principle of cosmopolitism, which was not in a condition to effect similar seasonable reforms. The national patriotism, roused by adversity, found a response in all classes of the nation; whilst the old Illuminatism was only an affair of scholars and the educated, to which the German people had always been strangers.

The Austrian proclamation of 1809, the Tyrolese insurrection, and the attempts of Schill and the Duke of Brunswick disclosed more unequivocally what had been effected in the German nation. Napoleon, although then victorious, did not by any means infer that the threatening movement was effectually arrested. He endeavored, therefore, to make provision against a new explosion of the national indignation, which he dreaded far more than that of the Spaniards. To Austria he became allied by marriage, and Prussia he tried to outflank and annihilate by the Russian campaign. If he had become the master of Russia, the reaction in Germany would have been long delayed. He was defeated, however, and Germany threw off the yoke.

This patriotic enthusiasm went hand in hand with religious enthusiasm. Indeed German patriotism, being deeply rooted in the soul, has always, when truly developed, something religious about it. But now there was a reaction likewise against French impiety, which was not so much a remnant of the revolutionary period, as the offspring of the all-demoralizing despotism of Napoleon. The deliverance of Europe from the tyranny of the world's conqueror was attended, moreover, by circumstances so extraordinary, that men ascribed it, with reason, not solely to the weapons of the nation, but also to the interposition of divine Providence. Thus the principle of national Christianity became decidedly predominant,—the direct opposite of that atheistic cosmopolitism which the old Illuminati had advocated.

It would lead us too far to contrast the hopes which our patriots then cherished respecting the regeneration of Germany, with what has been actually achieved. The history of Germany, moreover, since the great campaign, is too well known to cotemporaries to make it necessary for us to recall it to their remembrance, as we have done in relation to the earlier, and comparatively forgotten period. Although some expectations have not been realized; although, for example, Strasburg, a French fortress on the soil and territory of Germany, in the midst of a German population, preserves an offensive position against this country; although the navigation of the Rhine is not free, and our trade and manufactures are still tributary to the Dutch and English, and a German navigation act is not even remotely contemplated; although the states composing the interior of Germany are closed against each other, and the old-fashioned free will has reappeared in Hesse and Brunswick; although Russia has gained a disproportionate influence in our affairs;—still these things can neither efface from history the fact of the great union of all Germany in 1813, nor annihilate the idea for which we then contended. Good feeling was generally prevalent, actuating alike the high and the low. A just weighing of circumstances, a thoughtful securing of the future, and a comprehensive intelligence,—these alone were wanting. The *corpus Germanie* has always been a very complex organism. After so many concussions, therefore, the best reconstruction was not immediately to be expected. Patriotism should not be hasty and disorderly, but patient and temperate. Holding fast the idea of nationality, it should employ, with true German discretion, our long peace,—which, compared with earlier times, notwithstanding many inconveniences, has been exceedingly fortunate and propitious,—in filling up the loopholes of our sagacity. Since the feeling of the nation has exerted itself so energetically in times of necessity, the understanding of the nation should develop itself in times of repose. Although the fulfilment of many reasonable hopes has been postponed, even this delay was necessary to open the eyes of patriotism to many delusions, and to cast many foolish longings into oblivion. Enthusiasts have manifestly compromised themselves by the haste with which they have sought to smooth and polish German multiformity, and, regardless alike of nature and of history, to carry out a system of unity in accordance with fancies which are sometimes exceedingly partial and contracted.

The Germans were so much the rather called upon to inform themselves, in this time of peace, respecting their national interests, and particularly,—as the nations around us have been very careful to protect themselves,—respecting the defence of these interests against foreign influences. The principle of nationality has taken root everywhere. Not only does it still live in Poland; it has even become active in Italy. It is rousing the Greeks,—a nation which has been dead for centuries,—and it is also arresting attention in Hungary. But more than all do the French burn for the recovery of their national honor, and for the respect of the tri-colored flag. This disposition of our neighbors has a bearing on our national interests; and indifference to these interests, still more contempt

of them, on the part of reflecting men, cannot be otherwise than ill-timed and inappropriate.

But this indifference and this contempt have actually existed. In the very state which has more cultivation than any other, and from which the great upheaving of 1813 proceeded, a philosophy has arisen that repels patriotism, as it were magnetically, and is calling back to life that cosmopolitism which has been forgotten for a whole generation. Having insinuated itself imperceptibly, it was at once followed by all the opinions and tendencies of the epoch of the Illuminati,—a reaction that constantly spread wider and wider. Patriotism was supplanted by cosmopolitism; the Christian sentiment, by a decisive anti-Christian tendency; good morals, by a new frivolity. Suddenly and unexpectedly every thing which had been experienced at the end of the previous century, was acted over again; and the accordance of the tendencies of that period with those of the present day is indeed surprising. The left side of the Hegel school has introduced into German literature, and the heads of our young students, the whole of the old system of the Illuminati. It has proclaimed a new war upon Christianity, with more confidence and hope than ever. It has arrogantly predicted its future triumph; it has announced the close of the era of Christianity; and the pretended discoveries of Dr. Strauss,—which, without containing any thing new, are placed by the side of the discoveries of Copernicus and Guttenberg,—have already drawn the government of one state (Zürich) into this delusion. This party, like the old Illuminati, have unequivocally denied the existence of a God out of and above us, advocating at the same time an absolute freedom of man, and his identity with the Godhead. The deified humanity of Hegel, the free community of the spirit are nothing else than *le peuple-Dieu* of Baron Cloots. With this deification of humanity, and altogether in the same style, cosmopolitism is proclaimed again in direct and coarse antagonism to patriotism. Nationality is characterized as illiberality; patriotism, as a lower passion, a brutish impulse of the blood. A melting down of all national distinctions is anticipated; and national literature must be merged in a literature of the world.

And now too, as in the time of the old Illuminati, coupled with an irreligious literature which is designed expressly to eradicate Christianity, there is also an immoral literature, which endeavors to seduce by voluptuous representations, and proclaims the unrestrained indulgence of the passions. This was confessedly one of the mightiest levers of the party of Voltaire and Holbach in France, and of the Illuminati in Germany; and just as our country was flooded by the immoral writings of the French classic school, is it now overrun by those of the romantic school. The *rehabilitation* of the flesh, so much talked about within the last few years, is nothing new. The same thing was advocated by hundreds of works in the last century.

On the other hand the young radicals, who have made the disturbance at Frankfort, and sent forth stupid pamphlets from Paris, Strasburg and Switzerland, have fallen into all the illusions which prevailed among the Illuminati of Mentz. They have desired an unconditional annexation to

France. German patriotism, they say, should be simply the instrument of stable principle. National jealousies are artificially nourished ; and hence it is that the nations do not unite in a common and successful struggle for liberty. Among all the nations, the French alone are worthy to plant the banner of European freedom, and conquer under it. With them, therefore, we must unite ; and with French cannon must we subdue our fatherland. These principles of young Europe, any one sees, are precisely the same as those which the old Cosmopolites held, and on which the alliance between the German Illuminati and the French Jacobins, already mentioned, was built.

The return of all these old things is but little suited, we repeat, to the real wants of our country in its present condition. It would be far better for our national interests, if German philosophy and politics were unincumbered with these old-fashioned notions. One can allow himself to be pleased with *renaissance* and *rococo* at the coffee-house ; but when introduced into philosophy and politics, they have something suspicious. At a period of the world's history, in which no nation is so loudly summoned to inform itself as to its interest in the great European conflict as the Germans, it appears preposterous in the highest degree, that, in the very heart of Germany, the principle of nationality should be either unknown to science, or openly assailed by it, and patriotic feeling scorned and derided.

The new Illuminati who have unconsciously, and yet with such startling consistency, struck into all the paths of their predecessors, are really exerting a powerful influence on the present time. Their doctrines have gained the ascendancy in the chairs of philosophy, and for these doctrines all the educated youth of Germany are wooed. The new generation is to be trained exclusively in this creed. On the other hand, French sympathies are more and more cherished. If peace shall continue, it is conceivable, and even probable, that Germany will again *sweat off* this new Illuminatism without serious difficulty. But should events, having a direct bearing on the weal or wo of our country, hereafter occur, it certainly cannot be a matter of indifference, how men of education and scholarship, especially the younger generation, shall stand affected ; and a disposition, so utterly averse to patriotism as was that of the epoch of the old Illuminati, might be as prejudicial as that was to our fatherland. And hence it may not be superfluous to remind our new Illuminati, that what they are now dreaming, has been all dreamed over once before ; and that the idea to which they are now clinging with so much tenacity, has already issued in a miserable bankruptcy.

We have already remarked that the cosmopolitism, which the French held up to view during their great Revolution, was only a mask behind which they concealed their national politics. The same is true at the present day. That young Europe,—which has established itself at Paris, and is courting proselytes in all the countries of Europe,—is only a tool of young France ; and this young France is far from aiming at the emancipation of all nations, or of humanity ; but she burns only with a desire to carry again her national power and glory to the elevation, to which



they were raised under Napoleon. The Germans, Italians and Poles, who are caught in this net,—what are they but poor flies? What a delusion,—for Germans especially!—to permit themselves to be so deceived as to promote that foreign national policy, forgetting entirely their own!

The true history of Illuminatism, and its relation to the Jacobins of France,—with which we have preceded our remarks,—relieves us of the labor of pointing out the emptiness of all the hopes, which have been recently built on an alliance between the German *Friends of Light and Freedom* and the French. If the French of the present day are pleased with the good-will of our German enthusiasts, if they encourage them by their *propaganda*, they do it, as did the earlier French, only for their own advantage, only to stretch out once more their hands over Europe, and, in some lucky contingency, to reconquer the left bank of the Rhine. But if any one should venture a request that they would not act with a sole reference to their national interests, but care also for the freedom of other nations, they would take it as much amiss as they formerly did. If we suppose the Revolution of 1830 to have been as extensive as that of 1789, that Frankfort were played into the hands of the French in 1833, by German traitors, as was Mentz in 1792, the only reward,—if some German fugitive, like Dr. Wirth, should wish to place the interests of Germany on an equality with those of France (as he actually did at Hambach), or, like Cloots, should postpone the national politics of France to the objects of cosmopolitism,—would be the guillotine. All who are now infected with the Gallomania may see themselves mirrored in the history of 1793.

We hear it often said that the French of the present day are unlike their fathers; that they desire nothing but an intimate union with the Germans, for the sake of overmastering, by a joint effort, the colossus of the North. They would love us as brethren, and respect our rights. And there are some sentimental *Friends of Light and Freedom* in Germany, who suffer themselves to be affected by this sort of flattery. The truth is, that France will endeavor to prevent the development of the germs which lie buried in Germany at whatever price. She never can be for us; her greatness depends on our weakness and divisions. She still covets the left bank of the Rhine, without being able as yet to wrest it from us. This she can only effect when the favorable opportunity shall present itself, by a renewal of the policy of Erfurt, the French-Russian alliance of 1808. We have no need of prophecy,—we want nothing but history, a simple knowledge of the nations, their permanent interests and their natural dispositions,—to see what lies in the lap of the future, and what sooner or later must inevitably come forth. And in such a contingency, some dream of a philo-Germanic anti-Russian policy of France! Verily, their delusion is wonderful!

If the Germans have occasion to imitate, or to appropriate to themselves any thing which belongs to the French, it is simply their patriotism. All Frenchmen, into whatever parties they may be divided in respect to their domestic policy, are perfectly united in respect to their foreign policy. They are agreed in maintaining their national independence, in seeing no French village in the hands of strangers, in having their nation respected

abroad, in preserving and extending their national renown. These characteristics of our neighbors are worthy of imitation.

It is with honest pride that France looks back upon all that she has done during the last fifty years to preserve her external independence. Her patriots are decorated with imperishable laurels; almost all her princes, statesmen, generals, philosophers and poets,—whatever else may be said against them,—almost all serve their country with their talents, and this they do with their virtues not only, but with their vices even; almost all are emulous to make their nation great and independent. On the long aberrations of her domestic policy, France looks back with sorrow. Her most intelligent patriots deeply lament the religious declension, and the open immorality which have introduced into all branches of the government, and into private life itself, a pernicious and abiding derangement. In this particular they envy the English and the Germans; among whom the virtues of peace have not yet disappeared.

If France is ever to become our pattern, what has she that is worthy of imitation? Assuredly it is her noble patriotism,—which embraces all parties, and is constantly harnessed against all the world,—and not her domestic demoralization. But our modern Illuminati would transfer, not the former, but the latter to Germany. So far from making us patriots, such as the French are, they have sworn a deadly hostility to patriotism; and they fight it with a persistency which amounts almost to insanity. But the domestic evils with which France is cursed, and which are bitterly lamented by all good Frenchmen,—her infidelity and immorality, her hatred of Christianity and her religion of egoism,—these they would inflict upon us! Is not the effort preposterous in the extreme?

The very things which they would take from us have hitherto been the greatest honor of the Germans,—that love of pure morality, and that deep-seated religiousness which characterize the entire German race. It was by means of these virtues that Europe, reduced to putrescence under the domination of the Romans, was restored to a vigorous life. It has been by means of these virtues that the German people have lived through every storm hitherto; and, when they seemed upon the brink of destruction, have renewed their youth. On account of these virtues has it been that the Roman nations have always envied us; and of them the French of the present day speak with as much respect as did the ancient Gauls and Romans. And is it imagined that the schemes of universal humanity are to be advanced by destroying, in the name of cosmopolitanism, those old national virtues, which were the germ of European civilization, and of whatever is truly noble in modern humanity? Our good constitution will bid defiance to this new temptation, as it has done to all which have preceded it. But why must we be subjected to the trial? It is a miserable preparation for a crop, and certainly no suitable training of the young for what is before them. Europe has not yet passed beyond the period of crises and convulsions. Germany therefore must hold herself ready. First of all, she should develop her practical understanding; she should look keenly around on the present; she should learn to estimate aright her external relations, her dangers, her advantages, her capacities, and not sur-

render herself to vain and profitless phantasies. She should strengthen her sinews by patriotism, not relax them by unmeaning reveries.

There are two classes of honest and right-thinking men in Germany, who, from misapprehension alone, have fallen in with these philosophical teachers of error. Some believe that in this way a beneficial movement and a tendency to freedom will be preserved, and stagnation prevented. Others suppose that the spiritual life will be advanced in opposition to the coarseness and vulgarity of material interests. Both are deceived.

Freedom without national independence is a nonentity. Among large states the freedom of the small states needs a guaranty. The freedom of the cosmopolite can exist only in favorable circumstances; it is an exception, as in the case of the unsettled wanderer and of the philosophical hermit. That nation can only possess true political freedom, which, being sufficiently large, is united internally and independent externally. An effort for freedom, which looks away from nationality, which does not and will not recognize patriotism, is directly hostile to it, is altogether misdirected. However noble and disinterested in itself enthusiasm for a principle may be, it is unfortunate, when, without knowing what it does, combining with the enemies of the nation, it destroys the germ of patriotism,—the only thing which is prolific and hopeful. The man who supposes that he may sell his country for the sake of liberty, is like the gambler who shaves himself bare, and then sells his hair—to win a comb!

Men are accustomed to commend philosophy,—by which term we now understand that of Hegel exclusively,—because of the protection it affords to our spiritual interests, our higher scientific cultivation, against the barbarism which threatens to rush upon us in the train of material interests. In the mean time it is a striking fact, that the young poets, who complain of the tyranny of the spiritual principle in Christianity, and are endeavoring to deliver the flesh from its long captivity, are neither assailed, nor disowned by the young Hegel school; but, on the contrary, are taken under its wing, and treated as good allies. But grant that this philosophy would conduct the spiritual principle of life to victory. The inquiry must arise: "Of what use is its admission into a soul which renounces all the conditions of nature and history?" The new philosophy has created for itself an absolute spirit, a mere logical abstraction; which, first of all, has either no connection with the mind, or makes war upon it, or throws it away as a lost form, in order to employ in its stead a very suitable artistic image; which further renounces Christianity,—whose development in the history of the world it treats as closed, superseded, dead; which, finally, will not only discard the natural bond which holds together the members of a nation, but destroys national distinction, and establishes a community of cosmopolites, a community of the pretended *free spirit*.

Can a philosophy, which deprives the Germans of their minds, which robs them of Christianity,—that richest of spiritual blessings,—still more, that will not own them as a nation;—can such a philosophy be of any practical use to us? Indeed, as opposed to it,—assailing as it does our spiritual interests in such a way as to annihilate the most precious of our spiritual possessions,—as opposed to such a philosophy, the ordinary endeavor

ors to promote material interests are to be rated immeasurably high, even though we admit that the effort is attended with some neglect of the spiritual. The man who advances the welfare, the physical and economical prosperity of the nation, really accomplishes more without philosophy, than philosophy herself. That philosophy is of little value, from which the nation can derive no wisdom, no counsel, no elucidation of its interests, no guiding idea for its practical business. It stands in the air, a dead scholasticism, sundered from the life of the people, foreign and hostile to all our general interests. If it exert any influence on the people, it is only to estrange them from themselves, to rob them of their inborn propensities and virtues, to poison the youth, and to subserve that foreign policy which is always ready to take advantage of our self-forgetfulness. The Grecian philosophy, the mother of all later philosophers, cannot be accused of any such hostility to national interests. She was merely the loftiest inspiration of nationality. She never ceased to instruct the nation respecting itself, and to encourage it to preserve and augment its beautiful inheritance. Why has our philosophy broken asunder the ligaments which should bind it to the nation?

An incomplete national philosophy,—somewhat in the sense that the Mosaic economy was an incomplete national theology,—no reasonable man in our day will desire; but the most comprehensive philosophy must recognize, not only all nationalities, but also, before every other, our own. If philosophy obtains the clearest and profoundest insight into all earthly things, and ventures to arrogate to herself the highest legislation, still must she concede, and oblige others to concede, the importance and value of nationality. She must sanction the most natural, the purest, the noblest feeling that lives in the people, and the act by which it is expressed.

But to reject the idea of cosmopolitanism, and the disposition in which it is rooted, unconditionally, would be wrong. It is not only a Christian sentiment,—for the Christian religion commands us to look upon all men as the children of God, and as our brethren,—it is also, in a certain sense, a national sentiment; and the Germans have always been ready to acknowledge the excellencies of other nations,—indeed they are remarkable for an inborn feeling of approbation, which has been too seldom found elsewhere. To endeavor to eradicate so beautiful and noble a trait of our character were barbarous, and, indeed, impossible. But it is no less improper to restore the phantom of universal humanity, and destroy nationality in defiance of nature and history. Experience has shown that when a nation has become sufficiently magnanimous to sacrifice itself to this phantom, it is only for the good of some other nation less magnanimous, and indeed altogether selfish, which seizes the occasion to promote its own advantage, but never that of abstract universal humanity,—a thing which never has existed, and never will exist. Hence the importance of assigning to the efforts of cosmopolitanism their natural boundary, and of pointing out the road on which it can pursue a worthy end, and one that will be useful to humanity.

This end is the reciprocal respect of nations, their mutual co-operation in the advancement of material and intellectual culture, an intelligent con-



federacy of nations, but not a merging of them in universal humanity, with a destruction of all their peculiarities. Men are divided into nations according to their origin, their position, the climate which they inhabit, their language and intellectual development;—for nature herself has stamped upon them a distinguishing impress. Each contributes something from its peculiarities to the modification of the whole, which no other could have furnished. They supply one another's deficiencies. And they are so firmly rooted in nature and history, that to make them uniform were altogether impossible. If it could ever occur, it would be only by the victory of one imperfect nationality over all the rest; as the old Roman and the Chinese have vainly attempted. But this would not be the victory of cosmopolitism; on the contrary, it would only be the victory of nationality,—of one over all besides.

Genuine cosmopolitism,—for which the purest and noblest spirits have been enthusiastic,—can be secured, neither by the destruction of all nationalities, nor by the dictation of a single power; but only by the harmonious agreement of different states, by their respecting each other, and abstaining from all interference with each other. It is only when every nation fulfils its appropriate destiny, and exhibits in its sphere one phasis of humanity,—at the same time offering no hinderance to other nations in their development, but affectionately helping them forward,—that it promotes the aim of the whole.

As nations have duties to discharge towards one another, so have they duties to perform towards themselves. On the latter we lay the greater stress, as they have been so often, particularly in later times, misapprehended.

If Germany is to pay interest to humanity, we must make sure, in the first place, of the capital. History shows us that the service, which we have performed for humanity, has always been in proportion to our ability. What would have come down to us from the old world, had it not been regenerated by German blood, and German virtues? How happy has been the influence of Germany on Europe, whenever it has been sufficiently powerful! And even in other parts of the world, this blessing is repeated. All Roman colonies have been unsuccessful; those of France have regularly failed; those of Spain and Portugal still linger amid successive alternations of lethargy and anarchical convulsions. It is only where German blood predominates,—in North America, the East Indies, the Cape, New Holland,—that every thing moves forward prosperously. We ourselves, in the old fatherland,—amid terrific and ruinous contests, under a foreign dynasty, politically and ecclesiastically rent asunder,—have still preserved our peculiar advantages, and nursed the germ of good, as no other nation, which has encountered such storms, has ever done. Germany, since the Reformation, has suffered more from partitions, from foreign invasions, from frequent and protracted wars, than Italy, France and Spain during the same period; and yet, through the industry and morality of her citizens, she has always recovered; and now she has attained to a degree of prosperity, which will be sought in vain in Roman countries. Let any one call to mind all that has swept over little Saxony. Long

ago would it have become a desert, like Calabria, had not German persistency cast the fresh young seed into the bloody furrows of war. All that the hierarchy, despotism, the most destructive internal dissensions, the loss of large provinces, the domination of foreign princes and nations, the miseries of unceasing wars, restrictions upon commerce, the stagnation of all the juices of life can do to ruin a people;—all these may be found among us. And yet we are not ruined; but from beneath, out of an industrious and moral domestic life, an ever fresh energy has emanated to replace the withered top, and at every possible point, like a young forest among the old stumps, has sprung up, luxuriant and healthful.

When a nation, after passing through the severest trials for three hundred years, maintains such a vigorous life, it would seem to be entitled to an important position in the circle of nations, and to have a conservative significance in the history of humanity. What this people would have been, if it had lived through three centuries of prosperity, instead of adversity, can be imagined. There can be no doubt, however, that our misfortunes are owing, in a great measure, to our ignorance of ourselves, our misapprehension and neglect of our true interests,—in a word to the fact, that, surrendering our nationality, we have combined with strangers to tear in pieces our own fatherland. If now the Germans, amid all the illusions of their party leaders, completely despoiled of all national understanding during a whole century, have still, by means of their native excellencies of character, succeeded in keeping the position which they now occupy,—even this should teach us at least the value, and the deep significance of their nationality, and restore us to that self-consciousness, which we have been so long without, and from which, if once developed, blessings must accrue to us, as numerous as the evils which its loss has inflicted for three centuries.

It is strange that the recognition of nationality should be so difficult for the Germans, inasmuch as they honor other states, chiefly on account of their national pride. If the French place their nationality above every other, it is regarded in Germany as something perfectly natural; nay, it is commended and admired. On every occasion, the French repeat that the left bank of the Rhine must be theirs, the Rhine is the natural boundary of France. This is received in Germany as something which is quite natural to the French. But if it should once be said among us, that Elsass belongs to Germany, that the Vosges are the natural boundary of Germany, this would be received with disapprobation, not only in France, but at home. The most extravagant pretensions of our neighbors, and all the vagaries of their national vanity are commended by numberless German writers and journalists; all their phrases are applauded, and transferred to our literature. If a German, however, defends, in the most temperate manner, a minimum of our rights, if he timidly lifts his voice against foreign aggression, every body exclaims against this old-fashioned patriotism, this pitiful affectation, these contracted views which are behind the age. If the French look after their interests in Belgium, it is approved in Germany and published in a hundred journals, and men rub their hands for joy. But if any German direct his attention to our interests in Bel-

gium, it is either not understood, or maliciously overlooked; for our journalism appears to have taken its cue from the French, and, regardless of all history and nature, it is assumed that old German Flanders has hitherto been French, and of necessity belongs, directly or indirectly, to France. Hence men have naturally discovered that the Dutch have been declaiming against the French; but they have forgotten what Belgians with German sympathies, and Germans with Belgian sympathies have written against France from the stand-point of German nationality. We adduce these examples from our own times, because they are peculiarly striking.

Such a disposition in the German press leaves us but little hope of realizing the wish already expressed. Our national understanding appears to be willing to acquiesce in an adjournment to a distant day. But if we cannot charm it back, we may at least bewail its absence, and occasionally remember the urgency of our wants.

We will not dwell on the benefits which Germany might secure, were she to regain her complete national understanding; for we do not like to leap over actual occurrences, to console ourselves with dreams. We are satisfied with looking at the disadvantages which threaten us, in case we sink back, lower than ever, into the old mischievous policy of the last century, into the sentiments and opinions of the epoch of the Illuminati, which we have already described. Our press imagines that we are advancing; but in reality every thing is going backwards to a period of self-forgetfulness, that is even now at our doors.

The future of Germany depends mainly on the bond which holds together our three great political systems,—the Austrian, the Prussian and the Constitutional. Should this remain unbroken, Germany will be in a position to defy every future European storm, even though she should be obliged,—as must inevitably occur, sooner or later,—to take the field in the West and the East at the same time. But if this bond shall be loosened, the German body will be dissolved; and a part of it will again become the prey of our neighbors,—the same who have wrested so much from us already. But in what does this bond consist? In what else than nationality, and the common interest of the states which circumscribe this nationality? But if this common interest is left out of view, if two, or if one of the three systems shall abandon the confederacy, to unite with strangers in a war upon the third or upon the other two, the entire German body will receive a dangerous blow. This is mechanically necessary, and historically certain. So long as Germany held together she was impregnable, and victorious in every direction. But when she took arms against herself, she lost again in every direction. In the contest of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, she lost Arelat and Italy; in the contest of the Catholics and Protestants she lost Switzerland, Holland, Elsass, Savoy, Livonia and Lorraine. When Austria and the Empire were abandoned by Prussia at the peace of Basle, she lost the entire left bank of the Rhine. When Prussia was not sustained by Austria and the Empire in 1801, when Austria again was not sustained by Prussia and the Empire in 1809, immense losses were incurred. But when the three constituents of Germany became harmoni-

ous in 1813, they were immediately victorious; and had this harmony continued a little longer, they would have recovered all that they had lost. And just as surely as every division among the three systems has proved detrimental to Germany hitherto, just so surely will this be the case hereafter; and hence it is important to keep this ligament, which binds them together, constantly in view, and with it to occupy the mind;—of which there is such a superabundance in Germany that paper itself, interminable as it is, can scarcely keep it busy. Indeed there is enough to think about. Other nations are intriguing incessantly to loosen this ligament. Old mistakes and old prejudices are still powerful among us. Personalities and casualties are not to be estimated. The disposition to combine with other countries to secure a specific end, at the expense of our own country, is so far from being eradicated in Germany, that even now, within a few years of the great war of freedom, it governs the press. The alliances, with which the princes of the Rhenish confederacy were but just now so harshly upbraided, are again proposed by demagogues; and France, though recently overthrown in a frenzied contest, already controls good-natured Germany by her language, her fashions, her literature and the frivolous tendencies of the age of Voltaire and the Illuminati. If now we reflect upon all these things, a new disorganization of the German body certainly appears to be within the domain of possibilities; and attention may well be directed to this subject.

Twenty years ago patriotism trembled in view of the difficulty of thoroughly reconciling and adjusting the interests of the German dynasties; and strong expectations were built on the power of public opinion, the disposition of the people. But now that the sovereigns have continued so long estranged from each other, patriotism is in a condition to distrust public opinion. The press at least is decidedly unfavorable to it.

We do not wish to be unjust. The establishment of the Customs' Union is an event which has strongly enlisted public sympathy; and the patriotism, whose countenance does not brighten in view of it, must be very morose and skeptical. There has been too little intelligence, however, connected with this public sympathy. Hardly any one reflects how easily we could have obtained access to the sea, if Hardenberg had not lost East Friesland by his diplomacy. Still less do we reflect how astonishing it is that our coasts, and the mouths of our rivers have been taken from us. We have none of that comprehensiveness of view, which is connected with a creative power of mind, and from which the efficient means of reaching a great end must issue. In respect to the means, it is doubtful whether future times will be able to imagine themselves back amid the illusions of the present age. Every mechanic takes hold of a lever at the remotest end. Belgium is the remotest end; but men will not see it. Belgium, Holland, the Hanse cities, Denmark are so many concurrent keys which the Customs' Union, like a skilful organ player, might make use of; but men will not see it. In the twentieth century, the consumer will everywhere give law to production, to manufactures, to trade, to the rights of the sea; but this, in the nineteenth century, men will not comprehend.



Men do indeed busy themselves about these questions ; but reflection does not overtask itself. The most instructive precedents are scarcely heeded. Have we ever bestowed that degree of attention, which is worthy of the subject, and of our national honor, on the Russian memorandum which was sent to the German courts,—the Austrian and Prussian excepted,—in 1834 ? We have more important things to do ! We must transplant ourselves back to the middle ages ; and while we have scarcely a meagre half dozen of sensible pamphlets relative to the maritime question, we can count up half a thousand controversial works, for or against the papacy. Do you call this going forward or backward ? The Cologne affair is a bad symptom ; the bare possibility of its occurrence shows how little harmony there is in the national power, the national will and the national understanding.

But there is much more to be done ; with all possible speed, Christianity must be eradicated. As if there were nothing more urgent for the Germans to do, and to reflect upon, we have returned to the old frenzy of the Illuminati of the last century, as to a pastime, an amusement. The presumption of learned vagabonds, the craving for distinction, at whatever price, in every protracted interval of peace, are readily appreciated. It only excites our wonder that the repetition of this folly should have found so loud an echo, should have called forth such a countless number of pens.

There are many practical inquiries, an answer to which were very desirable. For example, what is the relation of Germany to the oriental question ? what can be done to advance German interests on the Danube ; what by colonization ; and what in young Hellas ? what guaranties does Germany need against that power, which has become so colossal within the last century, and which is still advancing ? how can the industrious bee of German commerce obtain the honey, which might be extracted in such profusion from the secluded blossoms of Hungary ? how can the commercial systems of Northern and Southern Germany be conciliated, and amalgamated for their mutual advantage ? what impulse would the trade of Southern Germany receive, what influence,—commanding and at the same time secure,—would the Germans obtain in Italy, if the free harbors of the Adriatic, and perhaps also of the Mediterranean, were accessible ? what is the best policy for Germany in respect to Switzerland ? what is the value of reciprocity and equality between our universities, and those of Zürich ; as the latter must receive more influence than it imparts ? what benefits are promised by the approximation of the Confederacy and the Customs' Union ? what should be done to quicken the German element in Belgium, to deliver the German majority from the yoke which the French minority has imposed upon them ? how much more important is it to obtain possession of the North Sea farther to the west than to the east, inasmuch as all the eastern harbors, sooner or later, must become accessible ? how shall Holland be made to understand that her existence depends upon the prosperity and might of Germany ? how much power lies in the recollection that it was only by destroying each other that Belgium, Holland, the Hanse cities, and Denmark transferred the dominion of the sea from the Germans to the English ? how can the Hanse

cities be drawn away from their narrow, pitiful, retrospective policy,—in which Holland participates,—to a liberal, prospective policy? how can we convince them that the Customs' Union carries with it, not an unimportant, but a great principle; that it cannot pause half way, at an inland manufacturing policy, but must effect that which the German maritime cities particularly need; that, consequently, it will take nothing away from coasts,—already much impoverished in comparison with earlier times,—but will impart to them just what they want? what is to be done to relieve the Prussian coasts, so ungratefully and severely oppressed with the Eastern embargo? how shall we not only rejoice with Streckfuss in the guaranties of Prussian affairs, but also gradually repair some of the mistakes which Hardenberg committed? how may national interests be immediately advanced, so as to banish discomfort from Germany? what shall be done to prevent those conflicts of right, which, as in Hanover, disquiet and embitter the people, without being of the least service to the throne or to the thrones? what shall be done to restrain the annual and extensive emigration of our countrymen, that all this energy may become tributary, not to foreign parts of the world, but to the advancement of German national interests?

We might extend this list of inquiries still farther; but we have said enough to show that the answer of such questions would be more practical and important, than the spread of the Hegelian philosophy,—with which our recent literature is now principally taken up, and with which the revival of the old Gallomania is associated. Both conduct us far away from all patriotic inquiries.

In only one discussion, touching the interests of the fatherland, have our modern Illuminati,—in imitation of their elder brethren,—taken part. The Colonge dispute presented the same opportunity which was offered to their predecessors by the controversy of Joseph II. with the Pope. Is it a hasty, unjust, invidious accusation, to express the suspicion that this party is now making use of the contest with the hierarchy, only as a mask, behind which they may assail, with the greater security, Christianity itself? Do the adherents of the creed of Strauss, and of the younger Hegelians, demean themselves differently, in reference to the controversy of Frederick William III. with Gregory XVI., from the Illuminati, at the time of the controversy of Joseph II. with Pius VI.? And will the state now gain more from the assistance of such advocates, than it did then? We fear that an anti-national and anti-Christian advocacy will not be very useful, either to Prussian interests in particular, or to German interests in general. The Bible is the weapon of the Protestant, and patriotism the weapon of the citizen; but with the Bible and patriotism they will have nothing to do. In the bottom of their hearts they reject Luther and the Prussian ritual, just as much as they do the Pope, because they reject Christ; they cannot rightfully defend the German nation against the ultramontane influence, because they are professed Cosmopolites, and claim for the chair of Hegel the same universal authority, which Catholic Christendom, for many centuries, has conceded to the chair of Peter. We regard the working of this philosophy in the Cologne controversy as disorderly, offensive and

delusory. It takes away the stand-point from which men should survey the question. They defend, not what should be defended, but something entirely different,—their own bad cause. They discredit Protestantism, while they appear to take it under their protection. They understand by the principle of Protestantism, not what Luther understood by it,—the word of God and a life of faith, and love and purity,—but their pretended *free inquiry*; and by this they mean the annihilation of Christianity. Hence their writings, professedly in defence of the Prussian state, all squint towards a different corner; and thus the public are deceived. Görres was perfectly right in ridiculing opponents who numbered such false brethren in their ranks. Having the Bible, it is a formal mistake to flee to the philosophy of Hegel, for the defence of the principle of Protestantism. What must the citizen and the peasant think of this? Of what use is this atheistic rubbish?

In view of all this, the true course is not to pour oil on the flame, but rather to extinguish this destructive firebrand. There is no necessity for a renewal of the old dispute between the Protestants and the Catholics,—a dispute which formerly cost us such immense sacrifices, that they have not yet been repaired. But still more unprofitable is it to envenom this controversy with atheistic tendencies, and to convert it into a war against Christianity. It is the common interest of the Germans to preserve their ancient harmony in matters of religion, and not rather to allow themselves to be exasperated against each other. We must take our stand on the nation, in order to perceive the advantage, the urgent necessity of concord. In respect to the Cologne affair, we can only wish that it may be ended as soon as possible, and that no more may be said about it. From the continuance of this dispute, nothing can be gained, but much may be lost.

We think we have now shown that Illuminatism, reappearing under a new name in all its ancient activity, cannot be helpful, but must be injurious to German interests; and it were well for us to abstain from educating our youth in this system. Or shall not the melancholy experiment, which we have already made, perform at least this one service,—that of keeping us from another of the same character? Have we so many students of history, and shall we draw no lessons from history? Enough. We think that we have held up a mirror to the fourth decade of the nineteenth century.

## ARTICLE VI.

## THE GYPSIES OF SPAIN.

From the Edinburgh Review, October, 1841.

*The Zincali; or, an Account of the Gypsies of Spain.* By George Borrow, late Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Spain. 2 Vols., 8vo. London. 1841.

THIS is a strange book, of which the greatest part, as the author tells us, was written under very peculiar circumstances: "at very considerable intervals, during a period of nearly five years passed in Spain—in moments snatched from more important pursuits—chiefly in *ventas* and *posadas*, while wandering through the country in the arduous and unthankful task of distributing the gospel among its children." However arduous and unthankful the task may be, we strongly suspect that these objections are pretty fully compensated, to some tempers, by the zest of the vagrant and delightfully precarious life which it imposes. The part of agent of a Bible Society must furnish more opportunities of romance and adventure than are lightly to be encountered in the prosaic world of modern times. Wanderers from land to land, they have to learn the language and manners of every class of society. When persecuted in one city, they must escape to the next; when out of favor with the authorities, they must retire for shelter under the roof of the peasant; when unpopular with the mob, they must try to ingratiate themselves with those in power;—like Voltaire's prophets, one day *fêted* and caressed, and well cudgelled the next. All this apostle-being, as Mr. Carlyle might call it, has two sides:—it is, no doubt, very heroic, and self-denying, and martyr-like; on the other hand, it must be confessed that it has something not a little picturesque, and attractive to the roving spirit of man; particularly in days when persecution rarely waxes hot, and giant Pope seldom exerts himself even so far as to gnash his teeth at the pert pilgrims who venture within arms' length of him; while giant Pagan is sunk into a poor credulous monster—a "most scurvy monster"—tamed into abject dread of Christian envoys, consuls and sea captains, and all the other imps of European diplomacy, by whom he is sorely tormented in these his days of decrepitude.

For every trifle are they set upon him;  
Sometimes like apes, that mow and chaunter at him,  
And after, bite him; then like hedgehogs, which  
Lie tumbling in his barefoot way.

And we must say that Mr. Borrow exhibits a very happy taste for making the most of his privileges and character as a cosmopolite,—a knack of



irritating the reader's curiosity by imparting half glimpses of the unaccountable things he has seen, the romantic corners of the earth which he has visited, the ways and learning of mysterious races of mankind with which he has become acquainted.

Who would not feel inclined, in some moods of the mind, to wander with him over the earth's surface continually, holding converse by turns with patriarchs, bishops, monks, soldiers, mendicants, Turks, Jews, Moors, and gypsies; now listening to the occult learning of "my friend, Hyacinth, Archimandrite of Saint John Nevsky;" and now to the revelations of such beings as the unearthly commercial traveller described in the following passage:

Among the Zingarri (Oriental gypsies) are not a few who deal in precious stones, and some who vend poisons; and the most remarkable individual whom it has been my fortune to encounter amongst the gypsies, whether of the Eastern or Western world, was a person who dealt in both these articles. He was a native of Constantinople, and in the pursuit of his trade had visited the most remote and remarkable portions of the world. He had traversed alone and on foot the greatest part of India; he spoke several dialects of the Malay, and understood the original language of Java, that is more fertile in poisons than even "far Iolchos and Spain." From what I could learn from him, it appeared that his jewels were in less request than his drugs, though he assured me there was scarcely a Bey or Satrap in Persia or Turkey whom he had not supplied with both. I have seen this individual in more countries than one, for he flits over the world like the shadow of a cloud; the last time at Granada, in Spain, whither he had come after paying a visit to his Gitano brethren in the presidio of Ceuta. Vol. I. p. 29.

"In Andalusia," says our author, "the Gitano, or gypsy language, has been cultivated to a great degree by individuals who have sought the society of the Gitanos from a zest for their habits, their manners, and their songs; and such individuals have belonged to all classes—amongst them, noblemen and members of the priestly order." Such as are addicted to the Gitanos and their language, are called, in Andalusia, *los del' aficion*, or "those of the predilection." Mr. Borrow is very plainly "one of the predilection." His imagination seems to have been captivated, in early youth, with the romance attached to the unknown origin of this singular people, as well as the wild freedom of their habits. He learned their language, we suppose, in his own country; and soon discovered in his travels that which strikes all who are acquainted with it—its radical identity wherever the nation is spread. Guided by this clue, he seems to have made friends with them wherever he met them; in the green lanes of England, the mountain valleys of Hungary, and in the dilapidated suburbs of Spanish towns. The strong attachment of this people to their national language, for such it is, is one of the most striking features in their character; and ought to have been sufficient to have convinced, that it is so, those who persisted in maintaining it to be nothing but a jargon, cant, or thieves' Latin, picked up at random in the different countries they

have traversed. The moment they are addressed in it, their excitable temperament is roused at once ; and they pass from their habitual sullenness to strangers, or their artificial loquacity when aiming at deception, into the most unrestrained expressions of pleasure and confidence. This was discovered by the benevolent Hoyland, when, on one of his first visits to a gypsy encampment, he showed that he understood the meaning of what a young gypsy woman said to her companion, having in fact only picked up a few words from Grellmann's Vocabulary, "they gave way to immoderate transports of joy, saying they would tell me any thing I wished to know of them." And by virtue of the same talisman, (aided by his personal appearance, as we conjecture from some of his expressions,) Mr. Borrow succeeded everywhere in captivating their hearts, wrapt up in impenetrable hatred and distrust of strangers. They took him for one of themselves ; and in that confidence they gave him a full insight into their policy, their manner of life, their savage principles of independence.

Since the researches of Grellmann, Bischoff, and others, the gypsies can scarcely be made to say, in the words of Beranger :

D'où nous venons ? l'on n'en sait rien ;  
L'hirondelle  
D'où vous vient-elle ?

The speculations of the inquirers of former times about them may be dismissed without any hesitation ; and the notion which is still prevalent in Spain of their being Moriscoes, or at least strongly inoculated with Morisco blood, is scarcely worth the serious refutation which Mr. Borrow has thought proper to bestow upon it. It is founded on no better authority than the old figment of their Egyptian descent, in which they appear themselves to believe, as far as they believe in any thing. This the learned Grisellini (to give only one specimen among thousands of the kind of criticism which has been brought to bear upon the problem) justifies, by remarking that these poor wretches, who consider themselves fortunate when a carrion horse falls in their way, "abstain from partridge, pheasant, perch, scaled bream, and lamprey," because the ancient Egyptians of Lycopolis and Tagariopolis did so ! They are of Indian origin without a doubt, as is demonstrated by the infallible test of language. Theirs, everywhere, contains a number of Sanscrit roots. For instance, the ancient Indian name of the sacred element of water, "*pani*," is used by the gypsies wherever they are found ; and Mr. Borrow suggests that single word as a test, when he speculates on the probability of their connection with some of the wandering tribes of Morocco. But beyond this single discovery, their history remains as dark as ever. The common notion of their having been expelled from their native haunts by the conquests of Timour, is only a conjecture, founded on the time when they first appeared in Europe. But one of Timour's historians mentions them as existing at Samarcand in his time, nay, plying the same trades of wrestlers, gladiators, and pugilists, in which they have cut some figure in modern Europe wherever similar qualities are cultivated ;—in England,

for example, where they have contributed several distinguished ornaments to the prize-ring.

In Spain, as well as elsewhere, they call themselves *Rommany*, which, in their own tongue, signifies "husbands;" as if the idea of family and nation were closely connected in their minds, as in those of all orientals. They also designate themselves *Calore*, black people, likewise pure Sanscrit; and *Chai*. But the name *Sinte*, which they adopt in Germany and elsewhere, and which was one of the first circumstances which put the learned on the right scent as to their origin, does not occur in our author's glossary. They are far less marked and distinct in their habits than they were formerly; less perhaps than even those of England; for it seems that none, except the very poorest, adopt the wandering life. The greater number are collected in the suburbs of the towns, some of which have a particular district inhabited by them, or *Gitaneria*. Their whole number in Spain is rated by Mr. Borrow at about 40,000; but this is a mere conjecture.

The men *were*, almost universally, thieves or robbers by profession; they pursued also the subordinate employments of smiths, horse-dealers and jockeys; which their descendants, in these degenerate days, appear to adopt as their principal means of support. The great change which has been wrought in this respect, since the wise and humane decree of Charles III. in 1783, will be mentioned by and by. They are generally very poor; although a few carry on an extensive trade in horses and mules. But the common Gitano, if ever he succeed in making a little money, is sure to squander it immediately in feasting and revelry; particularly on the occasion of their marriages, the expenses of which seem in general to reduce the happy couple to beggary for some years.

There is little to be said of them as a body; but the female Gitanos are a far more interesting class than their mates, and seem indeed to be much more industrious and successful members of society. The richest among them are generally "contrabandists, and in large towns go from house to house with prohibited goods." But the greatest number seek a livelihood by certain tricks and practices, which are carefully classified by Mr. Borrow.

The principal is *La Bahi*, or fortune-telling; the favorite mystery for which the caste is celebrated all the world over, and which must continue to flourish as long as the race of Adam subsists, deceiving and to be deceived. "Their practice lies chiefly amongst the females, the portion of the human race most given to curiosity and credulity. To the young maidens they promise lovers, handsome invariably, and sometimes rich; to wives children, and sometimes another husband; for their eyes are so penetrating, that occasionally they will develop your most secret thoughts and wishes; to the old riches, and nothing but riches; for they have sufficient knowledge of the human heart to be aware that avarice is the last passion that becomes extinct within it. These riches are to proceed either from the discovery of hidden treasures, or from across the water—from the Americas, to which the Spaniards still look with hope; as there is no individual in Spain, however poor, but has some connexion in these realms

of silver and gold, at whose death he considers it possible that he may succeed to a brilliant *herencia*."

The Great Trick, or *Hokkano Baro*, is accomplished in different ways; but the one most generally practised, is to persuade some simple individual to hide a sum of money in the earth, upon the assurance, that if not looked at for a certain time, it will be vastly increased. The money is, of course, abstracted before the appointed period of examination.

The gypsies of Spain seem to be nearly in the lowest state of poverty and degradation which the nation has reached. They are not so important, nor, in their desultory fashion, so industrious a class as those of Hungary and Transylvania, who perform thieving circuits over great part of Europe with considerable profit;—a class with whom Mr. Borrow promises to bring us acquainted at some future time. Nor has fortune ever favored them as in Russia, where the exquisite beauty of the voices of the women has raised numbers of their tribe to affluence: "Amongst the gypsies of Moscow, there are not a few who inhabit stately houses, go abroad in elegant equipages, and are behind the higher order of the Russians neither in appearance nor mental acquirements." But in Spain, as well as everywhere else, a strong and peculiar interest attaches to them, even in their uttermost degradation,—an interest with which we cannot fail to regard a people which, without religion, without history, without literature, without the commonest principles of civil society, has nevertheless preserved its national existence through centuries of misery; and continues to dwell among our busy multitudes as the disregarded remnants of some by-gone stage and condition of mankind.

Mr. Borrow confirms, in a striking manner, the statements of all former writers respecting the utter irreligion of the gypsies. "Coming from India, as they most assuredly did, it was impossible for them to have known the true God; and they must have been followers (if they followed any) either of Buddha, or Bramah,—those tremendous phantoms which have led, and are likely still to lead, the souls of hundreds of millions to destruction: yet they are now ignorant of such names, nor does it appear that such were ever current amongst them subsequent to their arrival in Europe, if, indeed, they ever were. They brought with them no Indian idols, as far as we are able to judge at the present time, nor indeed Indian rites or observances; for no traces of such are discovered among them. All, therefore, which relates to their original religion is shrouded in mystery, and is likely so to remain. They may have been idolaters, or, atheists, or, what they now are, totally neglectful of worship of any kind; and, though not exactly prepared to deny the existence of a Supreme Being, as regardless of him as if he existed not, and never mentioning his name, save in oaths or blasphemy, or in moments of pain or sudden surprise, as they have heard other people do, but always without any fixed belief, trust, or hope." Nor do they appear to entertain any notions whatever of a future state; to which Grellmann ascribes their love of life, which he characterizes as "indescribably great." Mr. Borrow mentions, indeed, a wild story of gypsies led to execution, deriding the officers of justice, and declaring scornfully that it was "impossible to kill them!" But this, if true, was



probably no more than a trick, to frighten the credulous Gentiles, although it seems to have been caught at as a proof that the tenet of the metempsychosis was not forgotten among them. It was a fabrication of the same kind with the ingenious story which obtained them so much credit and respect in Europe on their first appearance;—that they were penitents condemned by the pope to a certain period of pilgrimage, in expiation of the sin of their Egyptian ancestors in denying succor to the Holy Family. They profess the religion of every country in which they may happen to sojourn. They baptize their children indifferently as Romanists or Protestants; and in Turkey they are all Mahometans, although the value of their adherence to Islam is estimated so low, that the Sultan wisely leaves to Mahomet the task of distinguishing his own, and imposes the capitation-tax upon them in common with Jews and Christians.

This characteristic of the unhappy race is finely introduced by Sir Walter Scott, in the most poetical sketch of the gypsy vagrant ever drawn,—that of Hayraddin the Bohemian, in “*Quentin Durward*.” Well known as the passage is, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of placing it side by side with Mr. Borrow’s portraits from the life.

“I am of no country,” answered his guide.

“How? of no country?” repeated the Scot.

“No,” answered the Bohemian; “I am of none. I am a Zingaro, a Bohemian, an Egyptian, or whatever the Europeans, in their different languages, may choose to call our people. But I have no country.”

“Are you a Christian?” asked the Scotchman.

The Bohemian shook his head.

“Dog!” said Quentin, “dost thou worship Mahoun?”

“No,” was the indifferent and concise answer of the guide, who seemed neither offended nor surprised at the young man’s violence of manner.

“Are you Pagan, then, or what are you?”

“I have no religion,” said the Bohemian.

Durward started back; for, though he had heard of Saracens and Idolaters, it had never entered into his idea or belief, that any body of men could exist who practised no mode of worship whatever.

“Under whose laws do you live?”

“I acknowledge obedience to none, but as it suits my pleasure and necessities,” said the Bohemian.

“Who is your leader, and commands you?”

“The father of our tribe, if I choose to obey him,” said the guide. “Otherwise, I have no commander.”

“Yours is a wandering race, unknown to the nations of Europe. Whence did they derive their origin?”

“I may not tell you,” answered the Bohemian.

“When will they relieve this land from their presence, and return to the land from whence they came?” said the Scot.

“When the day of their pilgrimage shall be accomplished,” replied his vagrant guide.

“Are you not sprung from those tribes of Israel which were carried into captivity beyond the great river Euphrates?” said Quentin, who had not forgotten the lore which had been taught him at Aberbrothick.

"Had we been so, we had followed their faith, and practised their rites."

"What is thine own proper name?" said Durward.

"My name is known only to my brethren. The men beyond our tents call me Hayraddin Maugrabin, that is, Hayraddin, the African Moor."

Yet the gypsies are superstitious, like all other ignorant people; but, as if every thing in their history was to be a riddle and a paradox, though there are many objects of supernatural dread among the vulgar, they seem to have no peculiar superstitions of their own. They have not the slightest belief in their own pretended arts, their palmistry and divination. These are all a cheat, of the lowest and most palpable character, with nothing of the dignity of witchcraft. But, on the other hand, the charms and spells in which they really have faith are such as they have picked up from the people of the various countries in which they sojourn. So an old gypsy remarked to Grellmann: "Every thing in which our people themselves believe, they have learnt from you." In Germany, for example, their rhymes to stanch blood, and the common spell which they use every morning to make themselves *fest*—shot and steel-proof—are in German, not in their own language. In the same manner they have borrowed, in the South, the notion of the "evil eye," in which they have great faith. So of the superstition attributed to them in other countries, that it is unlucky to have an unchristened child in the house; and the custom which Sir Walter Scott mentions, among those who dwelt on the borders of England and Scotland, of attributing success to those journeys which were commenced by passing through the parish church. And in Spain, says Mr. Borrow, "if the Gitanos in general be addicted to any one superstition, it is certainly with respect to the loadstone (*La Bar Lachi*), to which they attribute all kinds of miraculous powers. They believe that he who is in possession of it has nothing to fear from steel or lead, from fire or water; and that death itself has no power over him. The gypsy contrabandists are particularly anxious to procure this stone, which they carry upon their persons in their expeditions. They say that, in the event of being pursued by the *jaranacallis*, or revenue officers, whirlwinds of dust will arise and conceal them from the view of their enemies. The horse-stealers say much the same thing, and assert that they are uniformly successful when they bear about them the precious stone." But its peculiar value is as a philter: the only article used for that purpose, in which the gypsies, who make a trade of selling such specifics, seem themselves to believe. Here, too, is a superstition not their own, but borrowed from the Spaniards themselves—among the vulgar of whom it prevails to an equal extent.

Surely the circumstance of this utter absence of religious belief and observances of every kind—as if the mind of the nation, on its first arrival in Europe, had been a mere *rasa tabula*, without any of those traditionary impressions of which races even more debased and brute-like than they have rarely been found destitute—strongly supports the theory, that they

are descended from some Paria caste of Hindostan ;—one of those castes which the Brahminical system condemns to enforced irreligion ; of which any member, who should chance to hear a portion of their scriptures read, is liable to have his ears “stopped with boiling wax,” as a punishment for his profane audacity.

But with this total want of national traditions, the very soul of nationality, as we are apt to consider them, there is no more singular problem than that of the permanence of the gypsy nation. This will strike us the more forcibly, when we note the contrast between them and the Jews ; the other great homeless people which wanders perpetually among the homes of mankind. The vigor of Jewish nationality is often spoken of as something marvellous ; but how magnificent and durable are its foundations ! They have the noblest and most authentic of national histories. They believe themselves to be still under the special protection of the God of their fathers, and wait daily for the manifestation of his power in their glorious redemption, and triumph over their enemies. And all their wisdom, their vast learning, their ancient literature, nay, their daily conversation and customs, are calculated as it were on the grand scale of this their fixed idea. Their whole domestic and interior life is a round of traditional observances ; not dark and meaningless, like those of most superstitious people ; but types of the most distinct and definite realities. The great trust of the nation is also the permanent and exclusive hope of each member of it ; from the money-changer whose operations affect the councils of princes, down to the pettiest huckster who wrings his miserable livelihood from the peasants of some Polish village. There is not, therefore, so much ground to wonder at the permanence and unchangeable character of such a people : the talisman of their immortality is in their scripture and tradition. How different from their brethren in the same mysterious lot, the wandering tribe of Hindostan ! They have no God ; they reck not of their own origin or country ; they have no rites, no tradition, no superstition ; the gypsies of each country have only a vague notion, that other children of their blood reside in other lands. Unstable as water, without an outward principle of coherence, there seems no reason why they should not have mingled, many a generation ago, with the mass with which they are in constant and close communication—the thieves, vagrants, and outlaws of the lands in which they dwell. Yet four hundred years have passed over them without a change. Their language remains radically the same everywhere ; and the venerable Sanscrit peeps strangely out, like a philosopher in rags, from among the fragments of foreign and vulgar jargons with which it is encrusted. Their descent is purity itself ; no mixture of European blood has contaminated theirs. Their physical characteristics are absolutely unaltered. The same extremely dark skin, the same slender and perfect shape, the same mobility of feature and manner, the same wild gaze, like nothing else in the world, distinguish them everywhere from the children of the soil. The gypsy look is contrasted, in quite as marked, if not quite so ludicrous a manner, with the dark Spanish glance, as with the

“healthy stare—  
Wide, sluggish, blank, and ignorant, and strange—”

of the honest peasant who lounges beside their encampment in England.

It is in the eye, says this author, more than in any other feature, that they differ from other human beings. There is something remarkable in the eye of a Rommany. Should his hair and complexion become fair as those of the Swede or the Finn, and his jerking gait as grave and ceremonious as that of the nation of Old Castile; were he dressed like a king, a priest, or a warrior—still would the Gitano be noticed by his eye, should it continue unchanged. The Jew is known by his eye, but then in the Jew that feature is peculiarly small; the Chinese has a remarkable eye, but then the eye of the Chinese is oblong, and even with the face, which is flat: but the eye of the Gitano is neither large nor small, and exhibits no marked difference in its shape from eyes of the common cast. Its peculiarity consists chiefly in a strange staring expression, which to be understood must be seen, and in *a thin glaze which steals over it when in repose, and seems to emit phosphoric light.*

The strange stare must have been observed by every one who has had opportunities of marking gypsy faces; but for the *phosphorescent eye* we must put our trust in our author.

The principles of permanence which belong to the nation, are to be found in hereditary love and hatred, and in these alone: these have kept perpetually open the gulf which separates them from the rest of mankind. They constitute the entire sum of the national feelings of the Rommany. Creatures of violent but brief passions, utterly wanting in perseverance, or firmness of character, yielding in every other respect to the impulse of the moment, the only two impressions which seem constantly present in their minds are those of attachment to their tribe, and detestation of the stranger. They may live together; the European vagrant is often to be found in the tents of the gypsies: they may join in the fellowship of sport, the pursuit of plunder, or the management of their low trades, but they can never fraternize.

The mutual attachment which binds the gypsies together seems to vary a good deal in different countries, at least in its ordinary effects. Perhaps in England, where the gypsies seem to be greater wanderers, and less mixed with the town folks, it is even greater than in Spain. “The gypsies in this country,” says one who had lived a good deal among them, “call each other brother and sister: they support and help each other: a gypsy is never in distress.” This seems to be hardly the case in Spain, if the frequent complaints which Mr. Borrow puts into the mouths of his gypsies, of the neglect of the poor by their richer brethren, are well founded. But they recognize the principle. “There was a time when the house of every Zincalo, however rich, was open to his brother, though he came to him naked.”—“He knew that by *gypsy law* he was bound to take you to his house, and feast you, whilst you remained, like a prince of the Cales, as I believe you are, even though he sold the last horse from



the stall." And on some occasions, notwithstanding their degraded and disunited condition in Spain, this feeling comes to the light in a very striking manner.

As a proof of the fraternal feeling which is not unfrequently displayed among the Gitanos, I shall relate a circumstance which occurred at Cordova, a year or two before I first visited it. One of the poorest of the Gitanos murdered a Spaniard with the fatal manchegan knife: for this crime he was seized, tried, and found guilty. Bloodshedding in Spain is not looked upon with much abhorrence, and the life of the culprit is seldom taken, provided he can offer a bribe sufficient to induce the notary-public to report favorably upon his case. But in this instance money was of no avail. The murdered individual left behind him powerful friends and connexions, who were determined that justice should take its course. It was in vain that the Gitanos exerted all their influence with the authorities in behalf of their comrade; and such influence was not slight. It was in vain that they offered extravagant sums, that the punishment of death might be commuted to perpetual slavery in the dreary presidio of Ceuta: I was credibly informed that one of the richest Gitanos, by name Truto, offered, for his own share of the ransom, the sum of 5000 crowns, while there was not an individual but contributed according to his means. Nought availed, and the gypsy was executed in the plaza. The day before the execution, the Gitanos, perceiving that the fate of their brother was sealed, one and all quitted Cordova, shutting up their houses, and carrying with them their horses, their mules, their borricos, their wives and families, and the greatest part of their household furniture. No one knew whither they had directed their course, nor were they seen in Cordova for some months, when they again suddenly made their appearance: a few, however, never returned. So great was the horror of the Gitanos at what had occurred, that they were in the habit of saying that the place was cursed for evermore. And when I knew them, there were many among them who on no account would enter the plaza which had witnessed the disgraceful end of their unfortunate brother. Vol. I. p. 272.

The following conversation, regarding a remarkable encounter, narrated to the author by Antonio, a gypsy of Badajoz, exemplifies the strong nationality which binds these outcasts together. This worthy, "a goodly compound of gypsy and bandit," took Mr. Borrow, it must be premised, for one of his own people:—

*Antonio.* "I am Zincalo by the four sides. I love our blood, and I hate that of the Busné. Had I my will, I would wash my face every day in the blood of the Busné, for the Busné are made only to be robbed and slaughtered; but I love the Caloré, and I love to hear of things of the Caloré, especially from those of foreign lands; for the Caloré of foreign lands know more than we of Spain, and more resemble our fathers of old."

*Myself.* "Have you ever met before with Caloré who were not Spaniards?"

*Antonio.* "I will tell you, brother. I served as a soldier in the war

of independence against the French. War, it is true, is not the proper occupation of a Gitano, but those were strange times ; and all those who could bear arms were compelled to go forth to fight ; so I went with the English armies, and we chased the Gabiné unto the frontier of France. And it happened once that we joined in desperate battle, and there was a confusion, and the two parties became intermingled, and fought sword to sword, and bayonet to bayonet ; and a French soldier singled me out, and we fought for a long time, cutting, goring, and cursing one another, till at last we flung down our arms and grappled ; long we wrestled, body to body, but I found that I was the weaker, and I fell. The French soldier's knee was on my breast, and his grasp was on my throat ; and he seized his bayonet, and he raised it to thrust me through the jaws ; and his cap had fallen off, and I lifted up my eyes wildly to his face, and our eyes met ; and I gave a loud shriek, and cried Zincalo ! Zincalo ! and I felt him shudder ; and he relaxed his grasp and started up ; and he smote his forehead and wept, and came to me and knelt down by my side, for I was almost dead ; and he took my hand and called me brother, and Zincalo ; and he produced his flask and poured wine into my mouth, and I revived ; and he raised me up and led me from the tumult, and we sat down on a knoll, and the two parties were fighting all around ; and he said, Let the dogs fight, and tear each other's throats till they are all destroyed ; what matters it to the Zincali ? They are not of our blood, and shall that be shed for them ? So we sat for hours on the knoll, and discoursed on matters pertaining to our people ; and I could have listened for years, for he told me secrets which made my ears tingle ; and I soon found that I knew nothing : but as for him, the Bengui Lango (the lame devil Asmodeus) himself could have told him nothing but what he knew. So we sat until the sun went down, and the battle was over : and he proposed that we should both flee to his country, and live there with the Zincali ; but my heart failed me. So we embraced, and he departed to the Gabiné, (French,) whilst I returned to our battalions."

*Myself.* "Do you know from what country he came ?"

*Antonio.* "He told me that he was a Mayoro."

*Myself.* "You mean a Maygar or Hungarian ?"

*Antonio.* "Just so ; and I have repented ever since that I did not follow him." Vol. I. p. 232.

But the chief moral characteristic of the race, which is at once the effect and the cause of this national cohesiveness, as well as their physical identity, is one which our readers, who have not met with the work of Mr. Borrow, will scarcely have conjectured—the strict honor of their women. This is a point on which we cannot venture to be very explicit, although Mr. Borrow is so, with considerable earnestness, and with much curious and not very select particularity. He carefully confines his assertion to the gypsy women of Spain. And, notwithstanding the air of romance which pervades many of his stories, we are inclined to think, that, in this respect, he must be perfectly accurate, and that the quality he describes belongs to the nation in general ; and, moreover, that this statement constitutes the most remarkable novelty of his work. What is the

uniform account which loose observers and careless travellers give of these outcasts, in all countries where they meet with them? That the men are thieves and jockies; the women thieves, fortune-tellers and prostitutes. If this last accusation were as true as the rest, where would the gypsy race be now? Does not the mere fact, that it exists at all, its blood unmingled with that of the lower classes of the European population, with which it is in constant society, speak of itself strongly against the charge? And if so, there are few more singular facts in the history of mankind. Here are people brought up in utter disregard of the common principles of morality, without religion, and seemingly without shame; and yet more fiercely jealous of this point of honor than the most refined and highly cultivated classes in any country. Instances of intermarriage, according to our author, are extremely rare; most of all, those of gypsy women with Spanish men. Unlicensed connexions between them are rarer still. The women are not only allowed the most perfect liberty, but trained to practise the arts nearest akin to licentiousness, as a mode of subsistence. "No females in the world can be more licentious in word and gesture, in dance and in song, than the Gitanos; but there they stop;"—cold as salamanders in the midst of the furnace which they themselves have kindled. Nor are they less scrupulous in their conduct among each other.

Marriage is invariably preceded by betrothment; and the couple must then wait two years before the union can take place, according to the law of the Cales. During this period, it is expected that they meet each other as common acquaintance; they are permitted to converse, and even occasionally to exchange slight presents. One thing, however, is strictly forbidden—and if in this instance they prove contumacious, the betrothment is instantly broken off, and the pair are never united; and thenceforward have an evil reputation among their sect. This one thing is, going into the camps in each other's company, or having any rendezvous beyond the gate of the city, town, or village in which they dwell. With all the other gypsies, however, and with the Busné or Gçtiles, the betrothed female is allowed the freest intercourse, going whither she will, and returning at all times and seasons. With respect to the Busné, indeed, the parents are invariably less cautious than with their own race; and true it is that experience has proved that their confidence in this respect is not altogether idle.

We have thus far endeavored to sketch a few of the more remarkable traits in the general character of the gypsies, as these are noticed by Mr. Borrow. But by far the most amusing part of his book consists in the stories and conversations with which it is interspersed. How far he has allowed himself to color them, for the sake of effect, we will not pretend to conjecture; but will add one or two more specimens to those already given, from which our readers may form their own opinion:

*Telling the Fortune of a Queen Regent.*

There were two Gitanos at Madrid, and probably they are there still. The name of the one was Pepita, and the other was called La Chicharona.

The first was a spare, shrewd, witch-like female, about fifty, and was the mother-in-law of La Chicharona, who was remarkable for her stoutness. These women subsisted entirely by fortune-telling and swindling. It chanced that the son of Pepita and husband of Chicharona, having spirited away a horse, was sent to the presidio of Malaga, for ten years of hard labor. This misfortune caused inexpressible affliction to his wife and mother, who determined to exert every effort to procure his liberation. The readiest way which occurred to them, was to procure an interview with the Queen-Regent Christina, whom they doubted not would forthwith pardon the culprit, provided they had an opportunity of assailing her with their gypsy discourse; for, to use their own words, "they well knew what to say." I at that time lived close by the palace, in the street of Santiago, and daily, for the space of a month, saw them bending their steps in that direction.

One day they came to me in a great hurry, with a strange expression on both their countenances. "We have seen Christina, Hijo (my son)," said Pepita to me.

"Within the palace?" I inquired.

"Within the palace, O child of my heart!" answered the sybil. "Christina at last saw and sent for us, as I knew she would; I told her bahi, and Chicharona danced the romalis (gypsy dance) before her."

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her many things," said the hag; "many things which I need not tell you: know, however, that amongst other things, I told her that the chabori (little queen) would die, and then she would be queen of Spain. I told her, moreover, that within three years she would marry the son of the King of France, and it was her bahi to die queen of France and Spain, and to be loved much and hated much."

"And did you not dread her anger when you told her these things?"

"Dread her, the Busné!" screamed Pepita; "no, my child, she dreaded me far more; I looked at her so, and raised my finger so, and Chicharona clapped her hands, and the Busné believed all I said, and was afraid of me; and then I asked for the pardon of my son, and she pledged her word to see into the matter: and when we came away, she gave me this baria of gold, and to Chicharona this other, so at all events we have hokkanoed the queen. May an evil end overtake her body, the Busné!" Vol. I. p. 316.

### *The Gypsy Soldier of Valdepenas.*

It was at Madrid, one fine afternoon in the beginning of March 1830, that as I was sitting behind my table in a Cabinete, as it is called, of the third floor of No. 16, in the calle de Santiago, having just taken my meal, my hostess entered and informed me that a military officer wished to speak to me, adding, in an under tone, that he looked a *strange guest*. I was acquainted with no military officer in the Spanish service; but, as at that time I expected to be arrested daily for having distributed the Bible, I thought that very possibly this officer might have been sent to perform that piece of duty. I instantly ordered him to be admitted, whereupon a thin active figure, somewhat above the middle height, dressed in a blue uniform, with a long sword hanging at his side, tripped



into the room. Depositing his regimental hat on the ground, he drew a chair to the table, and seating himself, placed his elbows on the board, and supporting his face with his hands, confronted me, gazing steadfastly upon me, without uttering a word. I looked no less wistfully at him, and was of the same opinion as my hostess, as to the strangeness of my guest. He was about fifty, with thin flaxen hair, covering the sides of his head, which, at the top, was entirely bald. His eyes were small, and, like ferrets', red and fiery. His complexion like a brick, or dull red, chequered with spots of purple. "May I inquire your name and business, sir?" I at length demanded.

*Stranger.* "My name is Chaléco of Valdepenas; in the time of the French I served as bragante, fighting for Ferdinand the Seventh. I am now a captain on half pay, in the service of Donna Isabel; as for my business here, it is to speak with you. Do you know this book?"

*Myself.* "This book is St. Luke's gospel in the gypsy language; how can this book concern you?"

*Stranger.* "No one more. It is in the language of my people."

*Myself.* "You do not pretend to say that you are a calo?"

*Stranger.* "I do! I am Zincalo by the mother's side. My father, it is true, was one of the Busné, but I glory in being a calo, and care not to acknowledge other blood."

*Myself.* "How became you possessed of that book?"

*Stranger.* "I was this morning in the Prado, where I met two women of our people, and amongst other things they told me they had a gabicote (testament) in our language. I did not believe them at first; but they pulled it out, and I found their words true. They then spoke to me of yourself, and told me where you live, so I took the book from them and came to see you."

*Myself.* "Are you able to understand this book?"

*Stranger.* "Perfectly, though it is written in very crabbed language; but I learned to read calo when very young. My mother was a good cali, and early taught me both to read and speak it. She too had a gabicote, but not printed like this, and it treated of a different matter."

*Myself.* "How came your mother, being a good cali, to marry one of different blood?"

*Stranger.* "It was no fault of hers; there was no remedy. In her infancy she lost her parents, who were executed, and she was abandoned by all, till my father, taking compassion on her, brought her up and educated her; at last he made her his wife, though three times her age. She, however, remembered her blood, and hated my father, and taught me to hate him likewise, and avoid him. When a boy I used to stroll about the plains, that I might not see my father; and my father would follow me and beg me to look at him, and would ask me what I wanted, and I would reply, 'Father, the only thing I want is to see you dead.'"

*Myself.* "That was strange language from a child to its parent."

*Stranger.* "It was, but you know the couplet which says, I do not wish to be a lord, I am by birth a gypsy: I do not wish to be a gentleman, I am content with being a calo."

*Myself.* "I am anxious to hear more of your history, pray proceed."

*Stranger.* "When I was about twelve years old my father became distracted, and died. I then continued with my mother for some years:

she loved me much, and procured an instructor to teach me Latin. At last she died, and then there was a pléyto (lawsuit). I took to the sierra, and became a highwayman; but the wars broke out. My cousin Jara of Valdepenas raised a troop of bragantes. I enlisted with him, and distinguished myself very much; there is scarcely a man or woman in Spain but has heard of Jara and Chaléco. I am now captain in the service of Donna Isabel. I am covered with wounds—I am—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

He had commenced coughing, and in a manner which perfectly astonished me. I had heard hooping coughs, consumptive coughs, coughs caused by cold and other accidents, but a cough so horrible and unnatural as that of the gypsy soldier I had never witnessed in the course of my travels. In a moment he was bent double, his frame writhed and labored, the veins of his forehead were frightfully swollen, and his complexion became black as the blackest blood; he screamed, he snorted, he barked, and appeared to be on the point of suffocation; yet more explosive became the cough; and the people of the house, frightened, came running into the apartment. I cried, "the man is perishing, run instantly for a surgeon." He heard me, and with a quick movement he raised his left hand, as if to countermand the order. Another struggle—then one mighty throe, which seemed to search his deepest intestines, and he remained motionless, his head on his knee. The cough had left him, and within a minute or two he again looked up.

"That is a dreadful cough, friend," said I, when he was somewhat recovered. "How did you get it?"

*Gypsy soldier.* "I am—shot through the lungs—brother! Let me but take breath, and I will show you the hole—the agujero." He continued with me a considerable time, and showed not the slightest disposition to depart; the cough returned twice, but not so violently. At length, having an engagement, I arose, and apologizing, told him I must leave him. The next day he came again at the same hour; but he found me not, as I was abroad, dining with a friend. On the third day, however, as I was sitting down to dinner, in he walked unannounced. I am rather hospitable than otherwise, so I cordially welcomed him, and requested him to partake of my meal. "Con mucho gusto," he replied, and instantly took his place at the table. I was again astonished; for if his cough was frightful, his appetite was yet more so. He ate like a wolf of the sierra; soup, puchero, fowl and bacon disappeared before him in a twinkling. I ordered in cold meat, which he presently despatched: a large piece of cheese was then produced. We had been drinking water.

"Where is the wine?" said he.

"I never use it," I replied. He looked blank. The hostess, however, who was present waiting, said, "If the gentleman wish for wine, I have a bota nearly full, which I will instantly fetch."

The skin bottle, when full, might contain about four quarts. She filled him a very large glass, and was removing the skin; but he prevented her, saying, "Leave it, my good woman; my brother here will settle with you for the little I shall use."

He now lighted his cigar, and it was evident that he had made good his quarters. On the former occasion, I thought his behavior sufficient-

ly strange ; but I liked it still less on the present. Every fifteen minutes he emptied his glass, which contained at least a pint ; his conversation became horrible. He related the atrocities which he had committed when a robber and bragante in La Mancha. "It was our custom," said he, "to tie our prisoners to the olive trees, and then putting our horses to full speed, to tilt at them with our spears." As he continued to drink, he became waspish and quarrelsome ; he had hitherto talked Castilian ; but he would now only converse in gypsy and Latin—the last of which languages he spoke with great fluency, though ungrammatically. He told me that he had killed six men in duels ; and drawing his sword, fenced about the room. I saw by the manner in which he handled it, that he was master of his weapon. His cough did not return, and he said it seldom afflicted him when he dined well. He gave me to understand that he had received no pay for two years. Therefore you visit me, thought I. At the end of three hours, perceiving that he exhibited no signs of taking his departure, I arose and said I must again leave him. "As you please, brother," said he ; "use no ceremony with me : I am fatigued, and will wait a little while." I did not return till eleven at night, when my hostess informed me that he had just departed, promising to return next day. He had emptied the *bota* to the last drop ; and the cheese produced being insufficient for him, he sent for an entire Dutch cheese on my account, part of which he had eaten, and the rest carried away. I now saw that I had formed a most troublesome acquaintance, of whom it was highly necessary to rid myself, if possible ; I therefore dined out for the next nine days.

For a week he came regularly at the usual hour, at the end of which time he desisted ; the hostess was afraid of him, as she said that he was a *brujo* or wizard, and only spoke to him through the wicket.

On the tenth day I was cast into prison, where I continued several weeks. Once, during my confinement, he called at the house, and being informed of my mishap, drew his sword, and vowed, with horrible imprecations, to murder the prime minister Ofalia, for having dared to imprison his brother. On my release, I did not revisit my lodgings for some days, but lived at a hotel. I returned late one afternoon with my servant Francisco, a Basque of Hernani, who had served me with the utmost fidelity during my imprisonment, which he had voluntarily shared with me. The first person I saw on entering was the gypsy soldier, seated by the table, whereon were several bottles of wine which he had ordered from the tavern, of course on my account. He was smoking, and looked savage and sullen ; perhaps he was not much pleased with the reception he had experienced. He had forced himself in, and the woman of the house sat by him in a corner, looking upon him with dread. I addressed him ; but he would scarcely return an answer. At last he commenced discoursing with great volubility in gypsy and Latin ; I did not understand much of what he said. His words were wild and incoherent ; but he repeatedly threatened some person. The last bottle was now exhausted, he demanded more. I told him in a gentle manner that he had drunk enough. He looked on the ground for some time ; then slowly, and somewhat hesitatingly, drew his sword and laid it on the table. It was become dark. I was not afraid of the fellow ; but I wished to avoid any thing unpleasant. I called to Francisco to bring lights, and

obeying a sign which I made him, he sat down at the table. The gypsy glared fiercely upon him—Francisco laughed, and began with great glee to talk in Basque, of which the gypsy understood not a word. The Basques, like all Tartars, and such they are, are paragons of fidelity and good nature; they are only dangerous when outraged, when they are terrible indeed. Francisco, to the strength of a giant joined the disposition of a lamb. He was beloved even in the patio of the prison, where he used to pitch the bar, and wrestle with the murderers and felons, always coming off victor. He continued speaking Basque. The gypsy was incensed; and, forgetting the languages in which for the last hour he had been speaking, complained to Francisco of his rudeness in speaking any tongue but Castilian. The Basque replied by a loud *carcajada*, and slightly touched the gypsy on the knee. The latter sprang up, like a mine discharged, seized his sword, and retreating a few steps, made a desperate lunge at Francisco.

The Basques, next to the *Pasiegos*,\* are the best cudgel-players in Spain, and in the world. Francisco held in his hand part of a broom-stick which he had broken in the stable, whence he had just ascended. With the swiftness of lightning he foiled the stroke of *Chaléco*, and in another moment, with a dexterous blow, struck the sword out of his hand, sending it ringing against the wall.

The gypsy resumed his seat and his cigar. He occasionally looked at the Basque. His glances were at first atrocious, but presently changed their expression, and appeared to me to become prying and eagerly curious. He at last arose, picked up his sword, sheathed it, and walked slowly to the door; when there, he stopped, turned round, advanced close to Francisco, and looked him steadfastly in the face. "My good fellow," said he, "I am a gypsy, and can read *bahi*. Do you know where you will be this time to-morrow?"† Then laughing like a hyena, he departed, and I never saw him again. At that time on the morrow, Francisco was on his deathbed. He had caught the jail fever, which had long raged in the *Carcel de la Corte*, where I was imprisoned. In a few days, he was buried, a mass of corruption, in the *Campo Santo* of Madrid. Vol. I. p. 291.

Such are the gypsies of the present day in Spain, and such, in all the main features of their condition, throughout Europe. A few words in conclusion, as to the prospects of amelioration which that condition presents. If this depended on the philanthropic exertions of individuals, nothing could be more hopeless—so thinks Mr. Barrow, from the results of his own experience. And we believe that his views are corroborated by the ill success of those who have made similar experiments in other quarters. None of these benevolent reformers—and there have been many—seem ever to have made even the most fugitive impression upon

\* A small nation or rather sect of *contrabandistas* who inhabit the valley of *Pas* amidst the mountains of Santander. They carry long sticks, in the handling of which they are unequalled. Armed with one of those sticks, a smuggler of *Pas* has been known to beat off two mounted dragoons.

† The hostess and her son were present when the outcast uttered these prophetic words.



their disciples. The gypsy character, like that of most savages, seems to want some of the fundamental qualities necessary for civilization. There is no *fulcrum* for the lever to rest on. Even supposing that their well-meaning instructor could pass the gulf which ancient hatred has dug between this people and all other races of mankind, what has he to impart to which their wayward imaginations can possibly attach a value? How is the hope of physical advantage to move beings whose supreme felicity is in idleness? Or how are the motives of religion to be applied to hearts which seem never to feel that need of religious hope which is the first spring of religious feeling? The result of Mr. Borrow's own attempts is told by him with a good-humored simplicity, which is one of the best points in his book. "Try them with the gospel, I hear some one cry, which speaks to all: I did try them with the gospel, and in their own language." He translated the Gospel of Saint Luke for them, and read and expounded it daily to considerable numbers. "The Gitanos of Madrid purchased the gypsy Luke freely; many of the men understood it, and prized it highly, induced of course more by the language than the doctrine; the women were particularly anxious to obtain copies, though unable to read them; but each wished to have one in her pocket, *especially when engaged in thieving expeditions*, for they all looked upon it in the light of a charm, which would preserve them from all danger and mischance; some even went so far as to say, that in this respect it was equally efficacious with the *bar lachi*, or loadstone, which they are so desirous of possessing!" A further illustration of the value set upon his zealous ministrations, will be found in a capital scene, described at the end of the first volume, which nothing but want of space prevents us from extracting.

So much for direct conversation. But there are slower and more certain agencies at work, which are operating imperceptibly but surely upon their condition. Laws more severe and more ineffectual than those which have been levelled at the gypsies for the last four hundred years, by the several states in which they have sojourned, cannot be imagined. Banishment, imprisonment, the lash, and the gibbet, have been the four principal instruments employed in their government. Whenever the laws were executed, their condition became intolerable. The story told by Grellmann, of a gypsy who was scourged backwards and forwards across the frontier of two or three petty German principalities, each under a temporary fit of vigorous administration, until he was driven to destroy himself—a rare instance of despair in his tribe—is a frightful proof of the atrocities sometimes perpetrated by a zealous police. Fortunately, such severities, in the very nature of things, could never be permanently practised. They were most happy when they enjoyed the contemptuous neglect of the law, unprotected and uncoerced. Grellmann mentions it as a recent occurrence, that, "at a hunting party at one of the small German courts, a mother and her sucking child were shot like a couple of wild beasts." But, in addition to their ordinary state of outlawry, they have been sometimes liable to the most frantic persecutions, on very unreasonable grounds. Such was the favorite imputation of

child-stealing, which Mr. Borrow, with great reason, disbelieves; this being the last article of other people's property with which they were likely to burden themselves, except now and then, in old times, for sale to the Barbary cruisers. Such was also the darker charge of cannibalism—under which many families perished in tortures, in the middle of the last century, in Hungary and elsewhere—although no plausible evidence of it was ever adduced.

Amidst all these miseries, the gypsy race, as a matter of course, flourished, multiplied, and became more desperate and more united. Like its partner in calamity, the Jewish people, it derived a more intense nationality from its sufferings. The Jews found a kind of contraband protection from the higher classes of society, to whom they made themselves useful. The gypsies connected themselves, for mutual defence, with the outcasts of the community, and became valuable members of the permanent association of *Want* against *Have*. But each people nourished in silence its deep and implacable hatred towards its oppressors, and, not the least bitterly, towards those to whom they cringed for shelter.

It was very long before the spirit of legislation began to change; and when it did, the effects were of course very slow; but they were undeniable. We cannot sneer, with Mr. Borrow, at such sovereigns as Charles III. of Spain, or Joseph II. of Germany, because their administration was influenced by the notions of infidel "philosophers." Surely, if the so-called philosophy of that time effected what religion had never been able to accomplish, religion, or rather bigotry, must put up with the disgrace of the comparison. The provisions of Charles III.'s law respecting the gypsies (they are given in the 13th chapter of Mr. Borrow's work) appear to have been at once humane and judicious in no ordinary degree. At the same time, considerable efforts were made in Austria in the same direction; but the Austrians erred in attempting too much. The Spanish legislators had the sense to perceive that their exertions were to ensure the gypsies a certain position in society, and leave the rest to time and themselves. The Austrians thought it their duty to improve and enlighten them by active measures;—a mistake, which, though amiable in the abstract, is not always so in the application. Maria Theresa caused all the gypsy children in some of her provinces to be seized and carried away from their parents in a single day, in order to educate them at the expense of the public. True philosophy in such matters is content with affording opportunities, instead of forcing them on the party whom it is intended to reform—a philosophy not thoroughly comprehended even in the present day.

The effects of Charles III.'s law seem to have been considerable, when measured by the stationary condition of gypsyhood for centuries before; although, doubtless, slight enough in the view of impatient reformers. "*Gitánismo*," according to Mr. Borrow, is altogether on the decline. The greater number of the gypsies have abandoned their vagrant life, and come to reside in the towns; and this change has produced a less intense national feeling, and hastened the decay of the ties which bound them together. "*El crallis hra nicobado la ley de los Cales*"—"The king has

destroyed the law of the gypsies"—is a favorite saying among them at this day.

This is, no doubt, only a beginning, and a similar beginning has taken place in most European countries; but can any one doubt, small as the progress is, that the days of the gypsy race, as a distinct people, are numbered? It is impossible, we think, not to see, in the case both of the Jews and gypsies, the tendency of equal and liberal laws gradually to melt the separate drop into the general mass. We continue to wonder at the marked character which belongs to the Hebrew people; but a closer observation detects that it is wearing away, slowly but certainly—that is, in well-governed communities; as will be perceived when the English or Dutch Jew of the present day is compared with those of a century and a half ago. Let him disdain the imputation of degeneracy as much as he will, he is not what his forefathers were; he cannot occupy the proudly insulated position from which they retorted hate on an injurious world; his peculiar traits evaporate one by one, perhaps will continue to do so with accelerated progress—we say it with all respect for those who read the language of prophecy otherwise—until all things are accomplished. The gypsies oppose only a stubborn, passive resistance to this amalgamation, which will probably be far sooner overcome.

How far will education tend to assist this gradual operation of other causes? On this point we think that Mr. Borrow speaks well and sensibly. The acquisition of mere elementary instruction will not turn the gypsy into an ordinary citizen; but a gypsy with the very slightest instruction is better than a gypsy with none at all. In Spain they seem to have their share of the very scanty primary instruction of the country; they "can read and write in the proportion of one man in three or four;" and "to acquire only the rudiments of education, it is necessary to subject the mind to a species of discipline, which, in most cases, exerts a salutary influence on the human being; education, however slight, never yet made an individual reckless, but has sobered many." There is truth in these plain and practical remarks, which it is much to be wished that the opponents of all popular instruction, except such as is cut out after their own favorite pattern, would do well to remember.

Here we take leave of Mr. Borrow, and with many thanks for the amusement he has given us; hoping to meet him again, according to promise, in the mountains and heaths of Hungary. We have taken no notice of his second volume, which antiquarians may consider, perhaps, the more valuable of the two. It contains a glossary of the Spanish dialect of the gypsies, in which the radical words seem to be the same as those in the German and English, and, of course, of undoubted Indian origin; a point which Mr. Borrow seems to labor too much to prove, by finding out the same respectable descent for many trivial words, which they are most likely to have picked up in the course of their wanderings. For example, "jundunares," soldiers, which he draws from some Sanscrit root, signifying a sword, is surely a mere corruption of "gendarmes." It contains also a plenty of gypsy couplets, with Mr. Borrow's translations, which it seems to require a very strong dose of the *afición* to digest at all;

—resembling, but at a humble distance, those ditties in which the street minstrels of Britain inveigh against the workhouse and the new police. The only remarkable thing about them is, that the connected sense is seldom carried beyond one stanza; a curious exemplification of the unfitness of the gypsy mind for continued attention.

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## ARTICLE VII.

### INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER.

Translated by Prof. J. H. Agnew, Philadelphia, Penn.

As every thing relating to the great Reformer is interesting, it may not be unacceptable to the readers of the Eclectic to learn the following incidents of his life, related by an eye-witness. They are a translation of a Swiss document, introduced into Marheineke's History of the Reformation in Germany, a work elaborated with the utmost care, abounding in the Christian spirit, and possessing all the interest of a novel. It is the intention of the translator of the present article, one day, should life be spared, to transfer that work to the English language.

John Ketzler, of St. Gall, a Swiss, on his way to Wittemberg, for the purpose of pursuing his studies there, fell in with Martin Luther, and subsequently wrote this account in the Swiss language in vogue at that period. [This is the account referred to in the third volume of D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation.]

#### *For what reason Dr. Martin left his retreat in 1522.*

During the absence of Martin from Wittemberg, at Worms and in his retreat, Andrew Carlstadt filled his place as preacher, and gave to the people an exposition of the prophet Malachi, which was published and circulated. His preaching, however, and his procedures against the papal rites, idols and images, were so bold and violent, that the ceremonies were abolished with perhaps some indiscretion; the images and confessional stools were cast out of the churches. Hence arose a strife between the advocates and opponents of images, which resulted in such discord, as seemed to threaten bloodshed. This course met the disapprobation of Philip Melancthon, Justus Jodocus Jonas, and John Bugenhagen, of Pomerania. They were much distressed about this vexatious business, and sent for Martin, [whose retreat was known to them alone,] beseeching him not to delay coming immediately, lest the people, in part instructed in the truth, might, by insurrection and disorder, be seduced from it and lost. For this reason Martin returned to Wittemberg, where he arrived on the Friday preceding the first Sunday in Lent, as I did on the following Saturday.



*How Dr. Martin Luther met with me, John Ketzler, on the way to Wittemberg.*

I cannot here omit to mention,—although it may seem of little moment and very childish—how Martin Luther fell in with me and my companion, John Reutiner, when, released from his imprisonment, he was returning to Wittemberg. On our way to that place for the study of the holy Scriptures, we arrived at Jena in Thuringia—God knows in what a tremendous storm—and after much inquiry and search through the town for lodgings over night, were unable to find any. Everywhere accommodations were refused; for it was the carnival, when there is not much concern about travellers, nor indeed much at any time. We turned away from the town, to ride on to some hamlet, in which we might be sheltered. As we passed out of the gate, a respectable man met us and inquired: “Whither are you going at this late hour?” He observed, that we should not reach before dark night either inn or shelter, where we could be lodged; and besides that the road was bad and dangerous. He therefore advised us by all means to tarry there. We replied: “Dear father, we have been at all the inns pointed out to us in every direction; but everywhere we were sent off, and were therefore obliged to proceed on our journey.” He asked whether we had turned in to inquire at the Black Bear inn? We replied: “We did not see it. Where, sir, shall we find it?” He pointed it out a little distance from the town. And as we approached the Black Bear, lo! as before every landlord had refused us lodgings, so this one came to the door, saluted us, and of his own accord offered to accommodate us, and introduced us to the sitting-room. There we found a man alone, sitting by the table, with a book before him. He saluted us in a friendly manner, and invited us forward to sit at the table with him. [Our shoes, with leave to write it, were so full of mud and dirt, that, for shame, we could not go forward into the room, and daub it with mud: so we sat down by ourselves on a bench by the door.] He then asked us to drink, in such a way that we could not decline.

*What thereupon happened at the Black Bear.*

Perceiving his friendliness and affability, we sat down with him (as he wished it) at his table, and called for a mug of wine, that for honor's sake we might ask him to drink in return. We had no other thought, however, than that he was some knight, who sat there, after the custom of the country, in a red bonnet, and only breeches and a doublet, a sword at his right side, with the right hand on the pommel and the left on the hilt. He presently asked of our native country, but, not waiting for a reply, remarked: “You are Swiss. From what part of Switzerland?” We answered: “From St. Gall.” “If, as I apprehend, you are going to Wittemberg, you will find some good people there, such as Dr. Jerome Schürff, and his brother, Doctor Augustin.” “We have a letter to them,” was our reply; and then we asked: “Can you tell us, sir, whether Martin Luther is now at Wittemberg, or where he is?” He answered: “I am informed that Luther is not now at Wittemberg, but intends soon to

go thither. Philip Melancthon however is there, who teaches the Greek language, and others teach the Hebrew, both which I advise you, by all means, to study ; for they are of the first necessity to an understanding of the holy Scriptures." We said in reply : " So help us God, if we stop (God sparing our lives) until we see and hear the man. On his account we have undertaken our journey, having understood that he denounced the priesthood, together with the mass, as a service without any foundation in the word of God. As we have been educated and intended for priests by our parents from our childhood, we would gladly hear what instruction he would give us, and by what course of reasoning he would establish such a declaration." After these remarks from us, he inquired where we had studied before ; and we replied : " At Basle." He then asked : " What is the state of things at Basle ? Is Erasmus Rotterdam still there ? What is he doing ?" " As far as we know," we replied, " my lord, all is well. What he is doing, however, is known to no one ; for he keeps himself very quiet and retired." It seemed to us strange for a knight to speak so freely of Schürff, Philip and Erasmus, and also of the necessity of both the Greek and Hebrew languages. Besides, he used some Latin words that led us to think him something more than a common knight. " My friends," he inquired, " what is thought of Luther in Switzerland ?" " Why, sir," I replied, " there are there, as everywhere, different opinions. Some cannot sufficiently exalt him, and thank God that, through him, he has manifested his truth and exposed error. Some, however, condemn him as an intolerable heretic, especially the ecclesiastics." " If I am not mistaken," he replied, " they are the priests." By such conversation, he made us very much at home with him, so that my companion took up the book lying before him and opened it. It was a Hebrew Psalter. He soon laid it down again, and the knight took possession of it. This led us still more to doubt who he was. My companion then remarked : " I would give a finger from my hand to understand this language." He replied : " You may soon acquire it, if you industriously apply yourself. I too desire to be better acquainted with it, and daily exercise myself therein."

*What more Luther said to us, and we still knew him not.*

When day had departed and it was now very dark, the landlord came to the table, and perceiving our extreme anxiety to see Martin Luther, he said : " My dear sirs, your wishes would have been gratified if you had been here two days sooner ; for he sat here, at this table ;" at the same time pointing with his finger to the spot. That vexed us exceedingly, and made us angry that we had been too late, so that we vented our passion on the dreary, unfinished road, which had retarded us on our journey. Yet we consoled ourselves by remarking : " At any rate we are rejoiced that we are in the house and at the table where he sat." This made the landlord smile, and he went to the door. After a little while, he called me out of the room. I went to him in fear, trying to think whether I had been guilty of any impropriety, or of what, though inno-

cent, I might be suspected. Then said the host to me: "Since I see you so truly desirous of seeing and hearing Luther, that is he, who sits beside you." I took it that he was joking, and said: "Ha, mine host, you wish to play off a joke on me, and satisfy my desire by passing off some one else for Luther. He replied: "It is certainly so. Yet don't let on that you know him, or take him for Luther." I yielded to my host, but could not believe it, and went again into the room and took my seat at the table. I informed my companion also of what the landlord had told me, having gone towards the door, and secretly whispered: "The landlord has told me that is Luther." Like myself he would not credit it, and observed: "He has probably said Hütten, and you have not rightly understood him." As the knight's dress seemed to me more appropriate to Hütten than to Luther as a monk, I persuaded myself that the landlord had said, "That is Hütten;" especially as the first syllables of the two names sound alike, and might be readily confounded. Therefore what I said, was said as if I were conversing with Sir Ulrich von Hütten.

There now rode up two merchants, who wished lodgings for the night; and after taking off their spurs, and disencumbering themselves, one of them laid down beside him a little unbound volume. Martin asked what book it was. He answered: "It is Dr. Luther's commentary on some of the gospels and epistles, just printed and published. Have you not seen it?" Martin replied: "I shall soon obtain it." Just then the inn-keeper called us to sit down to table and eat. We however spoke up and begged to be excused, and requested something separately. The landlord said: "My dear fellows, sit down now with the gentleman at the table; I will be moderate with you." Martin hearing this, said: "Come here, sit down, I will settle the bill."

During the repast, Martin expressed many pious, kindly sentiments, at which both the merchants and we were very much surprised; and we valued his words more than all dainties. Among other things, he lamented with a sigh, that the princes and lords were assembled at the Diet of Nuremberg at the present time, because of the word of God, on account of the fluctuating state of affairs and the troubles of the German nation; but disposed to do nothing else than to waste precious time in expensive carousals, sleigh-rides, carnalities, insolence and whoredom, whilst, however, godly fear and earnest prayer would have better served the purpose. "But these are our Christian princes."

Further he said: "It is to be hoped that evangelical truth will produce more fruit among our children and posterity, who will not be poisoned with papal error, but engrafted on the pure truth and word of God, than in their parents, in whom error is so deeply rooted that it cannot be easily eradicated."

The merchants then expressed their favorable opinions also, and the elder said: "I am a simple, weak layman, not very well understanding the business; but this I say: as it seems to me, this Luther must be either an angel from heaven, or a devil from hell. I have yet but ten gilders to spend, intending to give them to him, that I may confess to him; for I believe he can and will correctly inform my conscience."

Meantime came up to us the inn-keeper, and secretly said : "Be not concerned about the expense, Martin has ordered the supper for you." We felt much rejoiced at this, not because of the money and the refreshment, but that he, such a man, made us free guests, and had us to sup with him. After supper the merchants arose and went to the stable to see to the horses, while Martin remained in the room alone with us. We then thanked him for defraying the expenses of the meal, and for the beer; and observed that we presumed he was Ulrich von Hatten. He replied : "I am not," and remarked to the landlord, who just then came up : "I have to-night become a nobleman; these Swiss have taken me for Ulrich von Hatten." The landlord replied : "They are mistaken, you are Martin Luther." He then laughed heartily, saying : "These take me for Hatten, you for Luther; pretty soon I shall be Martin Marcolf." After this conversation he took up a full glass of beer, and said, according to the custom of the country : "Switzers, drink yet again a friendly glass to my health." And as I was about to take the glass, he changed it for a mug of wine, saying : "You are not used to beer, it is not a home drink with you, take the wine."

*How Martin Luther at length became known to us at Wittemberg.*

With that he arose, threw his coat of arms upon his shoulder, and took leave, offering us his hand and saying : "On your arrival at Wittemberg, present my respects to Dr. Jerome Scharff." We replied : "We shall very willingly and cheerfully do it; but how shall we give your name, that he may understand from whom the salutation comes?" He answered : "You need only say to him, he, whom you expect, sends his regards, and he will at once apprehend whom you mean." Thus he left us and retired to rest. The merchants then came into the room again, called on the landlord for another drink, and had a good deal to say about the stranger who had sat with them, wondering who he might be. The landlord remarked again, that he took him to be Luther, and the merchants soon adopted his opinion. Then they lamented and regretted that they had spoken so improperly before him, and declared they would arise in the morning before he rode away, ask his pardon and beg him not to be displeased with them, nor to take it ill, for they did not know him. This was done, and in the morning they found him in the stable. Martin then said to them : "Last night, at supper, you said you would pay ten florins to Luther and confess to him; when then you see him and confess to him, you will know assuredly whether I am Martin Luther." So saying, he mounted his horse and rode off to Wittemberg. On the same day we set out for Wittemberg, and came to a village at the foot of a mountain, the latter I believe called Orlamünd and the former Nasshausen. Through it flows a stream which, because of heavy rains, was so swollen as to overflow its banks, and to have carried off a part of the bridge, so that no one could cross with a horse. We of course put up in this village, and at the inn accidentally met with the two merchants, who, for Luther's sake, welcomed us there, and made us free guests. On the



Saturday following, (as Martin on the Friday before,) the morrow being the first Sunday in Lent, we called on Dr. Jerome Scharff to deliver our letters. When invited into the room, lo! there we find Martin, just as at Jena, with Philip Melancthon, Justus Jodocus Jonas, Nicholas Armsdorf, Dr. Augustin Schurff, who were relating what had occurred at Wittemberg in his absence. He saluted us and smiled, then pointing with his finger, said: "This is Philip Melancthon, of whom I spoke to you." Philip then turned towards us, and made many and various inquiries about the state of affairs, of which we gave him as much information as we possessed. So we spent that day with them, on our part with great joy and strong desire.

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## ARTICLE VIII.

### REVIEW OF D'ISRAELI'S AMENITIES OF LITERATURE.

From the (London) Eclectic Review.

*Amenities of Literature; consisting of Sketches and Characters of English Literature. By J. D'Israeli. Three Vols., 8vo. London. 1841.\**

THE name of Mr. D'Israeli has been familiar to most of us from our childhood, and he claims especial notice as the first writer who endeavored to allure the general reader from the beaten paths of popular history, and every-day literature, into those by-ways which, until his time, had been viewed but as "long passages which led to nothing," and only to be trodden by the plodding antiquary or the idle book-worm. In these by-ways he pointed out many a prospect well worth the seeing, and gathered many an unsuspected flower; and if, in some instances, his search was less accurate, or his choice less select, than that of his successors in the same paths, still, as the first who led the way, he deserves our thanks.

It is not unlikely that the desultory, and to a certain degree superficial character of Mr. D'Israeli's *earlier* works contributed in great measure to their success. The general reader of some forty or fifty years ago, accustomed to the flimsiest compositions in the shape of "polite literature," who would have shrunk from encountering the elaborate criticisms and wide range of illustration which many a modern work presents, turned over the pages of "*Curiosities of Literature*" with delight, for he found that the neglected stores of a library could furnish as abundant amusement as any of the "miscellanies" of the day. The public thus became acquainted with authors, and books, and with many a curious and important fact in our literary history, in a way they had never expected, and were actually beguiled into somewhat of an antiquarian taste before they

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\* This interesting work has also been published in our own country, in a neat edition of two volumes. New-York. J. & H. G. Langley. 1841. pp. 405, 461.

were aware of it. When our author, in the present work, exultingly remarks in reference to the deep interest which is now taken in the works of our black-letter writers, "but this is an age of republications," we think he may fairly take credit to himself, for having in great measure made it so.

The work before us advances and sustains higher literary claims than any of Mr. D'Israeli's former productions. It is entirely devoted to a view of English literature from the earliest period, and not supplied, to use the words of our author, in the form of "an arid narrative of books and authors," but is intended "to trace from their beginning the rise, the progress, and the decline of public opinions, and to illustrate, as the objects presented themselves, the great incidents in our national annals." This object occupied Mr. D'Israeli's studies for many years; and it is with great regret we find that a total loss of sight has prevented one of the most diligent students of full half a century from bringing his elaborate work to its completion. The work, however, although unfinished, is in no respect incomplete, but presents us, in the form of short chapters or essays on various subjects connected with the circumstances and progress of English literature, a combined view of the whole, from the earliest period to the middle of the seventeenth century.

The work commences with a chapter on the "Druidical Institutions," and if Mr. D'Israeli has left many a vexed question relating to this subject undecided, the reader at all acquainted with it will award praise rather than blame. So dense is the obscurity that surrounds whatever relates to these early days, that, as he remarks, it is like entering a cavern, "where, by many waving their torches, the light has sometimes fallen on an unperceived angle, but the scattered light has shown the depth and the darkness." Dissertations on "Britain and the Britons," on the Anglo-Saxons, including two chapters containing notices of the Saxon Milton, *Cædmon*, and of that wonderful poem "*Beowulf*," follow; and the chapter on the "Anglo-Normans" introduces us to the first change which passed over our infant literature in the substitution of the Norman-French for the Saxon tongue. Our limits at this time will not permit us to follow out this very interesting, and, we think, ill understood subject—the temporary supremacy of the Norman dialect; we must, however, observe, that the charge so commonly brought against the conqueror of having enacted that all law proceedings should be in French, is wholly without foundation. They were in Latin until the reign of Henry the Third; they were then conducted in French, and continued so until the reign of his great-grandson, Edward the Third. The circumstance of the Norman-French being the language of the reigning family, and of their immediate attendants, will alone account for the neglect of the native tongue, a tongue which, it appears from the testimony of our chief Saxon scholars, was even then undergoing rapid changes. Still, although for generations the "birth-tongue" of the people never made itself heard within the precincts of the court, although each rising poet, English by birth though he were, wrote his "*estoire*" and "*roman*," or sung his "*lai*," in the language of the invaders, the language of the people, as our author says,

"is not to be conquered as the people themselves. The birth-tongue may be imprisoned or banished, but it cannot die—the people think in it; the images of their thoughts, their traditional phrases, the carol over the mead cup, and their customs, far diffused, survived even the iron tongue of the curfew."

Meanwhile the Norman-French was doing good service; it scattered abroad among the people many a chronicle to which all ranks listened with delight, and it appealed to the pride of Englishmen though it used a foreign tongue, for it made England the grand centre of every tale; and to the celebration of English beauty and English prowess every Anglo-Norman romance was devoted. And pleased were even the rude "uplandyshe" men with this celebration; for within twenty years of Wace's translation of Geoffrey of Monmouth's History, we find Layamon, in a dialect which has been characterized as neither Saxon nor English, narrating the glory of King Arthur and the prowess of his knights to the dwellers of western England. And still, in the succeeding century, did the language of the conqueror do good service to our fathers, for in that tongue did the Breton lays come forth—lays which in our remoter districts still amuse the company seated round the Christmas fire, and when the strife for freedom began, the minstrel in Norman-French summoned the people to the contest, or mourned over the death of their great leader. It is to the struggle of Simon de Montfort—that struggle which has so often been designated as a mere strife of factious nobles, but which in reality was the birth-time of our liberties—that the resurrection of the language of the people may, we think, be assigned. Henry the Third was more vehement than his predecessors in his attachment to all that was French, and contempt of whatever was English; the barons, on the contrary, expressed respect for whatever was English. Now, although this might not lead them so far as to unlearn a language familiar to them from their infancy and learn the English of that day; still, in their constant intercourse with those who, though belonging to the lower class, were engaged in the same cause, the "birth-tongue" of the people must have become familiar to their ears. The loss of Normandy and Aquitaine confined the nobles, too, to their English estates, and nobles and people who had been engaged in one common cause, began insensibly to use a common language. During this period a great change had taken place in the English, as the reader may see by comparing a specimen of Layamon's Chronicle with one of Robert of Gloucester's; this consisted, as Mr. D'Israeli truly remarks, in the "laying aside its inflections, and its inversions, and its arbitrary construction," but he seems not to be aware that this important change was the great boon conferred by the Norman-French ere it sunk into desuetude. In turning over the pages of several of our Anglo-Norman *trouvères* some time since, we were struck with the easy flow of each sentence, although the writer was trammelled by verse, and we found in nearly every instance that the passage, when translated word for word in the order they stood, formed remarkably concise modern English.

It is about the close of the thirteenth century that a number of Eng-

lish translations of a superior character meet us, showing that there was now a higher class who understood and patronized the native tongue. Still the progress was slow; but when in 1346 we find Edward the Third in his proclamation stating, that "*Philip of Valois is meditating and threatening to destroy both us and ours, and, if it were possible, wholly to blot out the English tongue,*" we perceive that the triumph of "the birth-tongue" was complete. In 1362 the enactment directing that all pleadings in the law courts should henceforward be in English was passed, but simultaneously, or soon after, showing that the royal mandate was but a reflection of the national will, Sir John Mandeville, in addition to his Latin and French versions, put forth his English narrative of his travels, and Piers Ploughman his vigorous and graphic satire, and Chaucer some of his most graceful poems, and Wickliffe, that monument of zeal and energy, the first English version of the inspired volume. Mr. D'Israeli's chapters upon these, our first band of writers, are delightfully written, and his estimate of Chaucer is that of one who has both studied and admired him.

He had mingled with the world's affairs both at home and abroad: accomplished in manners and intimately connected with a splendid court, Chaucer was at once the philosopher who had surveyed mankind in their widest sphere, the poet who haunted the solitudes of nature, and the elegant courtier whose opulent tastes are often discovered in the graceful pomp of his descriptions. It was no inferior combination of observation and sympathy which could bring together in one company the many-colored conditions and professions of society, delineated with pictorial force, and dramatized by poetic conception, reflecting themselves in the tale which seemed most congruous to their humors. The perfect identity of these assembled characters, after the lapse of near five centuries, make us familiar with the domestic habits and modes of thinking of a most interesting period in our country, not inspected by the narrow details of the antiquarian microscope, but in the broad mirror reflecting that truth or satire which alone could have discriminated the passions, the pursuits and the foibles of society. Thus the painter of nature, who caught the glow of her skies and her earth in his landscape, was also the miniature portrayer of human likenesses. When Chaucer wrote, the classics of antiquity were imperfectly known in this country—the Grecian muse had never reached our shores; this was, probably, favorable to the native freedom of Chaucer. The English poet might have lost his raciness by a cold imitation of the Latin masters; among the Italians, Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio, Chaucer found only models to emulate or to surpass. Hence the English bard indulged that more congenial abundance of thoughts and images which owns no other rule than the pleasure it yields in the profusion of nature and fancy. A great poet may not be the less Homeric because he has never read Homer.

Nature in her distinct forms lies open before this poet-painter; his creative eye pursued her through all her mutability, but in his details he was a close copier. In his rural scenery there is a freshness in its luxuriance, for his impressions were stamped by their locality.—Vol. i. pp. 261, 262.



We rather doubt the latter assertion, nor the less because Pope maintained it. That the author of the English pastorals and "Windsor Forest," to whom nature always appeared of little interest save when full dressed in terraced walks and clipped hedges, should imagine that Chaucer must have the exact landscape before him ere he could paint it, is likely enough; but the true poet,—and Chaucer was indeed one,—combines the beauties on which his eye has severally dwelt into one more perfect, more poetical whole. It has been disadvantageous for the fame of this illustrious poet that he is almost exclusively known by his latest work, since, although many a bright picture of natural scenery may be there found, these fall far below the exquisite touches in his earlier poems,—“The Boke of the Duchess,” his “Dream,” and above all, unequalled save by passages in the Faery Queen, his matchless “Floure and the Lefe,” a poem which Dryden has modernized, and, as he thought, amended, but which must be read in Chaucer’s own most melodious verse ere the reader can at all appreciate its beauty. Mr. D’Israeli’s estimate of Gower is, we think, scarcely high enough. Beside Chaucer he cannot be placed, but many portions of his “*Confessio Amantis*” may be read with pleasure. Among all the reprints of the present day, we rather wonder that his Latin poem, the “*Vox Clamantis*,” has not been published, since from the specimens that have already appeared, it seems likely to throw some light upon the insurrection which it was designed to commemorate,—that of Wat Tyler,—and thus illustrate a very important portion of our history.

We are gratified to find Mr. D’Israeli bestowing such high praise on Piers Ploughman, and commending so justly “the intrepidity and force of his genius,” and vindicating his having addressed the “commons” in their own common language.

There was no philosophical criticism in the censure of this poet by Warton, when he condemns him for not having “availed himself of the rising and rapid improvements of the English language,” and censures him for his “affectation of obsolete English.” These rising improvements may never have reached our bard, or if they had, he might have disdained them; for the writer of the Visions concerning Piers Ploughman was strictly a national poet; and there was no “affectation of obsolete English,” in a poet preserving the forms of his native idiom, and avoiding all exotic novelties in the energy of his Anglo-Saxon genius. His uncontaminated mind returned to or continued the Anglo-Saxon alliterative metre and unrhymed verse; he trusted its cadence to the ear, scorning the subjection of rhyme. \* \* \*

The pearls in these waters lie not on the surface. The visionist had deeper thoughts and more concealed feelings than these rhapsodical phantoms. In a general survey of society, he contemplates the court and the clergy, glancing through all the diversified ranks of the laity, not sparing the people themselves, as their awful reprove. It was a voice from the wilderness in the language of the people. The children of want and oppression had found their solitary advocate. The prelacy, dissolved in the luxuriousness of papal pomp and a barbarous aristoc-

racy, with their rapacious dependents, were mindless of the morals or the happiness of those human herds, whose heads were counted, but whose hearts they could never call their own."—*Ib.* pp. 294—296.

With the remark that the political opinions of this writer "are as mysterious as Piers Ploughman himself," we cannot agree, for they are what, for want of a more suitable word, we must term violently radical. It is the quiet humor that pervades every page of this curious work which perhaps has misled Mr. D'Israeli, since the fable which he refers to, the "Cat of a Court," is a violent satire on Edward the Third. This cat is no other than the hero of the old fable of the mice and the cat; and while it is proposed that a bell should be tied about his neck, each shrinks from the task of doing it. A "mouseling" remarks, that it is in vain to think of mending their condition, since no one will tie the bell; and even if the cat should be killed, there would come another, and "I have heard my old father say, a kitten would be worse." He remarks, that when the cat is in a good humor he is very bearable, but he lays down as an axiom, that although cats are for the present necessary evils, still it must be remembered they are evils. In conclusion, he bids others interpret his meaning, "for I dare not." But against the rapacious clergy his anger knows no bounds, nor is he much less severe against the nobles who harass their poor tenantry. Indeed, we know of no other contemporary record which gives so much information on the condition of the lower classes, and a careful reading over of the Visions of Piers Ploughman would, we think, bring the inquirer to a more thorough acquaintance with the state of our peasantry in the fourteenth century than all the laborious dissertations in the *Archæologia*. Although unknown to the great mass of modern readers, this most important work has exercised, in a literary point of view, no common or limited influence.

The "VISIONS OF PIERS PLOUGHMAN" will always offer studies for the poetical artist. This volume, and not Gower's nor Chaucer's, is a well of English undefiled. SPENSER often beheld these Visions; MILTON, in his sublime description of the Lazar House, was surely inspired by a reminiscence of Piers Ploughman. Even Dryden, whom we should not suspect to be much addicted to black-letter reading beyond his Chaucer, must have carefully conned our Piers Ploughman; for he has borrowed one very striking line from our poet, and possibly may have taken others. BYRON, though he has thrown out a crude opinion of Chaucer, has declared that "the Ploughman" excels our ancient poets. And I am inclined to think that we owe to Piers Ploughman an allegorical work of the same wild invention, from that other creative mind, the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. How can we think of the one, without being reminded of the other? Some distant relationship seems to exist between the Ploughman's *Dowell* and *Dobet*, and *Dobest*, Friar *Flatterer*, *Grace* the Portress of the magnificent *Tower of Truth* viewed at a distance, and by its side the dungeon of *Care*, *Natural Understanding*, and his lean and stern wife *Study*, and all the rest of this numerous company, and the shadowy pilgrimage of the "Immortal Dreamer" to "the Celestial City."—*Ib.* pp. 302, 303.

Our author has no need to add that he almost mistrusts his opinion on this point. The great poet of the people was, we know, cherished by them; and oral tradition, more faithful in an unsettled period than the pen of the transcriber, doubtless transmitted many a stern denunciation against power in high places, and many a vivid picture of maiden Mede and her goodly attendants, Liar, Falsehood and Simony, which dwelt on the minds of a secluded peasantry through many generations; and to these, young John Bunyan, unconscious as yet of his future high calling as a writer, or a minister, might often listen; and when in the solitude of Bedford jail he meditated his unrivalled work, the stern force, the graphic power, above all, the marvellous reality with which the dreamer on Malvern hills invested his allegorical personages, arose to his mind, and he too laid down to dream, but not of the anxious and fruitless quest of poverty in search of bread, not of the endless strifes of might against right, but of a pilgrimage which, though begun at the City of Destruction, ended in eternal blessedness. No one, we think, who has read the Vision of Piers Ploughman, not in the diffuse and often incorrect paraphrase of Dr. Whittaker, but in the forcible original, can doubt that *that* was the source from whence his greater successor derived both the outline of his work and the fine genuine English of his style.

Chapters on Occleve and Lydgate follow, and with Lydgate our first school of English poetry ends. A long and most disastrous period of civil war succeeded, illumined by "the light of song." Nearly a century passed away, and then a new school arose. But meanwhile a mighty change had passed over the nation, and the battle of Bosworth field entailed more important consequences upon England than perhaps any other single battle in our annals. A mighty increase of power was from that day thrown into the hands of the sovereign, for the chief nobility had perished in the wars of the Roses, the inferior were subjected to fines, to confiscations, and, as Tudor began to feel the stability of his rule, to a series of vexatious enactments, all intended to do away with the second estate of the constitution. Meanwhile, by a judicious encouragement of commerce, Tudor managed to conciliate the chief men of our mercantile cities; while the mass of the people—in the agricultural districts more especially—wearied and impoverished by nearly forty years' civil warfare, "found that rest was good," and bowed to the yoke of an arbitrary monarch, unaware that when they should again attempt to rise, like Is-sachar they would find themselves pressed down by a double burthen.

We have often been surprised to find writers who take the popular side of the question, exulting that the ancient aristocracy were well nigh extinguished in the sanguinary wars of the Roses. At that period, ere there was what we now recognize as a moneyed interest, a commercial interest, or such like, beneath whose shield the people can make known their demands, the nobility occupied that place, and, supported by two or three powerful barons, the commons in the days of our Plantagenets often took a high tone, and in their petitions, as may be seen in the parliament rolls, came not far short of the plain speaking of our own days. Now, from the period of the accession of Tudor this was never the case;

the situation of the "commons" house of parliament was most degraded; and never, during the whole sway of the Tudor dynasty, did the "faithful commons," whatever were the misrule of the sovereign, dare even to think of what in the reign of Richard the Second, full one hundred and fifty years before, had been done, impeach the ministers of the crown, and demand their punishment. But although the Tudors crushed the ancient nobility, they had no intention of surrounding themselves with mere commoners. Patents of nobility were liberally granted, but it was to those who had shown themselves most subservient to the royal bidding. The "breath" that had "made them" could as easily unmake, and they, equally with the historians of Henry the Eighth's days, boasted themselves "the indentured servants of the house of Tudor." Thus were the people crushed, and thus commenced the reign of arbitrary government. But at the very period when each sovereign of Europe—and it is a curious coincidence—was engaged in suppressing his ancient nobility, and seizing the great fiefs to add them to his already overgrown possessions, the great revolutionizer of Europe, eventually of the whole world, the press, appeared.

Mr. D'Israeli's chapter on this subject is one of the most interesting in his three volumes. After two centuries of literary strife, the question who was the first inventor of printing is as undecided as, perhaps, it was then; and the arguments and illustrations of our author, tending to show that "many imperfect beginnings were going on at the same time in different places," are well deserving the attention of our typographical antiquaries. Unfortunately for the "romance" of printing, Mr. D'Israeli shows that the eulogies which have been pronounced from the pulpit and platform on those "benefactors of our race, the inventors of printing," have been in great measure undeserved; the worthy discoverers being certainly benefactors to themselves, but caring far less for posterity than posterity has for them.

No refined considerations of the nature and the universal consequences of their discovery seem to have instigated the earliest printers; this is evident, by the perpetual jealousy and the mystifying style by which they long attempted to hide that secret monopoly which they had now obtained.

The first notion of printing might have reached Europe from China. Our first block-printing seems imitated from the Chinese, who print with blocks of wood on one side of the paper, as was done in the earliest essays of printing; and the Chinese seem also to have suggested the use of a thick black ink. European traders might have imported some fugitive leaves; their route has even been indicated, from Tartary, by the way of Russia; and from China and Japan, through the Indies and the Arabian Gulf. The great antiquity of printing in China has been ascertained. Du Halde and the missionary Jesuits assert, that this art was practised by the Chinese half a century before the Christian era! At all events, it is evident that they exercised it many centuries before it was attempted in Europe. \* \* \* \*

We may reasonably suspect that the practitioners in every art which



has reached to almost a perfect state, such as that of printing, have silently borrowed from one another; that there has often existed a secret connection in things, and a reciprocal observation in the intercourse of men alike intent on the same object; that countries have insensibly transferred a portion of their knowledge to their neighbors; that travellers in every era have imparted their novelties, hints however crude, descriptions however imperfect; all such slight notices escape the detection of an historian; nothing can reach him but the excellence of some successful artist. In vain rival concurrents dispute the invention; the patriotic historian of the art clings to his people or his city, to fix the inventor and the invention, and promulgates faery tales to authenticate the most uncertain evidence.

The history of printing illustrates this view of its origin. The invention has long been ascribed to GUTENBERG, yet some have made it doubtful whether this presumed father of the art ever succeeded in printing a book, for we are assured that no colophon has revealed his name. We hear of his attempts and of his disappointments, his bickerings and his law-suits. He seems to have been a speculative bungler in a new-found art, which he mysteriously hinted was to make a man's fortune. The goldsmith Fust advanced a capital in search of the novel alchymy; the project ends in a law-suit, the goldsmith gains his cause and the projector is discharged. Gutenberg lures another simple soul, and the same golden dream vanishes in the dreaming. These copartners, evidently tired of an art which had not yet found an artist, a young man, probably improving on Gutenberg's blunders, one happy day displayed to the eyes of his master, Fust, a proof pulled from his own press. In rapture, the master confers on this Peter Schœffer a share of his future fortunes; and to bind the apprentice by the safest ties of consanguinity, led the swart youth, glorious with printer's ink, to the fair hand of his young daughter. The new partnership produced their famed Psalter of 1457, and shortly followed their magnificent Bible.

While these events were occurring, COSTAR, of Haarlem, was plodding on with the same "noble mystery," but only printing on one side of a leaf, not having yet discovered that a leaf might be contrived to contain two pages. The partisans of Costar assert that it was proved he substituted movable for fixed letters; which was a giant's footstep in his new path. A faithless servant ran off with the secret. The history of printing abounds with such tales. Every step in the progress of the newly-invented art indicates its gradual accessions. \* \* \*

FUST had bound his workmen to secrecy by the solemnity of an oath; but at the siege of Mentz that freemasonry was lost. These early printers dispersed, some were even bribed away. Two Germans set up their press in the monastery of Subiaco, in the vicinity of Naples, whose confraternity consisted of German monks. These very printers finally retreated to Rome, for that patronage they had still to seek; and at Rome they improved the art by adopting the Roman character. Not only the invention of the art was progressive, but the art itself was much more so. \* \* \*

How has it happened that such a plain story as that of the art of printing should have sunk into a romance? Solely because the monopolizers dreaded discovery. It originated in deception, and could only

flourish for their commercial spirit in mysterious obscurity. Among the first artisans of printing every one sought to hide his work, and even to blind the workmen. After their operations they cautiously unscrewed the four sides of their forms, and threw the scattered type beneath, for, as one craftily observed to his partner, "When the component parts of the press are in pieces, no one will understand what they mean." One of the early printers of the fifteenth century at Mutina, or Modena, professes his press to have been in *in ædibus subterraneis*—doubtless, if possible, still further to darken the occult mystery. They delivered themselves in a mystical style when they alluded to their unnamed art, and impressed on the marvelling reader that the volume he held in his hand was the work of some supernatural agency. They announced that the volumes in this newly-found art were "neither drawn, nor written with a pen and ink, as all books before had been." In the "Recueil of the Histories of Troy," our honest printer, plain Caxton, caught the hyperbolical style of the dark monopolizing spirit of the confraternity. I give his words, having first spelt them. "I have practised and learned at my great charge and dispense to ordain (put in order) this said book in print after the manner and form as ye may here see, and is not written with pen and ink as other books be, to the end that *every man may have them AT ONCE*; for all the books of this story, thus imprinted as ye see, were *begun in one day, and also finished in one day*. A volume of more than seven hundred folio pages, "begun and finished in one day," was not the less marvellous for being impossible. But for the times was the style! Caxton would keep up the wonder and the mystery of an art which men did not yet comprehend; and because a whole sheet might have been printed in one day, and was *all at once* pulled off, and not line by line, our venerable printer mystified the world."—Ib. pp. 327—339.

The singular appropriateness of the era when this great art first appeared has struck every philosophical writer; as Mr. Hallam has lately said: "It was Minerva leaping on earth, in her divine strength and radiant armor, ready at the moment of her birth to subdue and destroy her enemies."

But an order of things which has subsisted for centuries cannot be swept away like the frail plaything of a child. Clouds and darkness heralded the sixteenth century, and amid storm and earthquake was the new framework of religious belief and civil polity built up. It is unfortunate for this most important of periods, that party spirit has peculiarly claimed it for her own. That in an age of such bitter religious strife the actors, when they became writers, should impress their own fierce hostilities and distorted views on their productions, is but to be expected; but that even to the present day this should be the case, is neither creditable to an age which boasts its superiority to ancient prejudices, nor to writers who claim the character of philosophical. For the very lenient notice which some of the chief actors in scenes of wholesale spoliation have received at the hands of even religious writers, we must, we suppose, look for an apology in the often quoted, but only partially, and in a limited

sense, correct axiom, "measures, not men;" otherwise it is difficult to conceive how the conduct of Henry the Eighth and his chief ministers could have escaped their severest denunciations. A very curious chapter is devoted in the second volume to a view of the literary character of this monarch. Such views are too often lost sight of in political history, and yet much light may be thrown on the events of a reign from the contemplation of the peculiar bent of mind of the monarch. With the astuteness of his father, the second Tudor possessed an energy that rendered continual employment absolutely necessary; nor, provided that employment was sufficiently spirit-stirring, does he seem to have been very particular whether it was the wild pleasure of the chase, the glittering turmoil of the tournament, the strife of eager debate, or even the toil of framing a series of syllogisms, to form a right royal argument for the faith which he so soon was to abjure and destroy. As a sedative, Mr. D'Israeli informs us that Wolsey on one occasion "recommended to his restless master the perusal of the nineteen folios of Thomas Aquinas, possibly with the hope of fixing the royal fly in the repose of the cobwebs of the schoolmen." But "leviathan was not so to be tamed;" he ere long laid aside both his reading and his authorship, to employ the more stringent arguments of stake and gallows; but to the end of his life he was the active editor of each work which came forth duly impressed with the royal arms, supported by the Tudor dragons, and devoted to the grand purpose of proving "the right divine of kings to govern wrong," and the duty of subjects to render unto Cæsar not merely his due, but "things which belong unto God." It is true, that the eager interest which Henry took in "the new learning" encouraged its diffusion, and brought over many a continental scholar to his court; but it also laid a paralyzing hand on our native literature, and checked the growth of the national mind. All was under the superintendence of the monarch, from the Latin grammar (Lilly's), which was commanded to be "all and everywhere used" on pain of a *præmunire*, to the chronicle which informed the citizen of the events of past times.

At this period only one existed in the English language; the curious and amusing compilation of Master Robert Fabyan, mercer, alderman, and sometimes sheriff of our good city. This was not printed until 1516, four years after his death, and in it the pope was treated with the usual respect, sundry edifying legends were provided for the lovers of the supernatural, St. Thomas à Becket was represented as a martyr, and "religious houses" were spoken of as very good places. And for about twenty years the worthy mercer was allowed to tell his own tale, but now new light broke in upon the royal mind, and master Fabyan's book was subjected to alterations suited to the altered times. "The martyred archbishop" became the "traitorous archbishop," the holy legends were all expunged, the pope was reduced to the "bishop of Rome," and, in a marginal gloss, was further complimented by the title of "that monstrous and wicked beast." In the nineteenth century we laugh at these royal expurgations and additions; but there was not then much to laugh at, when the whole printed history of a nation was made to change its views

at the changeful will of the sovereign. It was in this spirit that Hall and Hollingshed wrote; and it is this that has made them so worthless for all historical purposes. The same interference which Henry had exercised toward Fabian's history, he exercised in respect to the translated Bible. Every word that might appear favorable to popular rights was carefully expunged, and Tyndale in supplicating license to return from exile, was fain to humbly ask the king's pardon for using the word "congregation" instead of "church;" and to express the joy he should feel if he could but make the translation of God's word agreeable to the king's fancies! After all, what is the amount of our debt to Henry the Eighth for the reformation? In the chapter entitled "The Spoliation of the Monasteries," Mr. D'Israeli justly observes:

We are accustomed to trace the Reformation to Henry the Eighth, but in verity, small are the claims of this sovereign on posterity, for through all the multiplied ramifications of superstition, nothing under him was reformed. The other great event of the Reformation, the assumption of the spiritual supremacy, accorded with the national independence from a foreign jurisdiction. The policy was English, but it originated in the private passions of the monarch. Assuredly, had the tiara deigned to nod to the regal solicitor, then had "the Defender of the Faith" only given to the world another edition of his book against Luther.

In the last years of his reign Henry vacillated in his uncertain reform. Sometimes leaning on one party and sometimes on another, he had lost the vigor of his better days. In his last parliament, though not without some difficulty, both from Protestant and Papist, they had voted for the "augmentation" of the royal revenue, their grant of the chantries. These chantries were the last wrecks of the monastic lands. A single church had often several chantries attached to it. Chantries were endowments of estates by the sinners of that age for the benefit of having eternal masses sung for their departed souls. Henry on this occasion, in his last speech, strongly animadverts on the national disunion, and among his thanks mingles his menaces "to unite them in a more unacceptable way" than the tenderness with which at that moment he addressed them, for their concessions to his "Court of Augmentation."

It is also evident, by this able and extraordinary speech, that Henry would gladly have revoked his gift to the people of "the Word of God in their mother-tongue," as his majesty expresses himself. He had, indeed, already withdrawn the freedom he had granted, by restricting it to a few persons, and only to be used on particular occasions. \* \* \* \* \*

Henry the Eighth rejected the pope, but surely he died a Romanist. His unwieldy huge form was lifted up from his deathbed that he might prostrate himself, and, in the writer's language, who, however, was a papist, "bury himself in the earth," to testify his reverence for "the real presence," when it was brought before him. His will, which, though it was put aside, was not the less the king's will, attested his last supplications to "the Virgin Mary, and all her holy company of Heaven." And he endowed an altar at Windsor, "to be honorably kept up with all things necessary for a *daily mass*, there to be read *perpetually while the world shall endure*." At the same time Henry endowed the poor knights



of Windsor, upon condition that they should repeat their eternal masses for his soul. His magnificence was proportionate to his sins, but his perpetual masses, and the world, did not endure together. \* \* \* \* \*

This monarch has been lauded as a patriot king for the suppression of the monasteries and the national emancipation from the tiara; but patriotism has often covered the most egotistical motives.—Vol. II. pp. 138—141.

The death of Henry was succeeded by a period of great turbulence. "We seem to be consulting the annals of some Asiatic dynasty," says Mr. D'Israeli, "when we see a royal nephew tranquilly affixing his signature to the death-warrants of his two uncles," and of these, the one brother attainted by the other, and the scaffold alone ending their feuds and their conspiracies. And yet the wonderful young prince who signed his two uncles' death-warrants made a cool entry of the act in his diary, and with equal coolness set down the burning of Joan of Kent for some mystical notions, and of a Dutchman for Socinianism. Thus the reader may see that Protestant *autos da fe* were not of such rare occurrence then; and if given to thinking for himself, he may perchance inquire why young King Edward should for nearly three hundred years have maintained a character for all manner of piety and amiability, and his sister Mary that of a ferocious murderess. That the sanguinary events of Mary's reign were in great measure the result of political reaction, no one at all acquainted with this period of our history (unless a member of the Protestant Association) will, we think, venture to deny. Young Edward and his immediate relations had none of them any bitter wrongs to revenge on *his* accession to the throne; for the boy had been the idol of his father from the day of his birth, and to his two ambitious uncles, with their supple consciences, Popery or Protestantism brought but additional wealth and honors. But Mary had endured a persecution of twenty years; she had been deprived, not only of her rank, but of all pecuniary provision. She had been branded with illegitimacy, and threatened—actually threatened by Cromwell with death! death from the hand of her own father, for withstanding his right royal will! From her brother her life was in danger, and his last act had been to set her aside in favor of Lady Jane Grey. Now could one who had suffered such grievous wrongs from the hands of Protestants, and with the exulting approbation of every Protestant in the kingdom, possibly look favorably upon them? Then, too, it must be borne in mind, that the spoliation of the monasteries had excited the rage of the populace, many of whom had seen their aged relations cast out from their quiet homes to beggary; while the ancient nobility that yet remained, could each detail a grievous catalogue of injuries and insults heaped upon them by the upstart courtiers of Henry and his son. Let us be just; and who can better afford to be so than dissenters? Our fathers had no share in the spoil of the rich abbey lands; our clergy do not derive their support from bequests, the provisions of which they dare not fulfil; we have no interest in the question which system of religion a monarch is bound to establish; let us, therefore, while we bless that Providence which so often

brings good out of evil, view the conflicting parties of that fierce and sanguinary period calmly, and award to each a righteous judgment.

The incessant conflict of opinions during the latter years of Henry, and during the antagonist reigns of Edward and Mary, was favorable to the advance of the public mind. The uniformity which Henry had determined to maintain was lost sight of when, during the short space of eleven years, twice were the images cast down in the churches, and the consecrated tapers extinguished, and twice were the images replaced in their shrines, and the English liturgy and the English Bible prohibited on pain of death. But while men were thus compelled to think, from the pressure of circumstances around them, it was not a calm and philosophical character of mind that even the wisest among them could attain. The most abstract ideas came to them mingled with the tangibilities of bonds and imprisonment, or rich livings and court favor; and the author anxious to enlighten the world might fear that perchance he might aid physically in its enlightenment, by the assistance of faggots and a tar-barrel. Thus, although the work be entitled "an Enquiry," we are sure to find it a bold affirmation of certain opinions; and thus although we have many appeals to the Scriptures, and vehement assurances that the writer will yield to their authority, we always find that the appeal is to his own party's interpretation of them. But if this intellectual war *à l'outrance* injured many a noble mind by fixing it down upon partial views, and one-sided statements, it had a more injurious effect on the moral feelings. The angry passions of the "rabid polemics" were imitated by their hearers; and if the learned doctor denounced his opponent as worthy of death for his heresies, the ignorant crowd willingly set up the gallows, or supplied the faggots, and deemed they did heaven good service by aiding the execution.

What kind of men those were, who witnessed the hangings, and drawings, and quarterings of Edward's days, and the burnings of both his and Mary's, their amusements,—ferocious beyond any before known,—their bull-baitings and bear-baitings, and endless cruelties practised on the brute creation, even down to the period of Elizabeth's death, all fully prove. And their popular literature, too, took the same sanguinary tinge, and ballads which minutely described the most horrible murders, the most revolting mutilations, afforded gratification to the populace even to the time when Shakspeare stood ready to display the marvels of past ages before them, and Spenser to lead them into faery-land. And this people, ferocious, unsettled, divided by religious strifes, watched by powerful continental princes who stood ready to take advantage of every outbreak, became the subjects of a young woman but twenty-five years of age, and she "wielded at will that wild democracy," although on the one hand learned reformers were making it a question of religion whether men should submit to a female sway, and the pope on the other stood ready with absolution and reward for any one who should cut short the life of the great protectress of the reformed faith. The chapter of Mr. D'Israeli entitled "Public Opinion" affords a most interesting view of the profound policy of Elizabeth. Like her father, Elizabeth watched over the public opinion which she had

so great a share in creating, and even the ballads sung in the streets did not escape her notice, but how unlike her father's were the plans she adopted!

We have often thought that sufficient justice has scarcely been done to Elizabeth in regard to her religious policy, especially that exercised toward the Puritans. However respectable their numbers and character, we must admit that they were a minority, in that reign; and except, perhaps, in London, they were unfavorably viewed by public opinion. In refusing to countenance them she merely consulted that public opinion, which could conceive of a one universal church, Protestant or Catholic, but which was altogether unprepared for a variety of sects, all agreeing in the main principles of Protestantism, but at the same time unwilling to hold communion with each other. We must bear in mind, too, that religious liberty was wholly unknown, and that even the merest religious toleration was scarcely understood; for when Cartwright put forth his "Platform of Discipline," it was offered as the "*sole model*" of church government throughout the land. That Elizabeth should cast an unfriendly eye toward Geneva is not astonishing. From thence came "The fyrste blaste of y<sup>e</sup> trumpette agenst y<sup>e</sup> monstrouse regimen of weomen" of fiery John Knox, and little cause had a queen, when just ascending a most precarious throne, to thank a leader of the Protestant cause for joining with her Catholic opponents in raising doubts as to her right to it. In an age like that, when Geneva, from the high literary attainments of its professors, was an object of attention to all Europe, well might the most learned woman of her age, the queen who was the great political bulwark of Protestantism, feel indignant that learned and protestant Geneva should thus uplift its voice against her.

But mere abstract religious opinions seem rarely to have excited the interference of Elizabeth. Her miserable successor burnt an Arian, solely for his religious opinions, in Smithfield; but among those who suffered in her reign, whether Papist or Brownist, opposition to the queen's government, or a denial of her supremacy, was usually alleged as the ground of procedure. Far be it from us to vindicate such executions; but it is only bare justice to keep in mind that the three preceding reigns had been absolutely reigns of terror, and that the progress of public opinion is very slow. We never find Elizabeth's government being charged as arbitrary by the discontented writers of *her* reign, but we do find those of James the First and his son thus charged; for the public opinion which Elizabeth had awakened was, in the following century, in active progress; and those rights which had only appeared dimly defined to our fathers in her days, stood out as tangible realities to the leaders of the parliamentary struggle. Mr. D'Israeli truly says:

In the art of government a new principle seemed to have arisen, that of adopting and guiding public opinion, which, in the mutations of civil and political society, had emerged as from a chaos. A vacillating and impetuous monarch could not dare it; it was the work of a thoughtful sovereign whose sex inspired a reign of love. Elizabeth not only lived

in the hearts of her people, but survived in their memories; when she was no more, her birth-day was long observed as a festival-day; and so prompt was the remembrance of her deeds and her words, that when Charles the First once published his royal speech, an insidious patriot sent forth "The Speech of Queen Elizabeth," which, being innocently printed by the king's printer, brought him into trouble. Our philosophic politician, Harrington, has a remarkable observation on the administration of Elizabeth, which, laying aside his peculiar views on monarchy, and his theoretical balances in the state, we may partly adopt. He says: "If the government of Elizabeth be rightly weighed, it seems rather the exercise of principality in a commonwealth than of sovereign power in a monarchy. Certain it is that she ruled wholly with an art she had to high perfection; by humoring and blessing her people."—*Ib.* pp. 238, 239.

And what a glorious sunburst of genius illumined the last years of that illustrious reign! We regret that our limits will scarcely allow us more than to indicate the subjects which Mr. D'Israeli, in this portion of his work, has treated. We have most interesting chapters on the progress of English poetry, on our early prose writers, on Hooker, Spenser, and Sir Philip Sidney, whose "Arcadia," now scarcely known, save by name, passed through fourteen editions, and was translated into every European language. Mr. D'Israeli vindicates this long admired romance from the harsh measure of censure it has received from some eminent critics, and his description of it will, we think, set many a reader on the look out for "the Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia."

The narrative of "The Arcadia" is peculiar; but if the reader's fortitude can yield up his own fancy to the feudal poet, he will find the tales diversified. Sidney had traced the vestiges of feudal warfare in Germany, in Italy, and in France; those wars of petty states where the walled city was oftener carried by stratagem than by storm, and where the chivalrous heroes, like champions, stepped forth to challenge each other in single combat, almost as often as they were viewed as generals at the head of their armies. Our poet's battles have all the fierceness and the hurry of action, as if told by one who had stood in the midst of the battle-field; and in his "shipwreck," men fight with the waves, ere they are flung on the shore, as if the observer had sat on the summit of a cliff watching them.

He describes objects on which he loves to dwell with a peculiar richness of fancy: he had shivered his lance in the tilt, and had managed the fiery courser in his career; that noble animal was a frequent object of his favorite descriptions; he looks even on the curious and fanciful ornaments of its caparisons; and in the vivid picture of the shock between two knights we see distinctly every motion of the horse and the horseman. But sweet is his loitering hour in the sunshine of luxuriant gardens, or as we lose ourselves in the green solitudes of the forests which most he loves. His poetic eye was pictorial; and the delineations of objects, both in art and nature, might be transferred to the canvas.



There is a feminine delicacy in whatever alludes to the female character, not merely courtly, but imbued with that sensibility which St. Palaye has remarkably described as "full of refinement and fanaticism." And this may suggest an idea not improbable, that Shakspeare drew his fine conceptions of the female character from Sidney. Shakspeare solely, of all our elder dramatists, has given true beauty to women; and Shakspeare was an attentive reader of "The Arcadia."—*Ib.* pp. 358–360.

On the early drama, we meet with some very curious information, and a just criticism on our old plays. We cannot help thinking that the taste for wholesale murders, in which, during the last act, the writers mostly indulge, was also the result of those horrible scenes to which, as we have already remarked, their youth was familiarized. In a chapter on Shakspeare, Mr. D'Israeli does ample justice to our great poet; and in a curious and elaborate examination of the various criticisms on his works, proves how correct a test the admiration or censure of Shakspeare affords of the advancing or declining state of our poetry. The conclusion of this chapter is admirable:

Thus have we viewed our bard through distinct eras, from the time in which he was not yet pre-eminently distinguished among his numerous peers; the Shakspeare of his own day could not be the Shakspeare of posterity; his rivals could only view that genius in its progress, and though there was not one who was a Shakspeare, yet, in that bursting competition of genius, there were many who were themselves Shakspearian. In a succeeding era novel and unnational tastes prevailed; to the Drydenists who, dismissing the language of nature, substituted a false nature in their exaggerated passion, Shakspeare might have said of himself:

I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none;

and when tried by the conventional code of criticism, and condemned, the poet of creation might have exclaimed to Rymer and Shaftesbury:

The poet's eye,  
Bodying forth the forms of THINGS UNKNOWN,  
\* \* \* \* gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.

Emerging into light through his modern editors, the volume in the hands of all men, the English public, with whom the classical model was held as nothing, received him as their national bard, for every one read in "the chance" that could only "hit suddenly," as Butler has described the genius of Shakspeare, revelations about himself. It seemed as if the poet had served in all professions, taking every color of public and domestic life. Lawyers have detected their law-cunning in the legal contrivances of the poet; physicians have commented on the madness of Lear, and the mystery of Hamlet; statesmen have meditated on profound speculations in civil polity; the merchant and the mechanic, the

soldier and the maiden, all, from the crowned head to the sailor-boy, found that in the cursory pages of the great dramatist, he had disclosed to all the tribes of mankind the secrets of their condition. The plenitude and the pliancy of the Shakspearian mind may be manifested by a trivial circumstance. We are a people of pamphleteers; a free country has a free communication; and many, for interest or vain-glory, rush to catch the public ear. To point out the drift of their effusions, and aid a dubious title by an unquestioned authority, the great number of these incessant fugitives, coming in all shapes, will be usually found to have recourse for this apposite thought, and crowning motto, to the prodigal pages of Shakspeare, who, thus pressed into their service, has often made the drift of the pamphleteer intelligible, vainly sought in his confused pamphlet.—Vol. III. pp. 117–119.

Articles on Jonson, on Drayton, and a most interesting one on “the psychological character of Rawleigh” follow. We must find room for the following extract from our author’s criticism on Rawleigh’s great work, his now well-nigh forgotten *History of the World*.

A universal genius was best able to compose a universal history; statesman, soldier, and sage, in writing the “*History of the World*,” how often has Rawleigh become his own historiographer! He had been a pilgrim in many characters; and his philosophy had been exercised in very opposite spheres of human existence. A great commander by land and by sea, he was critical in all the arts of stratagemy, and delights to illustrate them on every occasion. The danger of having two generals for one army is exemplified by what he himself had witnessed at Jarnac; in a narrative of Carthage, when the Romans lost their fleet, he points out the advantages of a flying navy, from what had occurred under his own eye in the wars of the Netherlands, and of Portugal; and concludes that “it is more difficult to defend a coast than to invade it.”

His digressions are never more agreeable than when they become dissertations; the most ordinary events of history assume a new face by the noble speculations which he builds on them, full of a searching, critical spirit, of sound morality, and of practicable policy; often profound, always eloquent. One on the Mosaic code, as a precedent for the laws of other nations, would have delighted Montesquieu. On the inviolability of oaths, he admirably describes them as “the chains by which free men are tied to the world.” On slavery—on idolatry—on giving the lie—on the point of honor—on the origin of local names of America by their first discoverers—such topics abound in his versatile pages. Even curious matters engaged his attention, and in the new world he inspected nature with the close eye of a naturalist; nor has he disdained, at times, a pleasant tale. There are few passages of this venerable, but genial volume, where we do not find that it is Rawleigh who speaks or who acts, making legible his secret thoughts, charming the story of four thousand years with the pleasures of his own memory.

It is evident that our author was conscious that he had struck into a virgin vein, and, however amenable to the code of historical composition, very gracefully apologizes for indulging the novelty. The novelty indeed was so little comprehended by those gross feeders on the carrion

of time, who can discover nothing in history but its disjointed and naked facts, that, rejecting every "digression" as interrupting the chronology, they put forth their abridgments; and Alexander Ross rejoiced to call his "*The Marrow of History*;" but probably found, to his dismay, that he had only collected the dry bones; and that in all this "*History of the World*," nothing was more veritable than the author's own emotions. All which these matter-of-fact retailers had so carefully omitted, we now class by a title which such writers rarely recognize, as the philosophy of history. Great writers admit of no abridgment. If you do not follow the writer through all the ramifications of his ideas, and imbue your mind with the fulness of the author's mind, you can receive only interrupted impressions, and retain but an imperfect and mutilated image of his genius. The happiest of abridgments is the author's own skill in composition; to say all that is necessary and to omit all that is superfluous,—this is the secret of abridgment, and there is no other of a great original work.—Vol. III. pp. 173–177.

The last sentence is worthy the deepest consideration of those who in this age, to meet the taste of a public impatient alike of expensive or large works, are so frequently sending forth "reprints," as they are termed, but which are little more than slovenly abridgments of works, which, if read at all, should be read as the authors wrote them.

There is a curious chapter on Dr. Dee, the celebrated astrologer of Elizabeth's reign, in which it is proved that the large sums of money which his royal mistress, contrary to her general usage, lavished upon him, were not for the purpose of rewarding his astrological skill; but for the more important purpose of enabling him, under his assumed character, to obtain political information; for he was one of the most important of her continental "intelligencers." The chapter on Bacon is deeply interesting; and those on the "*True Intellectual System of the Universe*," and "*the War against Books*," equally so. Indeed, the notices of the well-nigh forgotten authors, whom Mr. D'Israeli has re-introduced to our attention, and the light, which his varied, and often very recondite reading, has enabled him to throw on the less popular, but not on that account less important, departments of our literature, entitle him to the acknowledgments of every one who has felt how wide is its range, and how limited are our opportunities for becoming acquainted with its various parts. We heartily recommend the work to our readers, as abounding in instruction and interest, and we do so the more willingly, because Mr. D'Israeli, although differing from us on many religious and political points, has never, in this work, suffered those opinions to interfere with a just and candid statement of the facts before him.

## ARTICLE IX.

## BELGIAN LITERATURE :—ITS PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE CONDITION.

A Translation from the *Deutsche Vierteljahrs Schrift*.

By the Junior Editor.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE following article was contributed to the German Quarterly by Prof. L. A. Warnkönig. It was prepared after a residence of nineteen years in the country of which he speaks. He was first invited to the university of Liege as a professor of law, where he continued till 1827 ; he then removed to the university of Louvain to give instruction in the same department. Prof. Warnkönig is also known in Europe as the author of a history of Flanders. JR. ED.

It was our own Schiller who first drew attention to the great Past of a people, which, till he showed it to us as it were in a magician's light, had been lost for centuries. In Schiller's *Don Carlos*, Flanders is the country of the ideals of the Marquis of Posa ; and the History of the Revolt of the Netherlands is a sketch of a mighty struggle, drawn by the hand of a master, that always makes the reader regret that it was left unfinished. These works of our immortal poet were undoubtedly occasioned by the insurrection of the Belgian provinces against Austria in 1788-90. This epoch, however, arrested the attention of Europe but for a moment. A country, which had preserved its ancient peculiarities through the era of forgetfulness, and in spite of the tyranny of foreign princes for three hundred years, was absorbed in that great France, which the gigantic energies of the Revolution called into being. For twenty years (1794-1814) the previously independent dutchies, earldoms and principalities between the Meuse, the Scheld and the sea, were French departments ; and such they would have gladly remained forever.

It was with feelings of regret that Belgium separated from France in 1814,—a nation whose civilization and interests had become her own, whose military renown her sons had shared,—and submitted to the authority of her northern neighbor ; who, nevertheless, seems to have been destined by nature to restore her nationality, and repair her history at the very point where religious differences had divided the South from the North, consigning the former to forgetfulness, and conducting the latter to imperishable glory. The work which the princes of Burgundy commenced in the fifteenth century, King William, to whose ancestors the whole country had belonged, was about to complete. A powerful and flourishing kingdom was about to rise from this political regeneration, and



conduct the eighteen united provinces to a development undertaken in the spirit of the nineteenth century. Perhaps the ideals of Posa will now be realized !

Ten years passed away unobserved. The process of development advanced slowly and not without fermentation. Contrarieties of different kinds prevented the fraternization of the North and South. To other countries the recent history of the Netherlands appeared of little importance. In the mean time, however, Belgium was rising from her ruins ; her cities were growing young again ; trade and commerce attained to a surprising degree of prosperity. This beautiful kingdom of six millions of inhabitants was eagerly visited. The peculiarities of Holland, the romantic localities of Belgium, her treasures of art, her monuments of Gothic architecture were the delight of astonished tourists ; who were accustomed, in a few days, to fly over Cologne and Rotterdam, and then back over Antwerp, Brussels, Waterloo and the valley of the Meuse. But since 1825 the voice of dissension, continually growing louder and louder, has been heard by other lands. Foreigners have been puzzled to comprehend this excitement of feeling, which has increased, moreover, with the progressive prosperity of the nation. And lo ! to the great political explosion of France, in July, 1830, there succeeds, in these provinces, an after storm, which, in a few months, rends asunder this kingdom of fifteen years duration,—the southern division being immediately recognized by the leading powers of Europe as an independent state.

During this crisis,—which lasted from August, 1830, to November, 1831,—the political importance of the Belgian provinces became apparent to all. Men took sides for or against them, and since that time have not ceased to observe their history. The interest by which this country holds our attention is manifold. Wonderful localities, cities, monuments and treasures of art are not the only things which are now sought there ;—although travellers touch upon hardly any other topics in their works ; Passavant, Schnaase and even Loebell are examples. The history of the country,—the more ancient as well as the later movements,—has attracted notice. Since 1833, it has astonished Europe by its railroad ; it has outstripped all the nations of the continent by a social renovation which has introduced a new era into the life of the people.

The treasures of art which Belgium possesses, her revolution, her railroad have been hitherto the general topics of remark. One aspect of the country,—its literary cultivation, its intellectual enterprise,—has escaped attention. Of this we shall speak in the following pages.

Many books issue from the Belgian press to all parts of the world ; but they are not domestic productions. Every thing which the French literati publish is immediately reprinted by the literary pirates, Meline, Hauman, Wahlen and others. Unblushingly do they rob their French brethren of the profits of the trade, boasting at the same time that they are performing for all the world, excepting France, a most acceptable service. Of the classic productions of Belgian literature hardly any one has aught to say. Is this land so poor as to furnish no classic names ? Does it stand so much behind Holland, Denmark, Sweden and other small

states, that what is written there is unworthy to be mentioned in the rest of Europe? What is the literary elevation of Belgium? What is its relation to that of France and Germany?

No one familiar with the history of this country, since the death of the Empress Maria Theresa, will be surprised that it has fallen behind the intellectual advancement of the rest of Europe. The destiny of the nation has been unfavorable to its mental progress. The premature reforms of Joseph II., destructive to so many interests, disclosed to the predominant class of the Belgian people, in the philosophical spirit of the eighteenth century, an enemy, portending danger to their nationality, their government and their ancient and pertinacious Catholic belief,—an enemy with which the priesthood resolved never to conclude a peace. Thus the improvements attempted by Maria Theresa disappeared, leaving hardly a vestige behind. Men had scarcely found their way out of this chaos, when the armies of France overran the provinces; and, in concert with a bold though small party in the country, conquered it a second time, and incorporated it, in 1795, into the Republic. All nationality was now forcibly repressed. The Walloon provinces readily amalgamated with France, whose language it used, and whose civilization it shared. In Flanders the remains of the rude German dialect sank into contempt; the inhabitants, however, were not converted into Frenchmen. The natural development of mind was restrained; only a few individuals, educated at Paris or in the interior of France, forgot their origin and their fatherland. The times, moreover, were unfavorable to a nobler education. The military spirit was the only thing that received encouragement. Classical studies took a direction that was entirely French; the mathematical and physical sciences were alone, to any considerable extent, successful.

In the mean time there were two hostile systems of education in Belgium,—that of the government and that of the priesthood. To the former belonged the lyceums in Liege, Maastricht, Namur, Brussels, Ghent, Tournay, Mons and Antwerp, the three higher faculties at Brussels—the Law School, the Faculty of Letters and the Faculty of the Sciences—and also the Faculty of Sciences at Liege,—which was never completed. Most of the teachers in the lyceums were Frenchmen; for the faculties, however, subsequently created, natives were preferred. The imperial lyceums were regarded by priesthood as schools of irreligion and materialism. *Pension-schools*, at first secretly, then by toleration, were established;—these were frequently set up by a single priest, or some old professor. But afterward there arose the Jesuit schools in Roulers, Allout, etc. There were also seminaries of the bishops, in which, under the name of little seminaries, gymnasiums were formed,—schools which sought to counteract the philosophical spirit. Although these institutions were despised, or remained unknown, they had their pupils and their patrons. The old Catholic feeling retained its ground in many places, and among many families,—particularly among the aristocracy, which generally lived in the country. Law lectures, in opposition to the law school of Brussels, were even delivered in Louvain by an old professor of the suspended university.

During the twenty years of this incorporation with France, Belgium produced no distinguished scholars. There lived in its provinces a few men, educated in the preceding age, who had acquired some reputation in their own neighborhood as poets or historians ;—among the former were Reynier, Bassange and Hencart ; among the latter Dierier, Debast, Racpsaet, Villenfagne. Printing had fallen into great neglect. If we compare the books printed in Belgium before 1816, with those which have since issued, with a profusion increasing every year, the poverty of the former period is astonishing. Of learned periodicals there were none ; the gazettes were in no respect different from those of the smallest cities. But the numerous valuable private libraries, which opulent amateurs of books collected during this period, are worthy of notice. Some of these contained 50,000 or 60,000 volumes ; indeed their auction catalogues frequently enumerated a greater number. We may mention the collection of the librarian *de la Serna Santander* in Brussels, sold at auction in 1803, the catalogue of which, in four volumes, extends to more than 7,000 pages ; also that of Hermen, sold at the same place in 1805, the catalogue of which, in three volumes, contained 8,116 pages. The most valuable of all these collections was the one belonging to Van Baviere, which was sold 1815–1817. Passing by the others in silence, we will refer to one which was commenced in 1785, and increased by a yearly appropriation of 20,000 francs,—the library of the deceased Van Hulthem, of Ghent, which contained nearly 2,000 MSS., was purchased in 1833 by the Belgian government, for 275,000 francs, as the foundation of a national library. Most of these libraries are rich in works relating to the history of Belgium ;—as if through their instrumentality the nationality which they reveal was to be saved, and its remembrance preserved to future generations. These collections have contributed materially to that revival of historical studies which, for some years, has been observed in this country.

A longer connection with France would have remodelled the Flemish provinces ; inasmuch as the rude provincial dialect of the latter must have yielded to the polished language of the former. The separation which was accomplished by the arms of the allied powers in 1814, and the union of Belgium and Holland, which was effected by the treaty of London in 1815, were events that exerted an important influence on the intellectual progress of Belgium.

The government of the new kingdom had a difficult problem to solve. By the treaty of London, it was to educe from Belgium and Holland a homogeneous whole, to convert two, yea, four varieties of population into one nation ; 2,500,000 Hollanders, 2,500,000 Flemings, 800,000 Walloons, about 200,000 Germans must become likeminded Netherlanders. Four different languages were spoken ; in the South there was only one fashionable tongue, the French,—which, even among the Walloons, strongly attached as they were to their *patois*, was the exclusive dialect of the higher classes. Greater still was the diversity in respect to national character, customs and religion. The Hollander, phlegmatic, introversive, with national peculiarities which broadly distinguish him from all other Europeans,

rigidly Protestant, was alike unfathomable by the orthodox Belgian, and the adherent of the philosophy of Voltaire. The lively, humorous Walloon, notwithstanding his vivacity and his ready wit, was as little to the taste of the Hollander, as an old Brabanter, with that rude dialect, which must strike his ear as a coarse, clumsy imitation of his own polished tongue. The relation of the Flemings to their northern fellow-subjects was much like that of the Irish to the English. The civilization of Holland tended to Dutch Protestantism; that of Belgium to rigid Catholicism, or to French philosophy. Holland possessed a prosperous and much admired national literature; she had poets who were the pride of the people; her excellent educational arrangements had given her a reputation throughout Europe; her popular schools were commended by Cuvier, in 1810, as the best in the world; the study of classical literature flourished in atheneums and universities of ancient renown; great names survived,—Wyttenbach was still the ornament of Leyden. The Belgians, however, in contrast with all this glory, were poor and undistinguished. During the sway of the French, nothing had been done for popular schools; the lyceums had produced hardly any celebrated names; the faculties of Brussels had furnished fewer even than the lyceums. The younger generation, on the other hand, fancied themselves at an advanced stage of civilization; the literature of France they called their own; Dutch learning was accounted obsolete; Dutch scholars were pedants *en us et anus*, who lived on Latin and Greek soups, feeling no solicitude about the spirit of the century, which had not struck its hour as yet in Holland.

In addition to this the Belgians were politically averse to a government, which had been forced upon them. They could not forget that those, who managed the destinies of Europe, had not treated them as a nation; but had subjected them, unconsulted, though four millions, to a small neighboring state. The younger generation, educated to a great extent by the Revolution, sighed to be once more under Napoleon; those who were older longed for the mild sceptre of Austria, and with it the old order of things, in other words, for a literal restoration. To some, King William was the stadtholder of the Holy Alliance; to others, a Calvinistic master, in whose favor no oath could be obligatory, no obedience a duty.

It was amid such auspices that the intellectual regeneration of Belgium, in 1815, was to prepare a new people for this new kingdom. A prominent aim of the government must have been the separation of the country from France; by an independent conformation alone could nationality be created. At that time, however, it was a bold undertaking,—that of destroying the supremacy of French ideas, and the dominion of French civilization in Belgium. And yet such was the plan of the government; which showed itself in this instance thoroughly Dutch. It felt constrained to entertain it as a political maxim, as well as because the tendencies of the Dutch mind were altogether hostile to the ascendancy of the French.

As early as 1816 it was resolved to reform the entire system of instruction. The government selected commissioners from Belgium, who had been reported to it as friendly to education, and summoned them to Brussels.



Their labors and their plans in respect to schools have not transpired ; but they did not entirely answer the expectations of the government. In 1817 three universities were erected, after the pattern of the three in Holland ; also seven atheneums, the leading design of which was to give a thorough philological education to those who might become public officers. All the gymnasiums of the cities,—under the name of colleges,—were likewise remodelled on the basis of classical instruction. The reform of the popular schools was commenced at a later period ; and here also those of Holland served as a pattern. But there was no compulsion. Model schools were established in every city ; these were violently opposed at first ; but subsequently they were received into favor, in many instances, however, not till after the year 1830.

It was impossible for the new arrangements to bear any immediate fruit. Not till one generation should have passed away, in the most favorable event, could a decisive influence become apparent. But the prosperity of the universities, atheneums and colleges was not assisted in the least. The number of professors was insufficient to complete the intellectual regeneration of Belgium. In all the gymnasiums the old teachers, with few exceptions, were retained. To supply the places of many efficient French teachers, who returned to their own country, they must take such as they could find. No foreigner, no Hollander was called to the Belgian gymnasiums ; a very few teachers of the Dutch language were introduced into the lyceums of some Flemish cities. Necessity demanded great forbearance. It was not till ten years had elapsed that young philologists, who had received their education at the universities, were placed at the head of some of these schools. In supplying the universities, a bolder course was pursued. About one third of the professors were Germans or Hollanders ; about two thirds were Belgians,—men, hardly one of whom, except some old Louvain professors, had ever seen a university ; a few Frenchmen were also appointed. After a while the number of foreigners increased, to the great displeasure of the natives, who were grieved that foreigners should consume the bread of Belgians,—which the government, as they thought, was bound to give to homeborn children. It was with great difficulty that the German professor retained his position in Belgium. At first the language was a hinderance ; to lecture in French he was not prepared at once ; the medium which he must employ to communicate his thoughts was the Latin. Even if the scholars had been accustomed to this, knowledge thus acquired makes its way with difficulty. If some of our countrymen succeeded in establishing a reputation in Belgium, and effecting something that was permanent, it was owing to their youthful energy, their wonderful perseverance, or their scientific superiority. To complete the history of the new schools of Belgium we must add, that the so called Catholic party, urged forward by the *Congregation* in France, distrusted the royal gymnasiums, as being irreligious ; and on the other hand, with the co-operation of the priests, encouraged the numerous—some of them Jesuit—*pension-schools*, which suddenly rose to prosperity. It was here that a great part of the Belgian youth received that intellectual direction, so hostile to the government, which effected the overthrow of the kingdom in 1830.

The separation of Belgium from France awoke, even in 1815, a national feeling, which called into existence some able periodicals. The first two were political, the earliest organs of the incipient two-fold opposition to the government. In 1815, the *Observateur Belge* appeared at Louvain, conducted by the advocate Van Meenen; it was suspended in 1829, having reached its eighteenth volume. In Bruges, the *Spectateur* was published from 1816 to 1826; at the head of which was the Abbé Defoore. Van Meenen was reputed to be a great philosopher in Belgium; in this journal, however, he displayed more of the political zealot than of the scholar. The part he acted in the revolution of 1830 is well known. Defoore was the bold champion of the Catholic party; indeed he was frequently imprisoned for his abuse of the press. But he obtained his triumph in 1830, as a member of the Congress. The scientific contributions to these periodicals were of little value; politics absorbed every thing. In the *Spectateur* there were a few historical sketches which threw light on the past of Belgium. Still these journals are memorials of those times, from which we may learn the intellectual advancement of the country, under the sway of the King of the Netherlands.

The organs of the strictly literary enterprise of Belgium at that epoch were the *Mercure Belge*, established in Brussels in 1817, and the *Annales Beligues*, commenced at Ghent in the same year; the latter was suspended in 1828, at the close of the fourteenth volume. The *Mercure Belge* copied after the old *Mercure de France*, or its cotemporary, the *Minerve Française*. Its predominant characteristic was the poetical; it had a certain amount of frivolity; and many personalities found their way to its pages. This journal was sustained by Lesbroussart and Von Reiffenberg,—names which subsequently attained to considerable distinction,—and by others, the remembrance of whom the lapse of time has rendered indistinct. Many Frenchmen,—among them Arnault,—were contributors to the *Mercure*. *When, why and how* this periodical came to its end, we have no information to communicate.

Ghent immediately became the rival of Brussels. The *Annales Beligues* attested the literary independence of the capital of Flanders. Proud of the university granted to it in 1817, she resolved to magnify herself in this journal, which was to be the organ of her literati. Most of them assisted in sustaining it: among them, in particular, were two Frenchmen; Rauol,—who translated Juvenal into French verse in 1811, and who had been invited from Meaux to Tournay, and from Tournay to Ghent in 1817, as professor of Latin literature,—and Garnier,—a mathematician from Paris, who had distinguished himself by his works as early as 1801. The *Annales Beligues* had no distinctive character. At one time it was a mere vehicle of entertainment; at another, of historical antiquities; next it became a journal of literature, or of literature and art, receiving whatever possessed a scientific or artistic interest. It was free from political animosity, and presented a point of union for Belgian scholars. It excited, however, no lively sympathy. Conducted without fire and without vivacity, it left the reader unaffected; and died, therefore,—having already ceased to be perused,—without regret.

But the literary life of Belgium received, in 1816, an impulse from a different quarter. It was given by the revival of the Academy of the Sciences and Belles Lettres at Brussels. This institution had been founded, in 1769, by Count Cobenzl, and converted into the Imperial and Royal Academy of the Mathematical Sciences and Polite Literature by Maria Theresa; it was now restored by the King of the Netherlands. Although this academy prior to the storm, which annihilated the nationality of Belgium in 1794, had no members of European distinction, their labors, especially in the department of domestic history, were not unnoticed. Five volumes of *Memoirs*—only a few copies of the last were given to the public—nearly eighty successful prize essays attest the literary enterprise of those scholars, among whom Bynckt, Paquat, etc., are to be mentioned with honor. Some of the members,—Nieupoort, universally known in Belgium on account of his singularities, who had been received into the academy in 1777, Lesbroussart, the father, who was invited to Belgium by Maria Theresa, and eight others,—were still alive, and effected the resurrection of this learned society, and gave to it a suitable organization. It was restored to life, July 3, 1816. With the old members, King William associated some new ones from the Belgian literati,—Van Hulthem, Dewez, Van Mons in Brussels, Omalius d'Halloy (the geologist), De Bast in Ghent, Villenfagne in Liege,—with many distinguished men from Holland, among whom it will suffice to name Wyttenbach, Brugans and Van Swinden, the last of whom had belonged to the old academy.

In 1817, this restored society of learning published two essays, to which prizes had been awarded in 1792, proposed new prizes, held regular sittings; little interest, however, was felt by Belgians in its fate. The extraordinary zeal of Nieupoort and Van Hulthem led to no corresponding results; the successful prize essays indicated no extensive attainments in their authors. When a younger generation came upon the stage,—Quetelet for instance, in 1820, Von Reiffenberg in 1822,—it became rather more efficient. Still later, in 1830, and after the restoration of quiet in 1834, this body, now considerably enlarged, attained to some distinction. If some of its members would lay aside their mean-spiritedness, their jealousy and their love of power, if it would cultivate a closer intimacy with Germany, the academy of Brussels might certainly become more effective, and acquire a greater influence in Belgium, and throughout the learned world.

During the first ten years of the kingdom of the Netherlands, great things were not to be expected from the enterprise of Belgian scholars. There was no lack of encouragement in high places, but the times were unpropitious. The number of old scholars was small; and there was one gift which they did not possess,—that of writing, writing with elegance and spirit. In their own country they were held in little estimation; that which had been printed at Paris, and nothing else, was read and reprinted in Belgium. Taste, genius, wit, knowledge, every thing, came from Paris finished and complete. The distinguished names of France were so colossal, that they cast all others into the shade. The younger generation, and its national feeling, had not yet arrived at maturity. Prior to 1825,

there was no perceptible improvement in Belgium. In the public journals, politics were always predominant; and although enlightened Belgians felt a daily increasing attachment to their "liberal government," and their "citizen King," just in proportion as France submitted to the control of the *Congregation*, this became the season for ripening those young talents, which five years later boldly took their position at the head of the people. The year 1825 was the solstitial point of the internal policy of the government; a new system was adopted, which destroyed domestic peace forever, and prepared the way for the events of 1830.

Let us direct our attention to this period. The position of the two parties opposed to the government was now, at the end of ten years, materially changed. In 1815, Catholics and Liberals were treated alike. An equal participation was allowed them in public affairs. If the King had occasion to designate representatives of the cities and provinces, he selected them, when it was possible, in equal numbers from both parties. On the other hand, the extremes on both sides were kept wide apart, yea, persecuted, if they endeavoured to overturn the throne, or disturb the natural course of the government by criminal enterprises. But after the death of the Right Reverend Prince Broglie, when danger had ceased to threaten the kingdom from without, when all right thinking Belgians began to confide implicitly in the good intentions of the King, the most sensible of the so called Catholic party drew nearer to the government, gradually obtained the most important offices, and exerted considerable influence in the Chambers; and yet the government constantly adhered to its neutrality, and refused to surrender itself to their guidance. The Liberals, fearing that the scale would incline to the side of their opponents, gave utterance to their dissatisfaction; and intimated that this sly party aimed at nothing else than the ascendancy of the priesthood, and the subversion of the throne. The prosperity of the Jesuit *pension-schools*, at the expense of the public gymnasiums, the intimacy between the Belgian Catholics and the Congregation of France, were adduced as proofs of the inordinate power of the Catholics. The ignorance of the Belgian priesthood was a universal subject of complaint. It was urged that a Protestant government should protect and honor none but an enlightened, educated clergy. In 1825, royal ordinances were promulgated, circumscribing that freedom of instruction which is so dear to Catholics, and requiring all future theologians to pursue a two years' philosophical course, in the philosophical college at Louvain, before they should commence the study of theology, in seminaries under the exclusive management of the priests.

In October, 1825, a compact opposition was arrayed against these innovations in the Chambers. A spirited contest now arose between the government and the priesthood. To uphold the authority of the King, measures of greater severity against the latter became necessary. Two years later, however, the government wavered, and assented to a *concordat* which contradicted, without repealing, the decrees of 1825. In the eyes of the Catholics this seemed a weakness; and hence they increased their demands. With their watchword, "The freedom of Instruction," the Liberals also, in whose behalf the restrictions had been imposed, were de-



lighted. The fermentation spread among all classes. The younger generation for the first time participated in these events. A new class of Liberals had arisen among the younger lawyers and physicians of Belgium. The ablest of them had acquired at the universities, a relish for solid learning; some refused to attend exclusively to mere professional studies; they cultivated philosophy and history, and read with enthusiasm the liberal journals of Paris.

The priests and their adherents, by pleading for liberty, excited the sympathies of their adversaries; and these likewise were longing for the freedom of the press, which had been trammelled by the royal ordinances of 1815. Thus the two parties approached each other, and finally, in 1829, the so called union took place, in other words, that combination of Liberals and Catholics, whose design it was to oblige the government to adopt different principles, correct certain specified abuses, or—but who knows what lay in the background? Thenceforward the government must rely on the Hollanders, and a small number of Belgian families; it had become itself a party. Next came, in the famous royal message of Dec. 11, 1829, the exposition of political principles; then the formal rupture. The events of 1830 are already known.

It will be seen at once that these political commotions could not be favorable to the quiet progress of intellectual development. Still the efforts which were made,—those especially of the German professors in the universities,—had won many disciples to science. The annual distribution of prizes for successful dissertations stimulated talent; forty-eight golden medals were offered, every year, to the students of the six universities of the Netherlands. Subsequently to 1820 emulation was busy. Some instructors exerted a powerful influence; among these were Prof. Wagemann,—who was called from Heidelberg to Liege in 1820, and died prematurely in 1825, to whom the country is indebted for the spread of juster views in relation to political economy,—Prof. Bekker of Louvain,—a pupil of Creutzer who founded an efficient philosophical school,—Birnbaum and Holtins, of the same place, whose students prepared scientific dissertations.

Graduates of the universities stepped forth in their fatherland as authors. The most fiery betook themselves to the field of politics. Lebeau, Rogier, Devaux,—whose names have become European since 1830,—established a journal at Liege, which had a scientific character, but always remained in the opposition. In Brussels, the *Courier des Paysbas* passed from French to Belgian hands. The Academy crowned many young scholars, and then received them as members. The study of Belgian history was eagerly pursued in Brabant and Flanders. In Ghent, the *Messenger des Sciences et Arts* was commenced in 1823; and Von Reiffenberg published his *Archives Philologiques* in 1825, and changed it to *Archives Historiques* in 1827. In 1828, the government revived the consideration of a plan, formed by the old Academy, for publishing the manuscript documents of Belgian history. Many a young doctor travelled in Germany at the public expense. Bonn, Berlin, Heidelberg and Göttingen, for the first time, enrolled Belgians in their albums. The popular

schools were improved ; new gymnasiums were established ; teachers in the universities, who had become superannuated, or had returned home, were succeeded by young and vigorous minds ; many distinguished foreigners were appointed,—Fohmann the anatomist in Liege, and Pagani the mathematician in Louvain. Von Reiffenberg had taught in this university since 1823, where a confluence of thorough scholars promised a brilliant future to Belgian science. The bright period of the Belgian universities was the quinquennium of 1825 to 1830. Life and activity were everywhere apparent ; the political fermentation was injurious but not fatal to intellectual progress.

In the mean time, some of the party leaders had drawn around them the most promising students ; it was for them to carry on the contest with the very government, which had afforded them the opportunity of acquiring their finished education. The fire once kindled burnt without difficulty ; and this is the explanation of the fact, that some persons, so youthful comparatively, found themselves at the head of the Revolution, conducted it forward, and even in opposition to the leaders of their own party, urged it to a positive issue. Among those who stood in the front rank were Claes, who died in 1833, Van de Weyher, Rogier, Ad. Roussel, Jottrand and others ; with them were Lebeau, Nothomb and Devaux, who set up, in reality, the new throne of their fatherland. Had the flower of the Belgian youth arrayed itself on the side of the government, the Revolution had never triumphed. Those sons of old families, who sighed only for office, had neither capacity, nor inclination to subdue the revolutionary principle in behalf of the throne.

The victory of the Revolution terminated that intellectual progress, slow but sure, which had lasted for fifteen years. All the learned men of Belgium, a few partisans excepted, were Orangists at the close of 1830 ;—even those who had candidly pointed out to the government its dangerous position, and thereby forfeited its favor. They foresaw the certain destruction of the universities. The expulsion of almost all the foreign professors, and laxer examinations for degrees, as well as the appointment of students to professorships, who had distinguished themselves only as revolutionary heroes, the destruction of most of the faculties,—all which was effected by the decree of the provisional government of Dec. 15, 1830,—prepared the way for that complete change which succeeded, after the provisional arrangement, and the abuses that grew out of it, had annihilated the moral influence of the universities. The law relating to public instruction, which was carried into execution December, 1833, introduced an entirely new order of things.

Prof. Warnkönig here describes the attitude which the Catholics and Liberals now assumed in relation to the universities. The former disliked them because they were anti-Catholic in their sympathies ; the latter, because they were dependent on the government. In 1833, the minister, Rogier, appointed a commission to devise a plan for the future regulation of the universities. The attention of this commission was directed to two inquiries : 1. How shall the board of examination for

degrees be constituted; 2, how many universities shall be retained as state institutions? The report proposed the annual appointment of commissioners of examination, a minority of whom should be professors in the universities, and the others should be designated by the Court of Cassation, the Academy, etc. As to the universities to be retained, it was agreed that two should be the number. The principles of this report came before the Chambers in 1835. The Catholics were in favor of abolishing the university at Louvain, and of continuing the two at Ghent and Liege. They had recently established an institution at Mechlin, which they wished to transfer to Louvain,—appropriating to its use the large lecture-rooms, the valuable library, the excellent cabinets, the noble garden of the old university. The Liberals, on the other hand, preferred to abolish the universities at Ghent and Liege, and retain the one at Louvain, as a rival to the new Jesuit school at Mechlin. The Catholics, desiring to secure the appointment of the board of examination to their own party, and having the ascendancy in both Chambers, proposed that one third of the examiners should be chosen by the Chambers; these were to designate another third; and the remainder should be appointed by the minister.

The views of the Catholics prevailed. In November of the same year, the Catholic university was transferred from Mechlin to Louvain, and made the lawful successor of the old orthodox university. The Liberals had already (in 1834) established a free university at Brussels; which was endowed by private subscriptions, and a donation of 30,000 francs from the city treasury. The number of students soon rose to 300; in Louvain there were 350; while there were only 350 at Liege, and less than 200 at Ghent.

Prof. Warnkönig next observes that “the Catholic university is the first educational institution in Belgium; its professors and friends conduct the final examinations; it possesses the monopoly of instruction.” The state institutions “are subordinated to this;” “inasmuch as the minister, true to his party, selects professors, wherever he can do it, of his own politics, some from France, some from Belgium.” Much might be said respecting the appointment of professors in the state institutions. The scarcity of Belgian scholars was great,—notwithstanding there were 600 applicants,—and the gazettes were full of zeal against the “invitation of foreigners.” Hence very few of the professors appointed by De Theur have any reputation. The Catholic university was more rigid in its selections; distinguished Frenchmen and Germans were invited; and the two greatest names in the country, Ernst and Pagani, came from Liege.

The writer objects to that feature of the present system which allows the minister to appoint *Aggrégés* without a previous examination. Still more earnestly does he condemn the policy which restricts professors and *aggrégés* to particular departments of instruction, thus excluding that rivalry which imparts so much life and vigor to German universities. He next proceeds to remark upon the true policy of the Catholics.

They should adopt the progressive principle; they should harmonize science and religion, uniting them in such a way that neither shall become

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a slave to the other. But should the movements, which began in Mechlin, and have since continued in Louvain, prove to be only a feint,—the design of which is to conceal the real views of the Belgian priesthood,—should it appear that all this has been done to regain the authority and the wealth which they had lost, the victory which they have gained, with so much ease, will be only the prelude to a reaction storm, which neither the Belgian constitution nor the election law, neither the Chambers nor the minister will be able to allay. The history of the future will inform us, whether the Catholic intellectual reformation in Belgium shall have been commenced by the called or the uncalled. Meanwhile, there are many tokens which indicate that this reformation is seizing upon the life of the nation, and refashioning much that was begun between 1815 and 1830. We do not here allude to the appointment of persons, belonging to the so called Catholic party, to the higher and intermediate offices,—as this is the natural consequence of its political preponderance. Nor is the conversion of many who once entertained different sentiments to be explained upon this hypothesis; the frequent changes in the administration of this country have long since given occasion to the adage: “We must turn to the rising sun, not follow the setting luminary.” But we adduce, as a sign of this description, the fact that a periodical (*Journal Historique et Littéraire*), edited by Karsten at Liege, in the spirit of Belgian Catholicism,—not unknown in Germany, particularly on the Lower Rhine,—though it was commenced May 1, 1834, had at the close of 1836 three thousand subscribers! Two consequences have grown out of this change of views,—the great encouragement given to the arts, especially to painting and statuary, and also to historical studies.

Every government which has felt any solicitude for the glory of Belgium,—that of King William, for example,—has attended to both of these objects. The national feeling, increased by the Revolution, has imparted a vigorous impulse to the love of art, and of researches into Belgian antiquities. The present generation will be stimulated by the great models of the past; it will convince Europe, hitherto but little edified by the unquiet spirit of this country, that its inhabitants are a people, and worthy of independence. But it is the Catholic element, without doubt, which has recently given such a powerful stimulus to these pursuits. The sums appropriated by the Chambers for exhibitions of art, for the purchase of pictures and statues, for the preservation and improvement of the monuments of Gothic architecture, for the printing of unpublished documents illustrating Belgian history, for the procuring of rare MSS., the 275,000 francs expended for the library of Van Hulthem, as the commencement of a national library,—all these are speaking witnesses in support of our assertion. The path was marked out, indeed, as King William; many plans were already ripe and partly executed in 1830. But the earlier appropriations bear no proportion to those which have been made since 1834. It is worthy of note that the government has recently promised to a society of Jesuits the yearly payment of 6,000 francs, to assist in the revival of the *Acta Sanctorum*,—an enterprise which was suspended in 1794. The ancient greatness of Belgium belonged to the



prosperous and brilliant period of the Catholic religion. Its painters then, particularly in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, paid their homage to the devotional sentiment. Looking back to this glorious era is well calculated to encourage and animate the artist and the young historical inquirer to high achievements.

There is no want of levers to raise the literary enterprise of Belgium, nor of external incitements to give it life and motion. Nevertheless the dawn of a higher spiritual regeneration has not come. Many are the hinderances which account for the inferiority of Belgium, as compared with France and Germany, that still remain to be overcome.

In the first place, there is a lack, throughout the kingdom, of efficient, learned schools. The little which was gained from 1825 to 1830, has been nearly lost. Philological studies were neglected; they held out no inducement; the few teachers of distinction,—such as Baquet, Beving, Roulez, Voism, Baron,—went to the universities. To avoid interference with the colleges and *pension-schools*, which the priesthood and Jesuits had everywhere established, the government did almost nothing for the improvement of the public gymnasiums. The *projet* relative to intermediate and lower instruction, which was submitted to the Chambers in 1834, with the law respecting the reorganization of the universities, remained entombed in the archives of the two Chambers. Without able teachers there will be no scholars. Some cities, as Ghent, Brussels, Antwerp and Liege, made praiseworthy efforts for the improvement of their athe-neums and gymnasiums; but teachers cannot make cities. The greatest obstacle in the way of Belgian education must always be the diversity of tongues. In the Flemish provinces, the French is becoming a foreign dialect; already has this musical language been disfigured by the pronunciation of the people. The Flemish is still in its childhood; it has never been raised to the dignity of a language. What should be done with it, is a question, in respect to which opinions are divided in Belgium. The priests appear to have taken special pains, since 1836, to improve the Flemish language. Their opponents, however, will see in this only a means of effectually isolating the Belgian provinces, and of expelling the few remains of French civilization.

Even in the Walloon country, French is not spoken in its purity. Liege, the centre of French refinement in Belgium, is far behind Ghent. French writers look down with scorn upon the efforts of the Belgian *beaux esprits*, in which they see nothing but tame and coarse imitations of themselves. Jules Janin has swung his critical whip over the Belgian literati ever since 1834, lashing them most unmercifully. Since Paris has ceased to be the focus, whence Belgium immediately received the rays of French civilization, since her young students have ceased to inhale there the French spirit, the genius of the French tongue has left the country. A pure classic diction is also prevented by the many forms of *patois*, and the Germanic idiom which has crept into the conversational language of these provinces. In the mean time, a society has been formed at Liege (since 1834) for the advancement of literature—French Belgian literature—which issues a periodical, the *Revue Belge*.

Another hinderance to the intellectual development of this country lies in its isolated position. Belgian writers have, in reality, no public. Political pamphlets obtain, at the most, not more than 400 to 500 readers. A work of substantial merit is scarcely sold after the lapse of years. Importations into France are expensive; and there likewise there is no public for the intellectual productions of Belgium. And this is true to a still greater extent of Germany; where every book of real worth is immediately translated. Prior to 1830, Holland was the principal book market of Belgium. The Dutch were eager to recognize and encourage every effort of talent in the southern provinces. The sale of a work in Holland and Belgium was in the proportion of 3 to 1. The proverb, "No one is a prophet in his own country," was applied with special emphasis to homeborn authors. The daily gazettes spoke of new works only to tear them in pieces; unless indeed the literary confederacy, there also widely diffused, converted every little book into a child of genius, worthy of immortality, and its author, often entirely unknown, into one of the first men of the century. Genuine literary criticism is not yet born among this people.

As Belgian productions of genius are but rarely saleable, it is with great difficulty that a publisher can be found, even where the author is willing to renounce all remuneration. Such is the extent of the speculations of Belgian literary piracy, that the cases are few in which Meline, Tarlier, Hauman, Wahlen and others will purchase the works of Belgian writers, unless the price is low and the sale certain. The facilities for literary piracy are a proportionate hinderance to the prosperity of Belgian literature. The large typographical association, recently formed in this country, purposes apparently to pay attention to the works of native scholars. Such an enterprise is deserving only of encouragement.

The remaining hinderance to the literary elevation of the Belgian provinces is a certain indifference, in the richer classes, to scientific efforts. As a general fact there are but few wealthy writers in Belgium; rarely is a *rentier* to be found among them. Such persons have their libraries,—elegant, costly libraries,—containing showy foreign works, old MSS, scarce books, or indeed works of acknowledged reputation. The darling passion of the rich is for collections of pictures and flowers. Nowhere else,—England excepted perhaps,—has the cultivation of flowers been carried so far as in Flanders and Brabant. The exhibitions of flowers at Ghent have acquired a European fame. In 1835, nearly 200,000 francs were subscribed in a single week to erect the palace of Flora; at the consecration of which more than 5000 of the rarest plants were seen together in full blossom. The scholar in Belgium ranks below the artist, because the most beautiful book is no picture.

The wealth, moreover, which the manufactures of the country have been continually augmenting, while it has operated favorably on painting and the passion for flowers, has been prejudicial to science. A painter, draughtsman, lithographer, or sculptor of reputation may become rich in a short time. Thousands flock to incipient talent, if it labor with diligence. The flower trade is a sure road to wealth. Even where money

is the highest object of ambition, art is a safe employment. But science pursued for its own sake makes her friends poorer rather than richer. If, therefore, a more intellectual, learned atmosphere is not diffused through the whole country, its present omnipotent industrialism will do nothing to hasten its intellectual progress.

We have now candidly enumerated all the causes which obstruct the advancement of Belgian literature; but we have not done it to cast a reproach on the nation. Belgium is just what necessity has made her. Her intellectual elevation can be no higher than her destinies have permitted. From the mental torpor, which prevailed under the tyranny of Spain, to the suppression of the Jesuits by Maria Theresa, improvement was impossible. With this princess began the *critical* period of Belgian history, which has not yet passed into a new *organic* era. The Belgian soil was the battle-field of Europe from 1795 to 1815. Not less remarkable has it been for the contest of thoughts and ideas. All systems have had their advocates, but none have obtained an abiding victory. How then can great things be expected? The position of Belgium necessarily makes her a satellite to powerful France; from Germany she is utterly estranged; in respect to Holland her attitude is that of hostility. And if, notwithstanding all this, much has transpired there which is worthy of general notice, if some of her sons have not lost their courage, but have won for themselves a European fame,—so much the more do they deserve our respect and our esteem.

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## ARTICLE X.

### REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

THE BRITISH CRITIC AND QUARTERLY THEOLOGICAL REVIEW, No. LX.  
OCTOBER, 1841.

ART. 1. This No. of the *British Critic* opens with a long and labored article, of forty-five pages, on the sin of *Simony*. It is headed with the titles of three late publications, viz. *Mores Catholici, or the ages of Faith*, the *Report of a late case against the Dean of York on presentments of Simony*, and an *Arrangement of Ecclesiastical Law*, by F. N. Rogers, Esq. As is usual with the Oxford writers, we are here reminded, (with how much justice our readers will judge,) of the “beautiful principles displayed” in the discipline of the *Catholic church* in earlier times, and especially in the *Middle Ages*. These, in the estimation of our reviewer and his author, were the *Ages of Faith*, in respect to which he remarks: “The justice which presided over the promotion of men to the different degrees in the sacred hierarchy, was a remarkable feature in the character of the middle ages; distinguishing, indeed, at all times the Catholic discipline from that which has been opposed to the church.” In support of this as-

sertion he quotes from history a number of high-minded examples of the rejection and condemnation of bribes in respect to ecclesiastical preferments. These, however, must be regarded as only the bright spots in the history of those ages so characteristically *darkened* by the secular ambition of popes and other aspiring ecclesiastics, as, at times, to make merchandise of every benefit which the church claimed the right to dispense. But notwithstanding the shocking abuses, over which our reviewer passes so lightly, we think he *has* succeeded in establishing and vindicating the purity of the principles of ecclesiastical public law in respect to crimes of this sort. He argues that the church has in all ages held the sale of her offices or functions "to be simony, which is the greatest ecclesiastical crime next to heresy." The nature of this crime is exhibited in the following brief extract.

The name of simony is derived, as our readers are probably aware, from Simon Magus, who offered money to the Apostles, for the power of imposition of hands: and the rebuke administered to him by St. Peter, is the leading authority concerning the nature of the offence. "But Peter said unto him, Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money. Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter: for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Repent therefore of this thy wickedness; and pray God if perhaps the thought of thy heart may be forgiven thee. For I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity." There is also an example in the Old Testament of an offence of this nature,—where Gehazi, servant of the prophet Elisha, attempted to derive profit from the miraculous cure of the Syrian lord, but was punished in a very exemplary manner. And that example is the more remarkable, because Gehazi had no part in the spiritual act performed by his master, but was punished for attempting to derive a collateral emolument therefrom after it had been accomplished. The third authority in Scripture, bearing on the subject in question, is in the 10th chapter of St. Matthew, where our Saviour, sending out his Apostles to preach and work miracles, says, "*freely ye have received, freely give.*" These authorities will enable us to understand the definitions of simony by the ecclesiastical law.

It is apparent from this whole discussion that the secular advantages and honors held out to ambitious aspirants in the Romish church, the church of England, the kirk of Scotland, and in every ecclesiastical establishment, endowed and supported by the state, present the most powerful temptations to the crime above defined. It has prevailed to a greater or less extent in all such communions, and it speaks well for the spirit of the "Oxford Divines" that they are awake to the simoniacal tendencies of the endowments of the Anglican church, and that they dare boldly, and in unmeasured terms, to condemn the abuses of power and patronage which they find at present existing in that communion. "We must not conceal from ourselves," they say, "the most serious and alarming results to which a careful examination of the subject in question cannot fail to



lead. We must consider not what our enemies may say concerning the past, but what our duty now requires of us with respect to the future. The subject must be dealt with fearlessly and with the most uncompromising spirit."

The article is ably written, and the discussion, we doubt not, is well worthy to occupy the attention of zealous churchmen in England. But to the American churches the subject is hardly capable of any direct application. Possessing no endowments from the state, and holding their little property in their own right, they support their ministers on the simple principle, that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and no lordly patron is allowed to interpose his influence between the pastor and his flock, to corrupt the morals of the former and trample on the rights of the latter. This is doubtless the reason why there may be fewer instances of the high-minded rejection of bribes in the Protestant churches, than our reviewer claims for the church of Rome. In these churches the bribes do not exist, which have wrought such giant evils in the churches of Rome and of England. The sin of simony is thus effectually avoided, by excluding from the system of the independent churches of America, its temptation and its cause.

ART. II.—*Arnold's Sermons.—Christian Life, its Course, its Hindrances and its Helps. Sermons preached mostly in the Chapel of Rugby School.* By Thomas Arnold, D. D., Head Master of Rugby School, and late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. We have here again a long article, —67 pages,—well written, and well worthy the attention of the bishops and clergy, and especially of the intelligent laymen of the church of England; but not very interesting to American readers, excepting to such as desire to search to the bottom the peculiar doctrines of the writers of the Oxford "Tracts for the Times," and to learn from those writers themselves how zealously and perseveringly they are determined to maintain and defend every doctrine advanced in the Tracts, which, in obedience to Episcopal authority, they have of late abstained from publishing. But they have not been deterred from giving utterance to their views, and perhaps with equal effect, in their great organ, the *British Critic*.

Dr. Arnold, it appears, though lately a "Fellow of Oriel College," has ventured, in his Sermons, to take ground against the leading doctrines of the "Tracts for the Times;" or rather, he boldly maintains the Protestant faith in respect to the authority of the Scriptures against the claims of the Oxford Tractarians and the church of Rome for the equal authority of tradition and the decrees of the church. The reviewer commends the sermons as being much above the common order in talent and learning, and evidently feels that he has encountered an antagonist entitled to his highest respect. "Dr. Arnold," he says, "knows his own mind, and says what he has to say in direct, forcible and manly language; while there runs through his practical addresses, a spirit of frank and affectionate earnestness which shows clearly enough that his heart is in his work." And it is on this account that he adds: we are "much grieved at the wide interval of opinion which separates us from him." Yet he bears unequivocal testimony to the orthodoxy of Dr. Arnold on the subject of the

Trinity, the incarnation, etc., but charges him with having neglected to inculcate with sufficient clearness, though he has not expressly denied, a particular Providence, the general laws of the church, the efficacy of intercessory prayer, the presence of departed spirits with saints on earth, the ministry of holy angels, and the mysterious gift imparted to the Catholic church in the holy communion. These doctrines our reviewer regards as equally important, and their partial omission in the sermons, as indicating a looseness of views in the author. He then adds several instances in which he charges him with a "defective appreciation of the *strictness* and *spirituality* of the new covenant." This charge, however, we think, is ill sustained, having respect rather to the morbid sentimentalism of the Oxford writers, than to the practical truths of revelation. Then comes the "tug of war," on the grand Protestant maxim, that "The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants." This is affirmed by Dr. Arnold and denied by the reviewer, in a long and ingenious argument; in which he adroitly arranges and urges the considerations which have ever constituted the strong-hold of the Romish church in defending the authority and even necessity of tradition and the authority of the church, in settling the unity and stability of the Christian faith. To well instructed Protestant divines generally, this reasoning, ingenious as it is, would only be interesting, as a new edition of arguments long since met and refuted by the defenders of the Reformation against the claims and assumptions of the church of Rome.

ART. III.—Port Royal, par C. A. Sainte Beuve. Paris, 1840. The *Edinburgh Review* of July contains an article on "the Port Royalists," which was noticed in our No. for September last, Vol. II. p. 379. The writer of that article did not hesitate to express the opinion, that "no Protestant can read the writings of the Port Royalists themselves, without gratitude for his deliverance from the superstitions of a church which calls herself Catholic, and boasts that she is eternal." He accordingly disclaimed all intention in his review "to do suit or service to the Romish church." But the article before us, of 57 pages, in the *British Critic*, is written with a far different aim. The reviewer, after briefly commending the work of Ste. Beuve, enters upon his subject in the following language:

It will be seen by the example of Port Royal, that a monastery is a school of Christian penitence; is a little community having its own officers, in which each has his own post marked out, and in which all are engaged in labors of love, whilst, from its silence and peace, the soul has leisure for contemplation. It is like the temple at Jerusalem, in which "neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron was heard in the house while it was building." This will furnish a practical answer to the question: "Of what use are the contemplative orders?" If persons understood well the meaning of the communion of saints, they would not make the inquiry. The weapons of the church are fasts and prayers; but the world has encroached upon her; its bustling, restless spirit has seized upon her children, pressed them into its service, and compelled them to give up her continued round of prayer and praise.

It is well then that some should pray, while those without are fighting ; the influence of a small community assembled at midnight to pray and sing psalms may be felt to the ends of the earth. A monastery is a light set upon a hill, ever burning, to remind Christians that they are not to be merely honest quiet members of society, but that they are called upon to live a supernatural life, with bodies mortified and souls ever tuned to praise. \* \* \* \* \*

Some proofs will be found in the following pages of the disorders to which monasteries are liable ; they may at some future time serve as landmarks, to show the dangers which are to be avoided. Until it shall please God to make use of this great engine, we must all wait with patience, and keep fast and festival at home. In the mean time it may be useful to point out what are the virtues of a monastic state ; for they are in reality those of all Christians, carried to a very high degree. No method can be so effectual in promoting this object as biography, and perhaps few better specimens can be selected than the lives of the famous Abbess and reformer of Port Royal and of the Abbess of Maubaisson, her disciple.

The article is accordingly principally occupied with the biographies above proposed, drawn, in the main, from *Bassone's Histoire de Port Royal*. It must be apparent, we think, to every reader, that the writer is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Romanism.

ART. IV.—*Rites and Ceremonies*. Another article,—44 pages,—especially relating to the “ancient Catholic church.” It is a review of the work of the Abbé Guéranger, entitled *Institutions Liturgiques*, Paris, 1840. The amount of labor which, in the successive ages of the church Catholic, has been bestowed upon liturgical theology is amazing. The author here reviewed has given a list of the principal divines who have written directly on the rites and ceremonies of the church ; and though his catalogue reaches no further than the seventeenth century, and does not profess to be complete, it contains about four hundred names. To our own minds these gigantic labors exhibit a melancholy picture of time thrown away. But our reviewer enters upon the defence of these divines of liturgical celebrity with a zeal and earnestness which indicate that he regards them as among the most valuable contributors to the literature of the church. These are matters, however, that possess but little interest for American Christians.

ART. V.—*New Poetry*. See Article I. present No. of the Eclectic.

ART. VI.—*Undine, translated from the German of the Baron de la Motte Fouqué*, by the Rev. Thomas Tracy. The review here given of this wild and enchanting German fiction occupies about twelve pages. After complimenting the excellence of Mr. Tracy's Translation, the writer gives the following account of the story :

Lest any of our readers should have forgotten a story which is none of the newest, we may as well remind them that Undine is a water-

spirit, whose kindred are desirous that she should become possessed of a soul,—and consequently of an immortal subsistence,—only to be gained for such spirits by union with one of human race. They therefore throw her on the care of an old fisherman and his wife, whose child they have drawn into the lake, near which the cottage is placed, but have taken care to provide with noble protectors. When Undine has grown up to the full ripeness of female beauty, they contrive to guide first one Sir Huldbrand of Ringstetten, and then a priest, to the fisherman's hut, where Sir Huldbrand has been detained long enough to feel with Ferdinand, whose situation in Prospero's Island one would almost imagine Fouqué must have drawn from—

“Might I but thro' my prison once a day,  
Behold this maid; all corners else o' the earth,  
Let liberty make use of; space enough  
Have I in such a prison.”

As soon as the marriage has taken place Undine and her husband leave their seclusion, and are at once thrown into dangerous intimacy with Bertalda, really the fisherman's daughter, but who, brought up in grandeur, had been seen and admired by Huldbrand before his meeting with Undine, and now gradually supplants the latter in his affections. Her relations, the water-spirits, after having first interfered in various freaks to the annoyance and peril of Bertalda and Huldbrand, who are indeed only extricated by the generous assistance of Undine, provoke Huldbrand to the dismissal of the latter, who returns to them; and, upon the subsequent marriage of Bertalda and her husband, who presume upon her disappearance to conclude her dead, is compelled by their law to become Huldbrand's most unwilling executioner. The story ends with the funeral of the knight, where Undine again appears, only when all is over, to vanish away, or rather to gush forth, a little spring of silver brightness, encircling the mound of her husband's grave, and still in this manner fondly inclosing her beloved in her arms.

Coleridge is reported to have said of this tale, that there was something in Undine beyond any of the works of Walter Scott,—that it had presented to his imagination what Scott had never done, an absolutely new idea. Our reviewer sustains this opinion by contrasting the imagery of Fouqué with that employed by Scott, and giving his decided preference to the former. But “what is principally striking” to our reviewer, in Undine, “is its religious character.” This, however, would *strike us* as an odd conceit, were it not that the religion, which is so much admired in this strange and ingenious fiction, comes clothed with allusions to the forms and ceremonies of the Romish church, which the Oxford writers embrace every occasion to commend. It is on no other ground that we can account for the pains taken in this review to make the fictitious marriage of a soulless water-spirit with a Christian knight to symbolize “the high doctrine of sacramental influence” supposed to be realized in “the baptized believer.” Perhaps it is because we are incorrigibly unromantic, and lack that element of poetry which the Oxford reviewers deem so es-



sential to piety ; but to us such illustrations of the doctrine of baptismal regeneration appear trifling and puerile. Whether it were better for such arguments "to be or not to be ;—that's the question," which we leave our readers to decide.

The remaining six pages of the *British Critic* are occupied with notices of books, some of which we shall recur to under their appropriate head. SR. ED.

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THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. LV., OCTOBER, 1841.

ART. I.—*Roman Tablets*. This article,—21 pages,—is a review of a work in Latin, entitled "*The Golden Book, or Waxen Tablets*," etc., by Professor Massman, Leipsic, 1841. This work gives an account of the only waxen Roman tablets which have survived the ravages of time. They contain inscriptions of high interest to the scholar and antiquary, as illustrating the Roman law, and the condition of the provinces bordering on the Danube, as early as A. D. 167, at which time Massman fixes their date. The tablets consist of two triptychs, the one of fir and the other of beech.

The tablets formed of cleft beech, harder of cleavage, are joined together, and indicate the surface of the interior and exterior to have been polished by friction ; the fir, on the contrary, are of ruder form, and cut up in a most simple style, so that the plate of the one may unite very closely with the joints of the other ; and it is quite manifest that the plates were cut out of one and the same mass and connected. Each of the triptychs, as this name indicates, is formed of three wooden tablets of the size of small 8vo., so that it could be conveniently inserted in the pocket. The two exterior tablets of each triptych show wooden surfaces, which formed the protection and covering of the interior writing ; the surfaces in the interior of the tablets are hollowed in, leaving a projecting wooden margin, and in this hollowed interior are covered with wax, which has turned black from age. The plan of the third middle tablet is similar, with the exception that it is hollowed on both sides, and covered with wax on each. Of the tablets in question, the fir tablets are in the best preservation. The wax in both triptychs is not thickly spread, or rather is worn away by time. At first on the beechen it appears thin, and here and there loosened as the stylus of the writer, doubtless iron, penetrated with its sharp point heavier and deeper into the wood under the wax, and in some places the faint traces of writing occasion no small difficulty to the decipherer. In the fir tablets, if after our fashion turned from the left, the upper wax of the middle table is divided into two unequal parts by a groove, which seems to have been designed for the reception of styli, since it is deep and large enough for that purpose.

The beechen triptych was found in 1807, in the Toroczkoiansian mines, distant from Abrudbanga, a village of Transylvania, three or four miles,—the fir in Abrudbanga, in the excavation of a gold mine, in 1790.

The fragility of the material of these tablets and the accidents to which they must have been exposed in the lapse of so many centuries, renders their preservation and discovery events of surprising interest. "How many secrets yet untold," says our reviewer, "does earth keep closed up in her breast! How many memorials of a by-gone time may she yet unfold!" The remainder of the article is principally occupied in describing the process pursued by the author in reading these cerographic inscriptions, and fixing their true interpretation; proving the existence of a running hand among the Romans, which most scholars have heretofore disputed. But we have done our duty to the general reader by announcing the fact of these wonderful discoveries, without encumbering our notice with those details which are nearly unintelligible excepting to the most critically learned in philology and antiquities.

ART. II.—*Sybel's (German) History of the First Crusade.* Düsseldorf, 1841. The review of this work,—23 pages,—contains an interesting sketch of the origin of the actors in, and the early events attending those strange and stupendous movements of superstition and enthusiasm, the Crusades, commenced in the eleventh century. A brief notice of it would fall far short of doing justice to the subject, and we hope to give this article entire in a future No. of the Eclectic.

ART. III.—*Hügel's Travels in Cashmere.* Hügel, a German Baron, visited Cashmere in 1835, and spent some months in that green and luxuriant valley, famed for shawls and vases and wedded to verse in Moore's *El Dorado*. We have here a review of his travels covering 19 pages, and embracing a variety of incidents of the common sort. The following sketch of the present population and manufactures of Cashmere will be interesting to our readers:

The aspect of the province is sadly changed for the worse since Moorcroft's visit. In his time he calculates 120,000 persons to have been employed in the manufacture of shawls alone, and the total population of the district is 800,000. Hügel fixes the total population at 200,000, of whom 40,000 inhabit the capital. *Scheraz* affords a striking instance of the sweeping devastation which has taken place; it numbers 2,000 houses, and but 150 inhabitants. The cause is to be attributed mainly to the frightful earthquake, which occurred in 1828.

"Twelve hundred persons," says he, "are supposed to have perished under the ruins of the houses. After the first violent shock, slighter ones kept following each other for the space of three months, during which period dwellings never ceased falling in. To such a state of terror were the population driven, that not a soul entered into a house, and they lodged, as best they might in the open air; so great was the panic, that they neglected to secure their property, but this remained undisturbed. The thieves were quite as terrified as the rest of the inhabitants. Three months later the cholera broke out, here called *Wuba*, and in forty days, 100,000 human beings fell victims to the ravages of the pestilence."

This was not all.

"In the year 1833 the rice harvest was computed at twenty lacks of *kurwars* (a *kurwar*=194 lbs. nearly), the crop was most luxuriant, and was already in blossom, when on the morning of 20 *Jumbollo*, the entire valley was covered with snow, those ears only that were not yet out produced seed, all the rest were destroyed, and instead of the twenty lacks expected, but *one* was obtained."

The dire consequence of this disaster was a famine and second attack of cholera, which reduced the wretched population to the most extreme grade of misery. Hundreds left the valley in search of subsistence elsewhere, but were already so debilitated that they died on the way, and the hills to the east and west were covered with their putrefying corpses.

The following is a moving picture.

"How different was the aspect of a village viewed from a distance, and when I entered it. The noble groups of palms, poplars and fruit trees, the curious mosque with its quaint alleys and flower-garden, where the chrysanthemum and tagetes were in full bloom, notwithstanding the lateness of the autumn, the whole scene surrounded with verdant meadows, through which ran a brook with its water-mill, and rows of willows planted along its banks; such objects as these would lend to the villages a friendly and hospitable look. But in place of this lovely exterior, how mournful a spectacle would frequently meet my eye as I rode into the place. Then all was life; now all death: the mill-wheel stood still, many of the houses were ruinous, while others with doors and windows open, offered a refuge only to the wild beast. In many a hamlet there was not a mortal to be found, with the exception of an old fed-up Fakir, squatted at the entrance of a mosque, or a Brahmin wasted to a skeleton, conning prayers out of his Veda. The first would rise, screech out *Allaho-Ackbar*, and importune for alms, while the other continued to bear his far greater misery with uncomplaining resignation."

The manufacture of shawls, what with the diminution in the wealth and numbers of the merchants, the decreased demand, and the rival manufactories at *Ludeanah*, *Simla*, *Delhi* and elsewhere, is sadly fallen off. Still, from some undiscovered cause, those made in Cashmere excel all others both in purity of color and style of execution. The first of these has been explained, and perhaps with truth, by the superiority of the water in Cashmere. Thirteen thousand weavers perished of the cholera, and according to our author but 2000 are now employed. The number of shawls annually constructed is about 3000, and 1200 pieces of striped cloth for various uses. Baron Hügel took considerable pains to ascertain the exact relation of the price of a shawl to the expense incurred in making it, and he gives us the following result.

Hary. Singhi Rupees.

Wages of 24 persons for a pair of superfine shawls requiring twelve months to make	800
Paschmina and dyer . . . . .	200
Outlay for the establishment. . . . .	200
Stamp tax to government . . . . .	700

Total 2000=£116: 13s.

The usual price demanded for such a pair of shawls is 3000 rupees or 1000 more than the cost of making. They may be purchased however at a lower price. Those taking twelve months are now but seldom made, and never unless ordered. We may consider therefore that those sold as the very best in the European market take about six months to complete, and the cost of making them to the *Daschalawalla* is pretty nearly as follows :

Wages of workmen for six months . . .	400 rupees.
Paschmina and dyer . . . . .	300
Outlay for the establishment . . . .	100
Tax . . . . .	250*

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Total 1050=£61 : 5s.

It is only during the last century that the article has become so expensive ; in Bernier's time the highest price for a shawl was fifty rupees, and in the latter quarter of the last century 150 rupees. The wool is combed from the back of the shawl goat and not shorn.

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The business of buying shawl† is a trial too great for European patience, so that the only method is to employ a plenipotentiary.

"The settling of the bargain," says he, "mostly took place after a curious fashion. The buyer and seller sit down on the ground, and present each other the right hand under a large piece of cloth. They then commence looking at each other, and the demand and offers are made without either uttering a syllable, by means of sundry pressures of the hand ; this mummerly lasts not unfrequently the whole day ; sometimes several pass before this tedious negotiation is terminated."

ART. IV.—*Rüppell's Travels in Abyssinia*. Another review of a German work, 2 vols., Frankfort, 1838. It is an article of 27 pages, commending the author's work, and containing many interesting and instructive facts in respect to the history and present condition of a country, which has been hitherto but little explored by the adventurous spirit of European enterprise. We omit any analysis of it in this review, with the intention of making some extracts from it in a future No. of our work.

ART. V.—*The Women of Italy*. See Article IV., in the present No. of the Eclectic.

ART. VI.—*Kohl's Travels in Southern Russia*, Dresden and Leipzig, 1841.—This too is a German work, and the review of it here given,—27 pages,—contains an intensely interesting sketch of the Steppes of Southern Russia, the character and condition of the people, the villages of the Ukraine, etc., to which, as space shall allow, we shall call the attention of our readers hereafter.

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\* This depending on the worth of the shawl.

† Our word shawl is a corruption of the Cashmerian word "Duschala."



ART. VII.—*Sweden as it is.* We make no remarks upon this article, excepting to commend it, as we intend soon to entertain our readers with some account of Sweden drawn from this and other sources.

ART. VIII.—This article,—33 pages,—is a review of the *History of the Romance Languages and their Literature, from their Origin to the 14th Century.* By M. A. Bruce Whyte, 3 vols., Paris, 1841. Mr. Whyte, being an Englishman, composed this work in his own tongue, and then translated it into French and had it published in Paris, both on account of his own residence in France, where it is very difficult to get English correctly printed, and because he supposed the French to feel more interested in the history and analysis of these languages than the English. It is a work of great learning, labor and research. "The view taken," says our reviewer, "of the origin of the Romance tongues gives them a far higher antiquity than is commonly assigned them. Still there is great difficulty in referring them to any thing like the era of Classicism; and Professor Jakel and some other German writers seem rather disposed to place classicism at a far more modern period. It is an extremely difficult question to determine how tongues so discrepant as the eastern, the classical, and romantic could ever be fused into one compound, and become tongues in existing parlance; but it is assuredly the case, and the further investigation proceeds, the clearer does the truth of the Scripture, with respect to one great common language, become predominant."

But the article before us is too recondite and learned to be interesting to the general reader. To the scholar who may wish to examine the subject, the value both of the article and of the work reviewed may be sufficiently indicated by the following statement of the extent of the work:

It commences with the popular hypotheses to explain the origin of the Romance tongues; reviews the system of M. Raynouard, to which the author opposes his own. The ancient inscriptions of Italy are next considered; then the origin of the Basque language, which is followed by a chapter on the permanence of indigenous dialects. The unity of the language in France follows, next an analysis of the Wallachian, then a comparison of the primitive verbs; the Romaunch or language of the Tyrol; the gradual corruption of the Latin language, with the fusion of this with Romance. A view of the middle ages follows, and the first dramatic attempts. Our author here raises his standard against the Arabs, and then proceeds to the origin of chivalry, with which he closes his first volume. The second contains an account of the Niebelungen, the Arabic tale of Yokdhan, with the introduction of Arab tales in general. The development of Romanticism follows. A view of the inferior character of the old Italian is followed by one of Provence, the Troubadours, with the declension of the Provençal tongue in France, together with its advance in Catalonia. The progress of the Spanish language is next considered, the origin of the Langue d'Oïl, and the elements of the French, with which the second part closes. The third embraces the poem of Charlemagne, the lays and songs of the Trouvères, with the Fabliaux and chronicles of France. The rise of Italian literature is next

considered, the French influence on Italy, with a review of Dante and Petrarch; and though we think scarcely within the limits of the proposed subject, many new details connected with these writers are brought forward with boldness and considerable ingenuity. Such is the outline of our author's labors.

ART. IX.—*The Convention of July 13.—La Convention de Juillet 13, par M. Duvergier de Hauranne. Revue des Deux Mondes. Paris, 1841.*—This is an article of 27 pages in opposition to the views expressed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. M. Duvergier de Hauranne is a member of the French Chamber of Deputies and a determined advocate of the exploded policy of M. Thiers, and an opponent of the present ministry of France. The Convention of July 15, 1840, between the other European powers, he supposes, was intended to debase the government of France, and France, in consequence of the supposed disrespect showed her in that Convention, assumed what M. Thiers has called the "mantle of dignified isolation." That mantle the new French ministry, headed by Marshal Soult and Guizot, has thrown off, and united with the other European powers in the Convention of July 13, 1841, by which friendly relations have been restored. But M. Duvergier maintains that, by this last convention, the French government has subscribed to the debasement which was intended by that of 1840, and which was resisted by the Thiers administration. The other powers, he says, have exacted a promise that France shall almost immediately commence the reduction of her forces both by sea and land. Our reviewer affirms that France has entered into no such engagement, and that it would not be good policy in the other powers, at present to exact such a pledge. There are reasons of policy on the part of Louis Philip, which make it important for the stability of his own throne, that he should keep his standing army undiminished, and the powers of Europe, he thinks, owe too much gratitude to the French king and Guizot, to justify them in throwing any obstacles in the way of the successful execution of the plans of the present ministry in respect to the home interests of France. Those statesmen have saved the other powers from the necessity of a contest, which, though it must have ended in the discomfiture of France, would have caused immense expenditure of treasure and blood. He thinks also that the present condition of the army and navy of France may be tolerated for a time, without being recognized as right under other circumstances. He argues, however, the necessity of great watchfulness, on the part of the British government, to guard against the grasping ambition and intrigues of the French.

The article is well reasoned, and somewhat instructive to such as are not familiar with the points of controversy between the cabinets of Europe, though the topics discussed are rife in the newspaper press both of England and France.

The remaining 30 pages of this No. of the *Foreign Quarterly* are occupied with some account of "Music Abroad and at Home," and a "List of the principal new works published on the continent, from July to September, 1841." SR. ED.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, OR CRITICAL JOURNAL, No. CXLIX., OCTOBER, 1841.

ART. I.—This is an article of 44 pages on the subject of the late attempts to reform the Poor Laws of England, Scotland and Ireland. It is headed with the titles of eight recent publications, Reports of Poor Law Commissioners, etc. The subject is one of the deepest interest to the people and government of Great Britain, and one in respect to which the experience of that country reads some important lessons of instruction to the statesmen and politicians of the United States. To those who study legislation as a science there are few questions of more difficult solution than those which relate to the claims of the poor upon the government of a country, and the modes in which the state ought to administer its charities to the poor. In the history of England, to use the language of our reviewer, “a series of laws are exhibited, persevered in for centuries, by a nation always eminent for practical wisdom, of which the result has almost invariably been failure, or worse than failure; which scarcely in a single instance have attained their objects, and in most cases have produced effects precisely opposite to the intentions of their framers,—have aggravated whatever they were intended to diminish, and produced whatever they were intended to prevent.” This article in the Edinburgh is principally valuable for the history which it gives of the origin and operation of these laws. It also presents some sound and discriminating views on the subject of the “Poor Law Amendment Act,” which has been for some time under discussion in the British Parliament.

ART. II.—*The Gypsies in Spain.* See Article VI. in the present No. of the Eclectic.

ART. III.—The general subject of this article is *British Field Sports*. It is headed with the titles of “Nimrod’s Hunting Tours,”—“The Chase, the Turf and the Road,” and five other works, which are among the last of those numerous publications under which the British press has been groaning for some years past, on Shooting, Coursing, Fishing, and all sorts of sporting knowledge and rural amusements, from stag-hunting to rat-catching.

Our reviewer begins in a strain of playful irony, which might lead one to suppose that he intended to show up the folly and dissipation of a fox-hunting aristocracy in England, and their demoralizing influence on the lower classes of the people. “Which is the art, instrument, invention or occupation, which has not been made the basis of an essay or an article? There was always reason in the roasting of an egg; there is now philosophy in a dog-kennel, and literature in a fishing-rod. Nay, we recently met with a treatise on the *Art of Wearing the Hat*, in which it was proved to demonstration, that any variety of expression might be obtained by attending to the following plain rules or principles:—That when the hat is pulled forward over the brows, it gives the wearer a look of determination or obstinacy; when thrown back, of careless unconcern or rakish-

ness; when stuck on one side, of impudence; the compound effects to be produced by a judicious blending of the three. If this goes on much longer, the eastern monarch offering a reward for a new pleasure will be a faint type of the sovereigns of Albemarle-street and Paternoster-row offering a reward for a new subject. The writers will outnumber the readers; the public appetite will be palled; the golden goose will have been cut up and eaten. Too many cooks spoil the broth; and too many book-makers will be the ruin of the book-market." And yet after having flourished his trumpet and wasted his sarcasm in these remarks, he proceeds with a commendatory review of most of the works at the head of his discussion, and makes out an article of 37 pages on *British Field Sports!* Let British sportsmen read it. We have no special need of this kind of literature for the improvement of American taste, manners or morals.

ART. IV.—*The Life, Journal and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, Esq., Secretary to the Admiralty in the Reigns of Charles II. and James II., etc.*, first published, London, 1841, in two volumes. This work is an autobiography gathered from an old Diary of Pepys, whom our reviewer represents as "the most confiding of diarists, the most harmless of turn-coats, the most wondering of *quidnuncs*, the fondest and most penitential of faithless husbands," etc., etc. The present volumes, however, are not to be compared with some previous publications respecting this extraordinary and eccentric man. The reviewer says he has "seldom met with a more disappointing publication;" and his remarks on it, extended to 23 pages, can hardly be supposed to possess much interest for our readers.

ART. V.—*Letters illustrative of the Reign of William III., from 1696 to 1708.* By J. Vernon, Esq. Now first published from the Originals. Edited by G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. London, 1841. This too is a publication which the Edinburgh introduces with sundry censures upon the editor for being above his business, ignorance of contemporary persons and events, etc. The Letters themselves, however, are treated respectfully, and the writer makes out a review of 32 pages, possessing some interest to readers who may desire to study the politics and the state of parties in England, at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

ART. VI.—*Memoirs of the Life of Warren Hastings, first Governor General of Bengal.* By Rev. G. R. Gleig, M. A. 3 vols. London, 1841. This article covers 95 pages, and constitutes the principal value of the present No. of the Edinburgh Review. It is understood to be from the pen of T. B. Macauley, and is an able, not to say splendid, review of the great events and vicissitudes in the life of Warren Hastings. The writer expresses his unqualified disapprobation of Mr. Gleig's labors by pronouncing the result to be "three big bad volumes, full of undigested correspondence and indiscriminating panegyric." He accordingly



makes but few remarks on the work of Mr. Gleig, and gives us his own independent account of the extraordinary subject of these "Memoirs." We regret that our space will not allow us to entertain our readers with a few pages from this lively, spirited and discriminating review. SR. ED.

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THE (LONDON) QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CXXXVI., SEPTEMBER, 1841.

ART. I.—This No. of the Quarterly opens with a review of the late works of Buckingham and George Combe,—each three volumes,—on the United States. The reviewer, who maintains a facetious and ironical strain, through the whole of his article of 32 pages, introduces it as follows:

We have had of late no scarcity of books on the United States. Soldiers, sailors, divines, dandies, apothecaries, attorneys, Methodists, infidels, Quakers, actors and ambassadors, projectors and bankrupts,—wives, widows and spinsters:—we thought we had something from almost every possible class and calling;—but here are two new contributions from, we think, a new variety. Here are two professional lecturers;—not persons installed as teachers in any university, college, or other institution, unless, perhaps, the Mechanics' Institute, but self-elected illuminators, who, from land to land, from town to town, perambulate the world, to spout science in whatever ball-room or tap-room they may get access to, each of course impelled by a pure abstract love of mankind and a burning anxiety to extend the possession of painfully expiscated wisdom, but each also condescending to pocket a comfortable honorarium upon every explosion.

As might be judged from this introduction, the review is very much in character with the works, and such as they deserve. It is analytical in its course, and as the writer unravels his topics from a sleazy web, their reconstruction is thin and flimsy. It could not be otherwise, and it is no disparagement to the reviewer that he has been unable, with such materials, to write any thing better than an amusing article. His object was to expose the folly and weaknesses of his authors, and this he has done by serving up, in detail, specimens from each work, with a sort of running commentary of his own. But no one who has read the books, would be at all instructed by the review, and certainly no one who has read the review will much desire to read the books.

ART. II.—*Patchwork*; by Captain Basil Hall, R. N., etc. London, 1841. This too, like the work which it reviews, is an article of a running and miscellaneous character, and occupies 24 pages. "Few writers," says our reviewer, "lay themselves more open to quizzing; few can prose and bore more successfully," yet he adds, "the Captain's merit is real and great." He commends him as an entertaining and facetious descriptive

writer, and makes up his review principally with amusing specimens of the work, with brief and generally commendatory remarks.

ART. III.—*Sketches of the Irish Peasantry*. We have here an article of 41 pages. It is headed with the titles of *fourteen* works on Ireland, all published within the last fourteen years, from several of which the writer makes long extracts, and so weaves them together as to make out, with his own connecting and explanatory remarks and inferences, a somewhat satisfactory view of the character and habits of the Irish peasants, with whom it is that the English government has to deal. It is a well prepared and sensible article. But as we cannot do justice to it in a brief notice, we abstain from further remark, with the intention of placing this subject before our readers in a future No. of the Eclectic.

ART. IV.—*The History of India*; by the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone. 2 vols., London, 1841. It is not without excuse that the ordinary readers of the literature of the day, possess but partial information and very vague impressions of the history, the religion, and the political and social condition of India. A good popular and trustworthy view of the whole subject in any single work has been wanting. The materials of the knowledge of India, though abundant, are either inaccessible to the general reader, or spread over so wide a surface as to require great industry, as well as command of books, to fully master the subject. The reviewer of Mr. Elphinstone's work in the article now before us,—37 pages,—claims for him the honor of having supplied this desideratum in English literature, by condensing this mass of various knowledge into a reasonable compass and presenting it in an agreeable form. The research of the author he represents as profound without being ostentatious, and his work as characterized by strong good sense, discrimination and fairness. This review is of course highly commendatory throughout, and whether we regard the extracts from the work which it contains, or the learned and independent remarks of the writer, it is an uncommonly rich and instructive article. We have it under consideration, with several other articles on the same subject, and intend soon to present our readers with the best view of the general subject which we can procure or compile from the numerous materials on hand.

ART. V.—Thirty-one pages are here occupied with a review of three late elaborate works on the *Orders of Knighthood of the British Empire*, their origin, history, etc. The Order of the Garter had its origin in the fourteenth century, in the reign of King Edward, that of the Golden Fleece was instituted about a hundred years later. But the details of this subject would be uninteresting to most of our readers, and we only add a brief extract from our reviewer :

It was an original law that the knight should never be without his garter. Presently he was permitted to wear, instead of it, a "blue lace or thread" round his leg, when on horseback, "in signification thereof;"

—but this has long been neglected. It is still, however, incumbent on every knight to have about him, at all times,—though not necessarily displayed,—the badge or some part of the decorations, and we believe the rule is obeyed. We humbly think, by the by, that the *garter* should be dispensed with over trousers;—in the cases of some portly personages we have seen the exhibition excite a smile,—and in fact it does not look well even with a pantaloon. But breeches, in this petticoat reign, are coming fast into fashion again; and this is as it should be.

ART. VI.—*Letters from the Baltic*. 2 vols. London, 1841. These volumes, it appears, are from the pen of a lady, whose sister, some years since became the wife of an Esthonian gentleman, and with whom our authoress resided some twelve months, and thus had some opportunity of studying the district and its inhabitants. The work, however, is only valuable for its account of that particular province of the Russian empire, and from the extracts given in this review,—of 25 pages,—we should judge it to be of rather a light and frivolous character, though it is highly commended by the writer for its “easy unaffected grace of language.” But we do not attach much importance either to the work or this review of it.

ART. VII.—This too is a review of 25 pages, devoted to the *Letters of Mrs. Adams, the Wife of John Adams*, Boston, 1840. As the subject is not new to American readers, and as we find nothing especially so in this review, it is only necessary for us to remark that it appears to be written with strong English feelings, and we think with some anti-American prejudices. It represents Mrs. Adams as “a worthy woman; but of a grave and didactic turn of mind,—of no wit, no pleasantry,—not even liveliness,—with a scanty acquaintance with her own provincial world, and little knowledge of what was going on elsewhere,—with just such a smattering of literature as the daughter of the puritanical minister of a village in Massachusetts might be supposed to attain a century ago, which just served to make her style *awfully* pedantic, and her epistles *awfully* common-place and tedious.”

ART. VIII.—It was not to be expected that the *Quarterly*, highly conservative as it is, would allow such an event as the late change in the British ministry to pass, without its congratulations with the Tory party. This subject accordingly occupies the last 40 pages of the present No. The article is headed with the titles of several late political publications, and its general subject is *The Old and New Ministers*. The reviewer begins his discussion in the following strain of confident boasting:

The anticipations with which we closed our last No. have been abundantly realized; the appeal made by the late ministers, in the insanity of their despair, from the Parliament to the people, has been answered by a defeat even more signal,—all the circumstances considered,—than that of the infamous Coalition in 1784; and Sir Robert Peel and the

principles of which he is the personification have obtained a triumph only to be paralleled by the glorious *sunrise* of Mr. Pitt. That the *day* may be as long and as bright, might seem perhaps too sanguine a wish; for though the great victory,—the *political Waterloo*,—recently won, has exceeded all expectation, and does justify hopes that, only a year ago, would have seemed extravagant, it must not blind us to the great change which Lord John Russell's *revolution* and many important circumstances have made in the practical working of our constitution, nor to the difficulties in the conduct of affairs, both foreign and domestic, infinitely more arduous and complicated, than Mr. Pitt, with larger means and freer hands, had ever to contend with.

The writer exposes, with great severity, what he regards the mal-administration of the late Whig ministry in many particulars, and urges with spirit and violence the principles which he commends to the consideration of the present government, claiming a majority of ninety-one Conservative representatives in the House of Commons. But to a few only of our readers, who feel a special interest in British politics, would the perusal of these warm and earnest special pleadings afford any gratification. SR. ED.

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THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, NO. LXXI., October, 1841.

ART. I.—*Modern French Historians*. This article is preceded with the title of M. Thierry's history of the Merovingians in the Middle ages, from which the writer makes large extracts as specimens of the style and manner of the work, as well as of the curious and characteristic events which it narrates. It is however less a review of M. Thierry, than a eulogy on the modern school of French historians, of which the work here referred to is the last production. The writers of this school are Guizot, Michelet, Capefigue, Cousin, Carrel, etc. These he greatly prefers to Turner, Lingard, Hallam and others of England, regarding only Carlyle and Bulwer, among the latter, as worthy to be compared with the French writers, in the life, vigor and picturesqueness of their histories. The general tone of this reviewer's sentiments,—scattered through his article of 36 pages,—is exhibited in the following extract:

It is said, in praise of history, that a "laudable curiosity excites us to the research of the deeds and manners of our ancestors." If history can do no more than that, it is a poor thing; but unfortunately, as usually written, it cannot even do that. We, on the contrary, regard history to be the basis of social science,—the foundation on which the gigantic superstructure of ethics and politics is to be raised. It was remarked to us the other day, by one of the profoundest and most comprehensive minds of the age, that this generation would probably live to see a social science, *i. e.* morals, reduced to the precision and raised to the rank of a science. That such is the inevitable tendency of the age there can be no doubt; the first and greatest step towards it is the philosophy of



history, and the country where it will in all probability be realized is France—*le foyer de la civilisation*—the filter of European ideas, and consequently the country where history will be first made a science. History conserves the materials of a social science, for it is the record of the experiences and experiments of Humanity; and although nothing can be more absurd than the pompous assertions of history furnishing us with “rules of conduct,” with “experiences of the past which we apply to the present,” because they make the glaring assumption, and suicidal proposition, that any two periods or events can be alike in its causes, influences and aims, nevertheless, the past life of Humanity has been so rich in experiments and failures, it contains the birth and death of so many ideas,—in a word, it is such a vast field of psychological experience, that a science of man not based on the historic *fundus* must be impossible.

There is, however, an extravagance in the praises bestowed by this writer on the French historians, which detracts not a little from the weight of his opinions and the value of his discussion.

ART. II.—*Church and State*, 23 pages. The subject of this review is the work of W. E. Gladstone, Esq., late student of Christchurch, M. P., on the *State in its Relations with the Church*. This work, in two volumes, has reached its fourth edition within three years. The author is a staunch advocate for the doctrine of “Church and State,” and the rapid sale of his work is evidence enough that the public curiosity in England is at least awake on the subject. He conducts his argument, not scripturally but ethically, and is truly, as our reviewer remarks, “a most extraordinary writer of ethics.” He assumes that man, at his fall, became an atomic centre of misrule; that a common life was given as a check upon that misrule; again, that a further check was needed by the common life itself, and that experience found this further check in “collective religion.” Then by assuming that the *family* and the *state* represent the less and the greater of the same species, and, as the family relation demands family worship, he makes an easy step to the conclusion that so also must the personality of the state require a worship peculiar to the state. “As the nation fulfils the great conditions of a person,—a real unity of being, of deliberating, of acting, of suffering,—and these in a definite manner, and upon an extended scale, and with immense moral functions to discharge, and influences to exercise, both upon its members and extrinsically; therefore it has that kind of clear, large and conscious responsibility, which can alone be met by its specifically professing a religion, and offering, through its organ the state, that worship which shall publicly sanction its acts.”

“This,” says our reviewer, “is such stuff as dreams are made of.” He adds: “The conscience of the state in Judea crucified the Saviour. In England it has burned his followers, now Catholic, now Protestant. It allotted to almost all offences death or exile,—to women the punishment of death by fire.” On the whole, we think the reasoning of Mr. Gladstone is fairly met by this writer, though with more vaunting and

blustering lightness than well comports with the seriousness and magnitude of the subject.

ART. III.—*The Polytechnic School of Paris.* Such is the running title of this article, of 27 pages, reviewing the *Histoire de l'Ecole Polytechnique*, by A. Fourey. The writer takes a rapid glance at the educational systems of England and France, and while he admits that the former may justly claim a superiority in the knowledge of civil policy, financial economy, the science of government and some branches of the mechanical arts, he maintains that, in all that relates to *education*, she is yet far behind France. It is, therefore, for the benefit and encouragement of the "College of Civil Engineers," lately established in London, that he has been induced to bring forward an account, somewhat in detail, of the Parisian Polytechnic School.

This institution, which grew out of the impulse given by the French revolution to the demand for public instruction, was originally called the central school for Public Works. Its objects were—1. To afford to young men of promise, without regard to birth, fortune, rank, or religious persuasion, a high standard of excellence in every branch of mathematical and physical knowledge, applicable to military or civil engineering; and, 2. To form a centre of light, shedding its guiding and vivifying rays over the different schools already established in different parts of the nation. Its success has been quite equal to the anticipations of its founders, and it remains, with some modifications and improvements, still in a flourishing condition, under the patronage of the government.

ART. IV.—The Natural History of Society. See Article II. in the present No. of the Eclectic.

ART. V.—*Poor Laws and Pauperism in Scotland.* The controversy in respect to the Poor Laws of Scotland originated by a pamphlet of Dr. Alison of the University of Edinburgh, published some years since, in which he maintained the inefficiency of the existing system, and its tendency, from its affording the working classes no protection against starvation, to propagate among them the elements of disorganization. The present article is a review of two late reports on this subject, defending the opposite sides of this vexed question. It occupies only 15 pages, and while it throws light on the present working of the system, contains much less of history and of the general principles of poor-law provisions, than the article, which we have already noticed, in the Edinburgh Review, and which is a much more satisfactory discussion for the general reader.

ART. VI.—*Metropolitan Improvements.* This is a valuable article of its kind, occupying 32 pages of the Westminster, with a review of thirteen Reports, Acts of Parliament, &c., with maps of several proposed new streets and a park, to be called Victoria Park, in the city of London, all of which is accompanied with some sensible remarks on town-building in general; but which are much better adapted to the state of things in England than in this country.

ART. VII.—*Architecture of Shop Fronts.* This too is an article adapted to the state of architecture in England, and would be uninteresting to most of our readers. It occupies 20 pages, and is accompanied with a series of designs of shop fronts, porticos, etc.

ART. VIII.—Seventeen pages are here devoted to a defence of the positions assumed, and the course pursued by the *Westminster Review*, in respect to the late change of the British government from a Whig to a Tory administration. The writer admits that “for the present the new government is strong, not only in its unexpected majority of 91, but, for the time at least, in the absence of any effective opposition out of doors.” But the greater the strength the greater the responsibility; and it is now the policy of the Westminster Reviewers to magnify that responsibility and throw it upon Sir Robert Peel and his associates, in the face of the people, at the same time calling their attention to the state of the country and the measures necessary for its relief, the freedom of commerce, etc. Such is the spirit of this review, while it congratulates its friends and the friends of reform with the hope of other changes in the future, when the present administration shall have wasted its strength in vain endeavors to sustain and carry out its conservative measures.

The remaining 37 pages of this No. of the Westminster are occupied with Critical and Miscellaneous Notices of recent publications. SR. ED.

## ARTICLE XI.

### RECENT DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

#### ZOOLOGY.

##### HABITS OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

MR. G. T. LAY read, at a late meeting of the Zoological Society, London, an account of the habits of a Bird of Paradise, (*Paradisea apoda*, Linn.) which had been in the possession of Mr. Beale, in China, upwards of fourteen years. It is fed mainly upon boiled rice, with a few grass-hoppers as meat with its vegetables. The voice is loud and sonorous, when the bird calls in a rapid succession of notes. This is, probably, the strain in which he answers his fellows in the wild state, and may be heard, from its clearness, at a great distance. When you approach his cage, his “song of solitude” is short, but very pleasing, and not a little curious, for the notes are repeated in harmonious progression.



The first four notes are very exactly intonated, very clear, and very sweet. The three last are repeated in a kind of caw, a very high refinement of the voices of a daw or a crow, yet possessing a striking resemblance. And this suggests a lively affinity between the crow and the Paradise-birds. While this serenade is uttered, the black pupil, encircled by a golden iris, waxes or wanes, as the creature wishes to contemplate more distant or nearer objects. The bill snaps as the prelude of a meal and the token of an appetite, while the body is conveyed from side to side by the highest and most easy springs. The crow and its congeners love to range upon the ground, as having feet formed for walking; but the Paradise-bird shuns the bottom of the cage, as if afraid of soiling its delicate plumage. It is always as clean and wanless as it is gay and splendid. In the wild state, this bird not unlikely catches its prey upon the wing, either by taking it in flight, like the swallow, or by darting upon it, like the Drongo Shrike, as it passes by the seat of its pursuer.—*Year Book*, 1841.

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#### FOOD OF THE HUMMING-BIRD.

April 4, 1841, Prof. Traill communicated to the Wernerian Society some remarks on the food of the genus *Trochilus*; and stated that having frequently dissected different species, which had been put into spirit when recently killed, he had invariably found the expansion of their œsophagus corresponding to the crop of granivorous birds, to contain insects, and, in some instances, to be completely stuffed with them; among which he had never observed any apterous insect. In a specimen of *Trochilus viridissimus*, opened in presence of the meeting, two species of dipterous insects were found. From these observations, Dr. Traill inferred that Alexander Wilson, and some other naturalists, were not only right in asserting that insects were occasionally eaten by humming-birds, but that the chief object of their fluttering about flowers was more for the purpose of their obtaining insect food, than for the alleged object of sucking the honey, from the nectaries of plants.—*Jameson's Journal*, No. 57.

Prof. Traill adds some further observations upon the anatomy of these birds' tongues and the os hyoides. The long and extensile tongue is extensively bifid in a horizontal direction, one of the forked portions lying above and over the other. Both of them are tubular; an account based upon his personal observation, and in contradiction to the denial of some reputable naturalists, whose error he conceived arose from their observation having been made on dry and not fresh specimens. The upper side of the tongue is rugous, and the point, especially of the upper part, almost bony. Hence he esteems its functions three-fold: 1. From that portion of the tongue which is nearest the point being supplied with an adhesive secretion, a portion of its food, as in the Bee-eater, readily adheres to it; 2, in a degree prehensile, it discharges the functions of a hand; and, 3, with the sharp, hard point of the upper filament, it possesses the power of impaling and retaining its victims. With regard to the os hyoides, its cornea are, as in the Woodpecker, much elongated, and curved round behind the head: to this powerful muscles



are attached, and hence the rapidity and vigor of the motions of the member.—*Annals Nat. Hist.*, No. 31.

On Feb. 11, Mr. Fraser pointed out to the Zoological Society the characters of eighteen new species of humming-birds, which were obtained at Sta. Fé de Bogota, a great portion of which had not been hitherto described.

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STRUCTURE OF FISHES.

Dr. Macdonald has read to the British Association an important paper, the object of which is chiefly to correct the erroneous views of the analogy between the limbs of higher vertebrals and the fins of fishes,—errors entertained not merely by the more superficial compilers of the embellished picture-books, and illustrations of natural history,—but also by naturalists and anatomists of the highest rank. It was possible to point out, by means of the class of fishes alone, that the generally received analogies were erroneous. The pectoral fin has usually been considered the analogue of the wing of a bird, and the ventral fin that of the leg; whereas, from the anatomical structure of the pectoral fin, it is really the analogue of the hind leg of the higher vertebrals. In order to admit the views of Cuvier and others, what will really be found to be the pelvis, femur, and fibula, it is necessary to consider these three distinct bones as forming the scapula. In the haddock, cod, etc., there is a beautiful articulation or acetabular joint, which is never found in any scapula, even when it consists of more than one piece. The tibia is considered the clavicle, and the tarsus has to provide for the whole bones of the arm, fore-arm, and hand: thus, while a prodigal waste of bone is bestowed on the scapulo-clavicular arch, the whole limb is supplied by the foot. An opposite system is found in the case of the ventral fins, where the whole pelvis and the two posterior extremities are represented by two bones supporting the rays of the fins. If, however, the pectoral fin be considered analogous to the pelvis and leg, the whole becomes changed; and it will be found that the supra-scapular bone is the os innominata with the acetabulum on its inner aspect—the scapula: the femur having its articulation turned and connected with the tibia on its surface; and thus what is the inside of the leg in mammals, is external in the fish; and what is in man the inner malleolus, is in fishes external, and so fully developed till it meets with the corresponding part of the opposite side, forming a firm arch under the respiratory region. The coracoid process will be easily recognized as the fibula, and the bones supporting the fin rays, instead of representing the whole arm, fore-arm, carpus, and fingers, will be the tarsus; characterized as it almost always is in mammals by having its bones arranged somewhat like the bones of the fore-arm and hand. This is demonstrated on the human skeleton. The ventral fins may be considered as the pubis.

Next, if the question were asked,—Where is the arm? the author refers to the opercular bones, which Geoffroy St. Hilaire mistook for the enlarged bones of the ear. The opercular bones being found in osseous fishes, and connected with branchial respiration, are also found in the *Proteus* of America, as may be seen by referring to the drawings of Humboldt; but, as that animal has a pulmonic as well as a branchial re-

spiratory system, we there find the more fully developed osseous arch of higher vertebrals. In the extensive class of fishes alone, we find the anterior extremity more fully developed, as in the cartilaginous rays, where the greatest part of the fish is composed of the hand, while the pelvis and legs are connected with the spine further down; and in the *Lophius piscatorius* (a specimen of which was exhibited), there will be found connected with the opercular bones a set of five rays; still, as these do not protrude, but are merely imbedded in the substance of the skin, they have never been honored by the gaze of systematizers of circular zoology. The use of the limb in the retroverted position, with the sole of the foot having an anterior aspect, will be principally applied to steadying the fish in its proper position, and backing out, the whole progression depending on the motion of the tail. The greater development of the posterior than the anterior extremity is not confined to fishes; in the tadpole it will be found first developed, and in the adult frog it is always much larger.—*Athenæum*, No. 674.

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SALMON FRY.

In Blackwood's Magazine for April, 1840, is a notice of several papers by Mr. John Shaw, "On the Development and Growth of Salmon Fry, from the exclusion of the Cod to the age of two years." These papers were presented to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in December, 1839, and published in Jameson's Journal. The article in Blackwood's Magazine is too long for extract, but the facts it shows are these: that the young of the salmon, in the state of smelts, as they are called here, and smolts in Scotland, instead of passing to the sea, when three weeks old, and from six to nine inches long, as all authorities, learned and practical, (from the great naturalist, John Ray, who, in conjunction with his friend Willoughby, published at Oxford, in 1686, a Latin folio, entitled *De Historia Piscium*, the writer glances at Dr. Arthur Young, Pennant, Baron Cuvier, Dr. Fleming, Dr. Knox, M. Agassiz of Neufchatel, Sir W. Jardine, the Rev. Leonard Jenyns, Dr. Richardson, Mr. Yarrell, "Ichthyology," in the Encyclopædia Britannica, and Dr. Parnell, down to the fishermen, the labor of whose lives is devoted to watching the habits of fish,) have for two centuries believed, they at that period change their appearance and tangible characteristics so completely as to have been considered another fish, and named *parr* in the north. Mr. Shaw had long doubted the prevailing opinions as to the early exit of the smolt, in its youth and weakness, for the perils of a descent to the sea, and suspected that the *parr* was of the salmon's brood. He took some of these small fishes in July, 1833, and placed them in a pond supplied by a wholesome streamlet. There they thrived and prospered till the month of April following, when they began to assume a somewhat different aspect; and, in the early part of May, they were converted into what are usually called *salmon smolts* or *fry*; that is, they became of a fine deep blue upon the back, the sides and under portions of a delicate silvery aspect, with the scales very deciduous, or easily adhering to the hand. At this time, also, they exhibited what may be called a migratory

instinct, several of them insisting to leap out of the pond, on to the surrounding bank, where they died. This experiment he repeated, and ascertained that the larger parrs, observable in autumn, winter and early spring, were, in truth, young salmon, advancing to *the conclusion of their second year*; while the smaller spring and summer parr, (called May-parrs in certain parts of Scotland,) were younger individuals of the same species, *only entering upon their second year*.

This, then, our ingenious friend regarded, (and we think truly,) as the detection of the great leading error of the preceding observers, who had uniformly maintained that salmon fry grow to the length of six or eight inches in as many weeks; and that, after the lapse of this brief period, they take their gregarious departure to sea. Nor was this all: he made a minute examination of the streams where old salmon had spawned in the preceding winter; and he there found, in vast numbers, a small, but extremely active fish, which he naturally concluded to be the young parr, or actual samlet of the season. To test the truth of this, he scooped up a few dozen of them on the 15th May, 1834. They then measured not more than an inch in length, and the small transverse bars, which mark the parr, were already clearly distinguishable. He placed them in his ponds, where they thrive well; and by the ensuing May, (1835,) when they had been a year in his possession, they were found, on examination, to measure, on an average, about three inches and a half. At this period, they entirely corresponded with the small parr seen in the natural streams of the river; and neither the free nor the captive brood of these dimensions exhibited any tendency to assume the silvery aspect of the smolt. They were allowed to remain; and in May, 1836, they were transmuted into smolts, or salmon fry. They then measured six inches and a half in length; their color, on the dorsal region, being of a fine deep blue, the sides and abdomen silvery white, the dorsal, caudal, and especially the pectoral fins, tipped or tinged with black. The smolts of the river were then descending seaward, and no difference could be discovered between them. Mr. Shaw asks: "Is it likely that those in the river, which so identically resembled them, were only a few weeks old?"

The result of all the experiments (detailed at length in *Blackwood's Magazine*) show, 1st, that parr are the young of salmon, being convertible into smolts; and 2dly, that the main body, if not the whole of these smolts, do not proceed to the sea until the second spring after that in which they are hatched.—We perceive confirmation of this in the *Worcestershire Guardian*, which says: "We have already received information proving the distinct existence of the fry, in the two forms, in the Teme, since we have been in possession of Mr. Shaw's discovery. It tells us that, in the past week, a very fine and beautiful specimen of the smolt in the forward state, measuring ten inches in length, was taken in the Teme, within a few miles of Worcester. The fish had lost the transverse bars and spots indicative of the parr state, and the belly and sides were of a most brilliant silvery whiteness. In the same river, at Powick, about a mile from its confluence with the Severn, two days previously, a parr, four or five inches long, had been taken, fully answering to the description of Mr. Shaw."—*Year-Book*, 1841.

## MECHANICAL ARTS.

## ECONOMICAL CONSTRUCTION OF RAILWAYS.

At last we have got a book about Railways. Until the publication of Mr. Francis Wishaw's volume, the vast mass of important facts connected with their construction and management were scattered abroad in so many directions, that all sorts of difficulties were experienced in the endeavor to become acquainted with them. Those difficulties no longer exist. The work just published by Mr. Wishaw, entitled "The Railways of Great Britain and Ireland," contains the statistics of almost every passenger railway in the United Kingdom, classed and detailed in so clear a manner, that its possession by railway shareholders, who wish to obtain useful information on the undertakings in which their capital is embarked, is as necessary as is the "History of England," in every well-appointed library, or "Johnson's Dictionary" to those who are learning to spell. Nor is its value confined to those who are mixed up with railway speculations; as a faithful record of the rise and progress of the greatest modern result of the genius of man and the labor of his hands, it must be alike valuable to every seeker after knowledge.

With few exceptions, we presume there are none to be found who will now dispute the existence of new benefits to those communities whose neighborhood the road of iron intersects. We therefore spare ourselves the necessity of pointing out those benefits, and proceed to the consideration of Mr. Wishaw's work in its character of a guide to the economical construction of future railroads.

Mr. Wishaw made railway trips extending in the aggregate to something like 7,000 miles, and the general contents of his volume are founded on the facts obtained by him during his numerous journeys. Some notion of their value may be formed by our stating, that the author personally inspected fifty-eight different railways, for the purpose of contrasting them one with another, and with the view of showing where errors had been committed, and where improvement had been effected. His separate descriptions embrace in detail an account of acts of Parliament, openings of line, general course of railway, shortest radius of curvature, gradients, gauge of way, permanent way, drainage, fencing, earthworks, viaducts, bridges, tunnels, stations, depôts, coke, passenger-carriage department, wagon-department, trains, fares, passenger-traffic, locomotive engines, cost of the undertaking, original estimate, annual expenditure and annual revenue. A detailed account is also given of many practical experiments, which exhibit the ordinary working of the principal railways in the kingdom, the results of which bring to light some important facts with regard to laying out railways.

Until we read Mr. Wishaw's work, the importance of fixing a standard gauge, to be universally adopted, never struck us. This is a matter which might safely be left to the judgment or whim of the engineer of each separate line, were it a question of certainty that such line would always remain a "separate" one, but the slightest consideration of the subject will be sufficient to lead to a conviction that this is impossible. The time is fast hastening towards us when railroads will supersede all the highways of the country, and this can only be done by railroads



supplying their place. They will, therefore, have to be joined together; but when this comes to take place it will be found, in many instances, that the gauge (or width between the rails) of one line is not the same as the gauge of another that has to be joined to it, and that, consequently, neither the engines nor carriages that are adapted for one will do for the other. In speaking of the Eastern Counties Railway, Mr. Wishaw says: "For the purpose of getting more space than is usually allowed for the working parts of the locomotive engine, the engineer decided on deviating from the national gauge of way, and adopting one of increased width. Although this increase of a few inches entails but comparatively little expense in the construction of the works and of the engines and carriages, yet it effectually prevents a junction with any line having the English gauge. Already we foresee that this difficulty will exist in connecting the Northern and Eastern Railway (which is at present but a branch of the Eastern Counties line) with the railways in the north." Again, in allusion to the Great Western Railway, unquestionably the most gigantic work of the kind in the world, and the gauge of which is widely different from that of any other railway, he observes: "One of the consequences of the adoption of the wide gauge was the absolute necessity of terminating the line at an independent station; for, until this was determined on, the Great Western Railway was to have joined the London and Birmingham line a few miles from London, and thus have saved a very considerable outlay, besides having a more convenient London terminus. It is a well-known fact, that it occupies as much time in getting from the city to the Paddington station, as in going the whole way from Paddington to Twyford." When it is recollected that the twenty-nine acts for the formation of new lines, which received the Royal assent in the session of 1836, comprehended the "estimated" outlay of above twenty-three millions of pounds sterling and the real expenditure of more than thirty millions, it will hardly be thought unnecessary, if Parliament should step in and regulate the mode in which sums of money of such vast amount should be best expended for public as well as private benefit, at least so far as the universal adoption of a national gauge is concerned; for if, on the one hand, it grants enormous powers for the purpose of providing new means of conveyance to the total destruction of the old means, it becomes its bounden duty, on the other, to see that those powers are employed in a way to secure the interests of the community, by compelling compliance with any well-grounded scheme having for its object the construction of the new communications of the country upon a uniform plan, so as to combine the greatest possible amount of public convenience with the most rigid economy. We see no reason why, in the formation of railways, nature should not be as successfully consulted as she is in other things. Railways may be likened to blood-vessels and the metropolis to the heart, the uninterrupted action of one being secured by the nice arrangements of the other.

We have been much pleased to find an engineer of the talent and standing of Mr. Wishaw, advocating with never-tiring vigor the necessity of forming railroads at a much cheaper rate than hitherto. Unquestionably an immense amount of capital has been wasted or uselessly expended, and notwithstanding the repeated warnings in the shape of

small dividends and huge debts, the passion for unnecessary outlay appears to be rather on the increase than otherwise, especially in architectural erections. Granting,—which we do,—that the terminal stations of a line should be ornamented with buildings in keeping with the important character of the whole work, there can be no good reason why the intermediate stations should be built upon so grand a scale as they too frequently are. Our neighbors, the Belgians, who manage their railways to perfection, never commit so foolish an error as this. Convenient offices along a line are all they aspire to, and it would be well if some of our English companies were to follow their frugal example. The sum of money uselessly spent in this way, on some of our lines, would lay the line itself in Belgium.

Mr. Wishaw is decidedly of opinion, that second class and even third class gradients may sometimes, nay, frequently, be advantageously substituted for those of the first class, which last are too often obtained at an immense sacrifice of money. According to his system, the maximum of the first class of gradients is sixteen feet, or a rise of 1 in 330; of the second class, fifty-two feet and eighty cents, or 1 in 100; and of the third class, eighty-eight feet, or 1 in 60; all inclines with gradients above eighty-eight feet belonging to the fourth class. Mr. Wishaw arrives at the opinion we have alluded to on the satisfactory ground of experiment. His book contains the particulars of no less than one hundred and eighty-eight different experiments made upon fifteen separate lines, those of Liverpool and Manchester, London and Birmingham and the Great Western, being included. His own summing up is as follows:—“From these experiments we obtain some important results as regards the original laying out and first cost of railways. On some of the main lines an enormously increased expenditure has been incurred, for the purpose of obtaining first class gradients throughout; yet in the every-day working of railways, we find that as high,—and in some instances higher,—average rates of speed are maintained throughout each trip on lines having a great proportion of gradients under the first class. The London and Birmingham Railway is a forcible example of excessive first cost, occasioned in a great degree by excluding second class gradients; yet in the thirty-two practical experiments made on that line, the average speed maintained throughout was equal to only 24.69 miles an hour; whereas on the Grand Junction line, where second class gradients were introduced for the express purpose of keeping down the original cost, the average speed maintained throughout twenty-four experiments was equal to 26.20 miles an hour. On the Newcastle and Carlisle, North Union, Stockton and Darlington Railways, each of which has second class gradients, and some of the highest degree, the results as to the first and second are equally favorable, and on the third nearly so. On the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, which, in addition to some second class gradients, is made up of a series of quick curves almost from end to end, the average speed maintained throughout eleven experiments was equal to 24.41 miles an hour. On the North Union Railway, one-fourth of the length of which is graduated with the highest degree (1 in 100) of second class gradients, the average speed throughout was equal to 26.20 miles an hour.”

In comparing velocities on railways differently graduated, Mr. Wi-

shaw very properly took the mean velocity of the ascending and descending trains, for it is self-evident that the loss of speed in going up an incline will be in part compensated by the increase of speed going down a decline. He gives as examples, the results of several experiments, particularly some which were made on the London and Birmingham, and a branch of the Grand Junction. In the instance of the first, the ascent of an incline of 1 in 330 was performed at the rate of 28.11 miles an hour, the descent of a similar incline being equal to 32.62 miles; taking the mean of these results, the average speed for the maximum of first class gradients was 30.36 miles an hour. In the case of the Grand Junction, on the Madeley incline, which has a second class inclination of 1 in 177, the average ascending speed (with as many trials as made on the London and Birmingham sixteen feet inclines) was found to be equal to 22.65 miles an hour, and the average descending speed to be 41.69 miles an hour. The mean of the results is 32.17 miles an hour, which is an increase of speed over the greater level, paradoxical as it may appear. This portion of Mr. Wishaw's treatise demands most serious attention at the hands of all engaged in railroad making, for it involves the important consideration of saving large sums of money in the outset.—*Polytechnic Journal*, 1841.

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#### PRESERVATION OF WOOD.

On May 4, M. Arago read to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, an extract of a memoir by M. Boucherie, of Paris, on the Preservation of Wood from decay; on the keeping of it in a state of greater or less humidity or elasticity; and on the coloring of it, by the insertion of pyroligneous salts, and other saline or metallic substances. M. Boucherie recommended, as the result of his seven years' experimentation, the pyrolignite of iron, as one of the cheapest and most effectual substances for exsiccating timber, and for changing into insoluble substances the humid and soluble matters that always remain even in the longest dried wood. His method is to place a piece of timber, within forty-eight hours after it has been cut, into a pyroligneous solution, which will be freely absorbed by the capillary action of the tubes. Thus a poplar tree, thirty-eight metres in height, and forty centimetres in diameter, the foot of which was plunged in only twenty-eight centimetres of pyrolignite of iron, at 8°, was penetrated in every part of this liquid, and, in six days, had absorbed three hectolitres of it. It was not necessary that the tree should be kept upright for this absorption to take place, nor even that the tree should be cut down. M. Boucherie found that by burning a hole through the tree, and making some lateral incisions with saws, and then by forming a kind of trough round it, so as to allow of liquid entering the hole, the absorption went on with the same rapidity. The time for cutting trees to apply this method of injection to them, or for operating on them by means of incision, is the autumn, not the winter, as has been strongly recommended. All sorts of liquids can be introduced into timber by methods of this kind, except vegetable solutions, which in any species of wood refuse to absorb altogether; and, in general, the

neutral liquids are drunk up more abundantly than acid or alkaline solutions.

The central parts of all timber being closer in their grain than the outer parts, never absorb so much liquid as the latter; and among the harder kinds of wood there is a remarkable difference in their powers of penetrability. Some kinds of oak are found to be penetrated to three-quarters of their mass, others to only one-tenth. Branches of trees, the moment they are cut, commence absorbing air; and M. Boucherie, by means of a simple apparatus, has ascertained that a branch will absorb five times its own volume of air. The method of injection is of use for preserving timber in a hurried, and, therefore, elastic state: it is known that certain salts will preserve instead of destroy the soluble substances contained in timber, and the refuse-water from salt-pans has proved to be one of the most effectual substances for this purpose,—a result of importance, since this water had always been considered useless.

In order to prevent wood from shrinking, it is necessary that full two-thirds of the original moisture of the tree should be preserved in the timber; and by means of a deliquescent chlorure, M. Boucherie has produced the effect desired. Wood has also been made difficult to burn by the injection of an earthy salt; and two huts being built, one of wood so prepared, and the other of ordinary wood, and then set fire to, the former was only smothering with the fire when the latter was entirely consumed.

Wood may be tinted by the injection of two liquids, one after the other, which, by their mutual action after absorption, produce a coloring matter; thus, some wood was dyed a magnificent blue by allowing it to absorb successively a salt of iron and the prussiate of potash.

This property of injection, by preserving wood from all attacks of insects, is stated by M. Arago as likely to be of immense importance in the French dockyards, where the ravages of insects, especially the termites, are tremendous. At La Rochelle, the insects have extended their ravages into the town, and forty houses have been attacked by them; even the public record-office has not escaped their ravages. In Paris, too, the new galleries of the Garden of Plants are stated to be much attacked in their timber-work by insects.—*Literary Gazette*, No. 1217.

At a subsequent sitting of the Academy, M. Arago presented a column of pear-tree wood, for purposes of furniture, impregnated with pyrolignite of iron, by M. Boucherie's process, so as to be as black and as hard as ebony.

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## ELECTRICITY.

### ATMOSPHERIC ELECTRICITY, AND LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

At a late meeting of the Liverpool Polytechnic Society, Dr. Brett directed the attention of the Society to the more remarkable mechanical effects of electricity, its power of causing the disruption of the particles of the most dense substances when imperfect or non-conductors, of raising the temperature of metallic conductors so as to cause in some instances their fusion or even volatilization, and its power of inflaming many combustibles.



The electricity of the atmosphere during calm weather was stated to be of the positive kind, as determined by the best experiments; but the intensity of the atmospheric electric force was found to vary in calm weather during different periods of the day, and at different seasons of the year. Experiments made in the summer season went to show that the electric tension was greatest at or about noon, diminishing until the commencement of dew deposit in the evening, at which time and during the deposition it again increased, and was at its minimum when the said deposition had entirely or nearly ceased; the supposed causes of this varied electric tension were stated. The following experiment made by MM. Becqueret and Breschet, on the heights of St. Bernard were detailed:—The experimenters placed a piece of varnished silk upon the ground so as to insulate the spot—a coil of silken cord covered with gold leaf was laid upon the insulated surface—one end of the cord, which was of several feet in length, was slightly attached to an instrument for noting the presence of free electricity—the other end of the cord was firmly attached to the iron head of an arrow—the latter was then projected high up into the atmosphere by means of a bow, and it was noticed that as the arrow ascended, the divergence of the electroscope increased; when the arrow had attained its greatest altitude, the divergence was at its maximum—the electricity thus communicated to the electroscope was found to be of the positive kind. The attention of the Society was directed to the electric condition of the clouds in stormy weather, and the remarkable experiment of Romas by means of a large kite and conducting iron wire was detailed as illustrative of the enormous quantities of electricity present in, and capable of being drawn from, a highly-charged storm cloud. The opposite electric states of clouds, in order to admit of discharge, were insisted upon, and the power of one highly-charged cloud to induce an opposite electric state in an adjoining cloud, previously in a state of neutrality, was alluded to and illustrated by diagrams. The phenomenon of the return shock was referred to, by which, objects on the earth's surface might be severely injured, independently of the direct action of electric discharge from the atmosphere.

Allusion was then made to those objects which, from their isolated position, considerable elevation, and the circumstance of their presenting points to the higher atmosphere, were most likely to be *struck*, as it is called, by lightning.

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#### INFLUENCE OF ELECTRICITY ON VEGETATION.

Among the papers submitted at the September meeting of the London Electrical Society, was a letter from Mr. Thos. Pine to the Honorary Secretary, "On the ripening or maturing and decline of vegetation." The author gives many good arguments in proof of the agency of electricity in this, as well as in the earlier stages of the growth of plants. He speaks in a general sense of the shape of fruits and pulse; and conceives that their smoothness and rotundity are fitter to retain the electric agency, unceasingly gathered in by the pointed leaves. In the withered spines of oats, etc., he traces the transition into non-conductors of the most perfect conductors, as soon as their task of gathering in nutriment, in the form of electricity, is finished.

## ARTICLE XII.

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

- 1.—*The Poetical Works of James Montgomery. Collected by himself. In four volumes.* London, 1841.

THE poetry of James Montgomery possesses more of the elements of popularity for the present day than that of any of his cotemporaries, Mr. Dale alone excepted. Yet Mr. Dale is either known only by name, or not even known at all by hundreds, nay, thousands, to whom the poetry of Montgomery is perfectly familiar. It would be curious to investigate the causes of this difference, to institute a Plutarchian comparison between two poets so similar, yet so different. One would probably be that the latter has never appeared prominently before the world in any other character than that of a poet. It is quite true that he was for many years the able editor of a Whig newspaper, and that he was imprisoned for libel; but yet he never was a demagogue, never a scoundrel, and hence never became celebrated either as a champion of, or martyr for, liberty. He was, and is, a religious man, and every production of his shows it; we never hear of him save as a religious poet. Mr. Dale, on the other hand, is a popular preacher; his church is always crowded, and wherever he goes his hearers always follow him. He has been a professor, and his lectures were highly interesting; he is an editor, though not of a Whig newspaper, and publisher of sermons and other prose works. We look not, therefore, in the first or chief place at his poetical labors. The larger poems of Mr. Montgomery are by no means equal in merit to his smaller ones. "The Wanderer in Switzerland" is written in a stanza ill-adapted to so lengthened a production; nor are "Greenland," "The World before the Flood," or "The Pelican Island," able to engage a long sustained attention. But the smaller poems are eminently graceful. "The Christian Soldier" may challenge a comparison with any thing written on a similar subject. We remember Pope's Dying Christian, and Le Chretien Mourant of La Martine; but we repeat our assertion. Some of the best translations of the Psalms are from the pen of Mr. Montgomery; we wish he would translate them all.—*Church of England Review.*

- 2.—*A History of the Life of Richard Cœur de Lion. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Author of the History of Charlemagne, etc. Vols. I. and II.* London, 1841.

We congratulate our country that the memory of one of its greatest heroes has at length found a pen every way worthy to record the actions

which he achieved, and to show how far the physical and mental superiority of one human being can elevate the rest of his cotemporaries. In perusing these volumes we are at a loss to point out that particular feature of excellence which is most prominent. Perhaps veracity is the most valuable quality of the historian; in this particular no author has ever excelled Mr. James. Endued with a clear perception, reasoning powers of the highest order, and a faculty of discriminating which is almost intuitive, no one is more skilful in unravelling the intricacies of contradictory statements, and eliciting the truth. He knows when and where to doubt, and possesses the magnanimity which leads him to confess a difficulty, to hesitate before he pronounces a dictum, and to acknowledge a subject to be beyond his penetration. Nor are these graver attributes of the historian unaccompanied by those charms of composition that so much enliven mere statements, and give to the heaviest matter of fact that charm that attends the creations of imagination. We never before met with so much information, so gracefully embodied in so small a compass.

The work is opened by an introduction, extremely valuable in itself, and absolutely necessary to be studied for the full comprehension and enjoyment of the history which follows. It is an elaborate treatise on the feudal and chivalrous institutions of Europe about the time of Richard. In the first volume very little is said concerning the hero of the work. The author is clearing the way for his appearance on the stage, by narrating the leading events of the life of Richard's father, Henry II. Very little is said respecting the infancy and boyhood of the son, and that little is presumed rather than ascertained. He was not, however, the rough, uncultivated being it pleased Sir Walter Scott to represent him. The author gives a vivid description of the preparation for the Crusades, of the immense loss of life that ensued ere a blow could be struck, of the selfish and treacherous conduct of the Greek emperor, and of the turpitude of the lives and actions of those who piously fought in these saintly wars. At the close of the second volume, Richard has hardly made his appearance; but every thing is made ready that he may issue upon the stage with the eclat which his subsequent glory demands.—*Metropolitan Magazine*.

3.—*A Dictionary of the Art of Printing.* By William Savage. London, 1841.

This is a work of immense labor and great utility, upon which the author has been employed, directly or indirectly, upwards of fifty years. His opportunities for collecting the materials have greatly exceeded those of most men, while his diligence and skill are amply repaid in the publication before us. The object of the volume is to make "a purely practical work; one that might meet every exigence of the printer while in the exercise of his art, and one that would serve as a book of reference to the author, the librarian, and in fact every one interested in books or their production." Every branch of the art of printing is treated with fulness, the details and illustrations being admirably adapted to subserve the practical aim of the author.—*Eclectic Review*.

- 4.—*Lights and Shadows of London Life. By the Author of Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons, etc. In two volumes. London, 1841.*

Mr. Grant, the author of these volumes, has already made that impression on the public which must secure to any work of his an extensive circulation. His former works have had "a great run," and are still in very great demand; and this will not only win favor for itself, but it will increase the sale of its precursors. These "Lights and Shadows" may be regarded as a necessary appendage of "The Great Metropolis." The author commences with "Quacks and Quackery," which forms a painful satire and a laughable commentary on the gullibility of man, and more particularly of John Bull. His chapter on Beggary is laughable as a comedy; and yet it is a sorrowful picture of a canker that is eating into the very heart of social life. Among the remaining topics are the Quakers, the Jews, and their fair; but we must conclude. No one can be properly acquainted with London without having read these volumes.—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

- 5.—*Italy and the Italian Islands, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time. By William Spalding, Esq. In three Volumes. Edinburgh, 1841.*

These volumes belong to the excellent series of cheap and popular works published under the name of the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library." It is one of the most useful that has yet appeared, embracing a complete survey of Italy in all its most important relations,—including literature, arts, topography, and a comprehensive sketch of the history of the people from the period termed classical to the middle ages, and down to the present time. Mr. Spalding is professor of rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh, and appears to have brought every needful qualification to his task, derived from a residence in Italy, and an intimate acquaintance with the best authorities. The work is illustrated with a great number of well-executed steel plates, and we are glad that the price, which is but 5s. each volume, together with its merit, must command for it an extensive circulation.—*Westminster Review.*

- 6.—*Letters from Italy. By Catherine Taylor. London, 1841.*

The modesty of the preface, which introduces this work to the public, would be sufficient to disarm criticism, were not its merits such as to make apology superfluous. Miss Taylor did not put her foot to the classic soil of Ausonia without imbibing the spirit of the *genius loci*. Its history was not unknown to her, and its poets seemed familiar before she left her native shores; and in the course of her delightful journey she increased her acquaintance with the finest productions of the arts. She very wisely studied the works of those who had written professionally on the subject, and has thus filled her volumes with much truly important information; while her own good taste has enabled her to appreciate the value of their assistance, and to correct what she has drawn from them with the stores of original observation.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*



- 7.—*National Ballads, Patriotic and Protestant.* By M. A. Stodart. London, 1841.

The person to whom we owe the restoration of that kind of poetry, which Miss Stodart here employs, is unquestionably Barry Cornwall. He first showed us how the ancient melodies of our magnificent language were composed, and has equalled, if not excelled, the older masters of the lyre. Miss Stodart is not an altogether unworthy disciple of the same school. We meet with the same species of enthusiasm, though in a minor degree, somewhat of the same richness of imagery, though with less splendor and variety. Perhaps the best of the poems before us is the first, "The Oak of England." But though these lays are *Protestant*, and most fiercely Protestant, too, we fear they are not Catholic. Sometimes the spirit shows itself in a harmless effusion, and then it may be called patriotic. One which we would willingly quote is "the Church of England not a New Church." But there are many exceedingly Protestant effusions here, which breathe forth a bitter and inextinguishable hatred, not only to Romanism but to Rome, not only to popery but to papists.—*Church of England Review.*

- 8.—*Anti-Popery ; or Popery Unreasonable, Unscriptural and Novel.* By John Rogers. A new edition altered and amended. London, 1841.

This work is strangely attractive. Though it contains so much that sets all criticism at defiance, we were compelled to read it through in the first edition ; and we scarcely think it improved in the second. It has, to be sure, some unity of design, and there are not so many digressions from the main object. The argument is strengthened by being condensed ; but it is not the wild, savage, Hercules kind of thing it was. In the first edition the title-page was enough to frighten the pope and all his cardinals ; it reminded us of the lines :

" And last of all an admiral came,  
A terrible man with a terrible name ;  
A name which, you all must know very well,  
Nobody can speak and nobody can spell."

Whatever may be said of the title, the book itself was no joke ; and for the sake of the public we hail the appearance of, to them a more readable and useful work. We have already expressed our opinion of this remarkable performance, which we now strongly recommend in its present form, as a work that relates to popery, the whole of popery, and nothing but popery ; and which, to use the author's own figure, has not left popery "an intellectual or scriptural leg to stand upon."—*Eclectic Review.*

- 9.—*Sixteen Years in Chili and Peru,—from 1822 to 1839.* By the Retired Governor of Juan Fernandez. London.

Mr. Sutcliffe, the author of this semi-descriptive work, has furnished an amusing, and, we doubt not, a true narrative and picture of a beautiful portion of the South American continent, which is yet but imperfectly known in England. Several well-designed drawings illustrate the scenery and character of a country, for whose freedom British blood has been freely spilt,—and for whose advancement, British capital has been lavishly spent, but ill requited.—*Colonial Magazine.*

- 10.—*History of the Western Empire.* By Sir Robert Comyn. In 2 vols. London.

No portion of European history presents more salient features, more interesting incidents, or more marked indications of the effect of religious institutions and feelings on the character of a people, and on the progress of society, than the Western Empire affords, from the date of its restoration by Charlemagne, to the accession of Charles V. ; which is the period chosen by Sir Robert Comyn (a distinguished judge at Madras) for the exercise of his talents. The work may be considered as a continuation of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* ; but illustrative of the rise of the Frank monarchy on the ruins of that of the empire of the Cesars. The reading of Sir Robert Comyn has been extensive, and his notarial references are ample and valuable ; his views are untinctured by prejudice or preconceived opinions, on the subjects upon which he writes,—he states facts lucidly, in a clear and unpretending style, with a brevity and simplicity suited to an historian, in which honored rank the author is entitled to a distinguished place.—*Colonial Magazine.*

- 11.—*History of the British Empire in India.* Vol. I. Part V. London.

Mr. Thornton (the deputy-secretary at the East India House) pursues his valuable labors, and each successive part increases the interest of the work. We admire the impartiality with which all disputed topics are discussed ; we see with great pleasure the high moral feeling which characterizes his investigation of public proceedings, no matter how high the rank of the parties implicated ; and trace a most anxious desire to attain truth, by a laborious and diligent research, which no person deprived of Mr. Thornton's position could (even if he possessed Mr. T.'s talents and aptitude for his task) make equally available. We look forward with confidence to the manner in which the later portions of this valuable history will delineate the important proceedings which took place under the sway of the Marquesses Cornwallis, Wellesley and Hastings ; and predict for its already distinguished author a renewed measure of public approbation.—*Colonial Magazine.*

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GERMANY.

- 1.—*The Theology of Homer.* By C. F. Nügelbach, Prof. in the Gymnasium at Nürnberg. Nürnberg, 1840.

The design of the author, as explained by himself, has been to ascertain how much Homer's men understood respecting the Deity ; and what was the influence of this knowledge on their faith and lives. He has aimed at exhibiting the extent and form of their conceptions of the Divinity, rather than the origin, construction and ramification of their mythology. His inquiry is not how much they knew about the gods, but how much they knew about God, and what has been the practical effect of their belief on their habits, morals, etc. This plan certainly deserves

our cordial approbation. Aside from the universal interest of the subject, we have here a wholesome antidote to the vagaries of a bottomless symbolism; for whenever we would ascertain the nature and import of Homer's theology, in the manner of the author, we must abandon the symbolical point of view. We may add, moreover, that he has undertaken this work with even more earnestness than caution and intelligence; and his great familiarity with Homer has enabled him to bring together every thing which could throw light upon his subject. We confess that we have found much satisfaction in this work, and we commend it to the readers of Homer as a valuable assistant. The topics discussed are the following: The Deity,—his Immortality and Power; the Arrangement of the World of the Gods, Olympus, etc.; the Gods and Fate; the Manifestation of God; the Practical Knowledge of God,—Subjective and Objective Piety; Sin and its Expiation; Life and Death.—*Gersdorf's Repertorium*.

2.—*Manual of Ecclesiastical History*. By J. C. L. Gieseler. Vol. III. Part I. Bonn, 1841.

It is with great satisfaction that we welcome the long desired continuation of a work, the character of which is well known. This portion of the author's Ecclesiastical History comes down to 1648. He has condensed his abundant materials more than his previous labors would have led us to anticipate.—*Zeitschrift für die gesammte luth. Theol. u. Kirche*.

3.—*The History of English Deism*. By Cha. Vict. Lechler, Phil. Doct. Stuttgard, 1841.

After a short introduction, in which the interest and importance of the subject are discussed, the author proceeds to the consideration of the commencement of deism (1624—1689). He endeavors to show that Reginald Peacock and Francis Bacon prepared the way for English deism by their philosophy; while the twofold Reformation,—that of Henry VIII., and also that of the people, the former leading to high churchism, the latter to dissent,—tended to the same result. He then introduces Lord Herbert of Cherburg, with the five articles of his creed. A description of the state of England immediately after the death of Charles I., the multiplicity of sects, etc., leads to an examination of the system of Hobbes. The prevalence of his views the author supposes to have been one of the fruits of the political changes of that period. The era of the Restoration (1660—1689) is faithfully represented by the superficial Blount, whose deism was a mere negative, characterless affair. The high church party attacked Hobbes and the other deists, but too feebly to effect the overthrow of the system. Such latitudinarians as Tillotson and Burnet were not the best assailants of deism. The metaphysics of Locke gave the opposers of Christianity a powerful weapon; Toland and Collins were of this philosophical school. Shaftesbury, with burning hatred of the truth, ran almost into Stoicism. The author next contemplates the successive phases of this error, as it showed itself in the writings of Whiston, Tindal, Chubb, Morgan and Bolingbroke. In the third book he discusses the transition of deism to skepticism; and

he concludes by a comparison of the former with the socialism of Owen. We commend this work with a firm conviction of its value. The exhibition which it makes of English deism is so well arranged, and so graphic that the reader obtains a perfect picture of its adherents and their different creeds.—*Gersdorf's Repertorium*.

- 4.—*The Life of Field-marshal Count von Schwerin*. By F. A. Varnhagen von Ense. Berlin, 1841.

The author has here given to the public a biography, which is worthy to follow his other works on Winterfeld, etc. He describes the valiant hero, not merely as a hero, but as a *man*, with all his peculiarities, weaknesses and prejudices. We can also contemplate the Field-marshal as a statesman, and as one of the most efficient agriculturists of his age. Having presented us with the leading incidents in his life, the author concludes with some general remarks on his character, his posterity, etc.—*Gersdorf's Repertorium*.

- 5.—*An Exhibition and Examination of the Arguments for the Existence of God*. By C. Fortlage, Phil. Doct. at Heidelberg. Heidelberg, 1840.

This comprehensive treatise may be considered by the reader as divided into two parts,—the first being historico-critical, the second containing an exposition of the author's own opinions. It brings together the arguments of reflecting men of all ages; most of them are translated into German, but the originals are annexed in the appendix. In reference to the individual sentiments of Dr. Fortlage, we shall not attempt to follow his course of thought.—*Gersdorf's Repertorium*.

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FRANCE.

- 1.—*History of Animal Magnetism; with Notes and critical Remarks on all the Observations and Experiments hitherto made*. By C. Burdin and Fr. Dubois. Paris, 1841.

This work contains a history of animal magnetism since the time of Mesmer, with the discussions to which it has given rise in the Academy of Medicine, and the different commissions appointed to investigate its merits. The authors deny the existence of any such thing, and regard its supposed phenomena as the effect of imagination or charlatanry. The discoveries recently made suggest some useful reflections to such as allow themselves to be too easily deceived by appearances. Those somnambulists, who profess to read while sleeping, with a bandage over their eyes, and who have already made so many dupes by their artful trickeries, have been exposed in their turn, by the experiments of the Academy. The result is certainly unfavorable to animal magnetism; which thus finds itself obliged to take its place among the aberrations of the human mind, and destined to play the same part in our day, that was formerly enacted by magic and witchcraft.—*Revue Critique*.



- 2.—*Sketch of a Complete System of Instruction and Education, with their History.* By Theodore Fritz, Prof. in the Theo. Faculty at Strasburg, etc. Vols. I and II. Strasburg, 1841.

In 1834, the Academy of Lyons proposed, as the subject of a prize essay, "the best system of education and public instruction in a constitutional monarchy." M. Fritz supposed the Academy to contemplate simply the best system of education and instruction,—as this, in his estimation, would perfectly harmonize with a constitutional monarchy,—and wrote for the prize with this impression. It was awarded, however, to the essay of M. Anot, Prof. in the Royal College of Bordeaux, as answering more nearly to the intention of the Academy; and an *accessit* was granted to the production of M. Fritz. At the request of the Academy he has now published his essay, carefully revised and much enlarged.

In the Introduction, the author considers the legitimate end of all effort, whether of individuals, nations, or humanity. This end is perfection, in accordance with the precept of our Saviour: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect;"—a perfection not to be reached in this life, but which, nevertheless, may be indefinitely approached. Education, then, should aim at conducting men to perfection; and hence it will not leave them at their maturity, but will follow them to the end of life. Having settled the fundamental principles of his system, he applies them to the instruction of the different classes of society. At the close of the Introduction, he exhibits the bibliography of general pedagogy, with a list of the principal French and German works on the subject.

The work itself is divided into five books. In the first four the author discusses successively the education and instruction of infancy, childhood, youth and manhood. In the fourth book he develops his sentiments as to the mode in which the *man* should continue his education. The fifth book is devoted to the external means of education,—school rooms, their furniture, examinations, rewards and punishments, etc. He condemns as absurd and immoral the system of emulation introduced into Colleges. The author has handled his subject with intelligence, an honest heart, a love of the young, and a sincere desire for the progress of humanity.—*Le Semeur*.

- 3.—*General Grammar, or a Compendium of all French Grammars; presenting the Solution of all Grammatical Questions, ancient and modern.* By Napoleon Landais. Third edition. Paris, 1841.

In this grammar, as in his dictionary, M. Landais is less anxious to innovate and systematize, than to collect all the materials which are calculated to give an intelligent view of the language. This is the secret of the success of his works. They are far more complete than most others of the same class; they make no effort to lay down new rules and reform the French tongue. This grammar contains a compendium of a multitude of works, through which the reader would be obliged to search for results that he here finds in a narrow compass. The author

has sometimes, in his desire to omit nothing, introduced remarks which are not sufficiently critical. But here, as in his dictionary, we readily pardon this profusion, as being far preferable to the opposite fault.—*Revue Critique*.

4.—*Poland Illustrated ; containing the History of Poland, etc., under the direction of Leonard Chodzko. Paris, 1841.*

The first part of this volume presents the history of this important country during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. After a short notice of anterior events, the author begins his narrative with Frederick Augustus II., and describes with much skill the unsuccessful struggle of Poland to maintain her independence. Patriotism guides his pen, every line is pervaded by a glowing energy ; but he avoids declamation, and is satisfied with narrating facts worthy of themselves to excite the lively sympathies of the reader. The Polish character, whatever may be its defects, has a noble and chivalrous side, which always appeals to the imagination and interests the heart. M. Chodzko has brought together every thing which can vindicate the right of Poland to her liberty. In vain have her institutions been destroyed ; in vain has the attempt been made to wrest her customs and even her language from her ; she still lives in the hearts of her sons in their dispersion ; she is the centre to which all their wishes and all their hopes are turned. The second part of this work contains many curious details respecting the manners, institutions, antiquities and literature of Poland. It abounds with interesting anecdotes, biographical notices and charming literary fragments.—*Revue Critique*.

5.—*Metaphysical Meditations and Correspondence of N. Malebranche with J. J. Dortous de Mairan ; published for the first time. Paris, 1841.*

This volume discloses to us some pages of our first metaphysician hitherto unknown. A professor of the university which possessed these manuscripts concealed them, we know not for what reason, from the public ; his death transferred them to the hands of M. Feuillet de Conches, who has published them in the performance of an act of justice,—for every thing which relates to a man of genius, as Cousin observes, is the property, not of an individual, but of humanity. These Meditations contain but little that is new ; like all the writings of Malebranche, they possess the exquisite charm of clearness, simplicity, grandeur and beauty. He places himself, first of all, in the attitude of universal doubt, that he may retain no false opinions, and discover, if possible, in the skeptical state, some immovable certainty. In this respect, he faithfully imitated the conduct of Descartes. But he did wrong to put himself in this position ; and in spite of the instincts of his genius and his piety, his commencement and his method made a Christian philosophy impossible, in the sublime and jealously severe sense of the word. And yet he excepted the verities of faith. Strange, unaccountable restriction ! The philosophical interest of this Corres-

pondence depends chiefly upon the letters of Dortous de Mairan, afterwards Perpetual Secretary to the Academy of Science. He was studying philosophy with the zeal of a neophyte when Spinoza fell into his hands. He applied to Malebranche to resolve his difficulties. But the great metaphysician, now sixty years old, returned answers that were evasive and unsatisfactory.—*Le Semeur*.

6.—*Critical History of Rationalism in Germany, from its Origin to the present Time.* By A. Saintes. Paris, 1841.

M. Saintes endeavors to show that rationalism is not less fatal to religion than infidelity itself. Alarmed by the daring procedure of Strauss, which threatens the entire Christian edifice, he has desired to ascend to the source of this error. In following the history of its gradual development, he condemns its slightest manifestations as well as its most censurable excesses. But how resist the tendencies of rationalism, without being faithless to the principles of the Reformation? Here lies the grand difficulty. M. Saintes distinctly perceives it; but he provides no remedy, except confessions of faith, the restoration of a hierarchy in the clergy,—in other words, the renewal of the principal abuses against which the Reformation was directed. We have read this book with great interest, but we cannot adopt these views of the author. They are sad remedies; and before employing them we must be well assured that there are no other.—*Revue Critique*.

7.—*Celebrated Women from 1789 to 1795, and their Influence in the Revolution.* By E. Lairtullier. Paris, 1841.

With few exceptions, the women who took part in the Revolution were more violent than the men, rushing into every excess, and presenting in themselves extraordinary examples of cruelty. But they played an important part, and their biography deserves the attention of the public. Besides, if we find among them a Théroigne de Méricourt, an Olympe de Gouges,—furies of the guillotine,—we likewise meet with such names as Mme. Necker, Mme. Rolland, Charlotte Corday, and a number of victims who showed a firmness truly sublime. These volumes contain a multitude of interesting details, and exhibit many events in their true aspect. The biographical notices, about twenty in number, are prepared in an excellent spirit and with fearless impartiality. The author has a remarkable appreciation of the different female characters which he has sketched.—*Revue Critique*.

## ARTICLE XIII.

## SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

Louis-Philippe, King of the French. By the Author of the Life and Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington. In Nos. London.

Memorials of the Order of the Garter, from its Foundation to the Present Time. By G. F. Beitz. London.

Sacred Hymns from the German. Translated by Frances E. Cox. London.

An Appeal to the Antiquaries of Europe on the Destruction of the Monuments of Egypt. By George R. Gliddon, Esq., late U. S. Consul at Cairo. No. II. London.

The Student Life of Germany. By William Howitt; from the unpublished MSS. of Dr. Cornelius. London.

The Characteristics of the Genius and Writings of L. E. L. London.

The Undulatory Theory as applied to the Dispersion of Light. By Rev. Baden Powell, Prof. at Oxford. London.

Historical Memorials of Independents. By Benjamin Hanbury. Vol. II. London.

Exposition of the Gospel of St. John. By Rev. Robert Anderson. Vol. II. London.

A Lexicon to Sophocles. Translated and abridged from Ellendt. Oxford.

Sophocles literally translated into English Prose, with Notes. Oxford.

A Manual of Electricity, Magnetism and Meteorology. By Dionysius Lardner, D. C. L., etc. Vol. I. (Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. 130.) London.

The Philosophy of Necessity; or the Law of Consequences as applicable to Mental, Moral and Social Science. By Charles Bray. Vols. I. and II. London.

An Essay on the Influence of Welsh Tradition on the Literature of Germany, France and Scandinavia. From the German of Albert Schultz. London.

A Run through the United States, during the Autumn of 1840. By Lieut. Col. A. M. Maxwell. In 2 vols. London.

A Residence on the Shores of the Baltic, described in a series of Letters. In 3 vols. London.

Lectures on Christian Theology. By G. C. Knapp, D. D., Prof. of Theol. at Halle. Translated by Pres. Woods. (Ward's Library of Standard Divinity, No. 35.) London.

Notes on the Acts. By Rev. Albert Barnes. (Ward's Library of Standard Divinity, No. 36.) London.

The History of the Christian Religion and Church during the three first Centuries. By Dr. Aug. Neander. From the German by H. J. Rose, D. D. London.



Episcopacy and Presbytery. By Archibald Boyd. London.

Archbishop Usher's Body of Divinity. New edition. London.

The Theology of the early Christian Church, exhibited in Quotations from the Writers of the first three centuries. By James Bennett, D. D., London.

Journals of two Expeditions of Discovery in North-west and Western Australia during 1837—39. By Capt. George Gray, Gov. of South Australia. In 2 vols. London.

A Letter to a Friend on the Evidences and Theory of Christianity. By Lord Lindsay. London.

The English Constitution; a popular Commentary on the Constitutional Law of England. By George Bowyer, Esq. London.

## GERMANY.

Corpus Reformatorum edidit C. G. Bretschneider. Vol. VII. (Auch u. d. T. Philippi Melanthonis opera quæ supersunt omnia. Vol. VII.)

Lehrbuch der Dogmengeschichte: von K. R. Hogenbach, Dr., Prof., etc. 2ter Theil. 1ste Hälfte. Von Johannes Damascenus bis auf die Reformation. Leipzig.

Homeri Ilias. Mit erklärenden Anmerkungen: von G. C. Crusius. 4tes Heft. Hannover.

Hellas und Rom. Vorhalle des klassischen Alterthums in einer organischen Auswahl aus den Meisterwerken seiner Dichter, Geschichtschreiber u. Philosophen: von Prof. Dr. Fr. Borberg. Mit einem Vorwort von Johann Kaspar von Orelli. 1ste Abth. Die Dichter des hellenischen Alterthums. Stuttgart.

Geologischer Atlas zur Naturgeschichte der Erde: von Prof. K. C. Leonhard. Stuttgart.

Die Parabeln Jesu: von F. G. Lisco. 3te verbesserte Auflage. Berlin.

Luthers Werke. Vollständige Auswahl seiner Hauptschriften. Mit historischen Einleitungen, etc.: von Otto v. Gerlach. 5. 6. Berlin.

Geschichte der alten und neuen Literatur, von Friedrich von Schlegel. Bis auf die neueste Zeit fortgeführt von Theod. Mundt. 2te Lief. Berlin.

Encyclopädie der deutschen Nationalliteratur oder biographisch-kritisches Lexicon der deutschen Dichter und Prosaisten seit den frühesten Zeiten: von Prof. O. L. B. Wolff. 6ter Band. Leipzig.

Histoire des progrès du droit des gens en Europe depuis la paix de Westphalie jusqu'au congrès de Vienne: par H. Wheaton. Leipzig.

Rotteck's (Dr. Carl von) gesammelte und nachgelassene Schriften mit Biographie und Briefwechsel: von seinem Sohne Hermann von Rotteck, Dr., etc. 1ster Band. Pforzheim.

Ueber Princip und Methode de Hegelschen Philosophie: von Dr. Hermann Ulrici. Halle.

Kurzgefasstes exegetisches Handbuch zum Neuen Testament: von Dr. W. M. L. de Wette. 1ster Theil. (Auch u. d. T. Kurze Erklärung des Briefes an die Römer.) 3te verbesserte u. vermehrte Ausgabe. Leipzig.

## FRANCE.

Confucius et Mencius. Les quatre livres de philosophie morale et politique de la Chine, traduits du Chinois: par G. Pautier. Paris.

Histoire des langues romanes et de leur littérature depuis leur origine jusqu'au XIV<sup>e</sup> siècle: par A. Bruce-Whyte. Tom. III. et dernier. Paris.

Œuvres de Adam Mickiewicz, prof. de littérature slave au Collège de France; traduction nouvelle par Ch. Ostrowski. Tom. I. Paris.

Esquisses de philosophie morale, par Dugald Stewart: traduites par l'abbé P.-H. Mabire. Paris.

Études sur la langue zechuana: par Eugène Casalis, miss. français à Thaba-Bossion, Afrique méridionale. Paris.

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